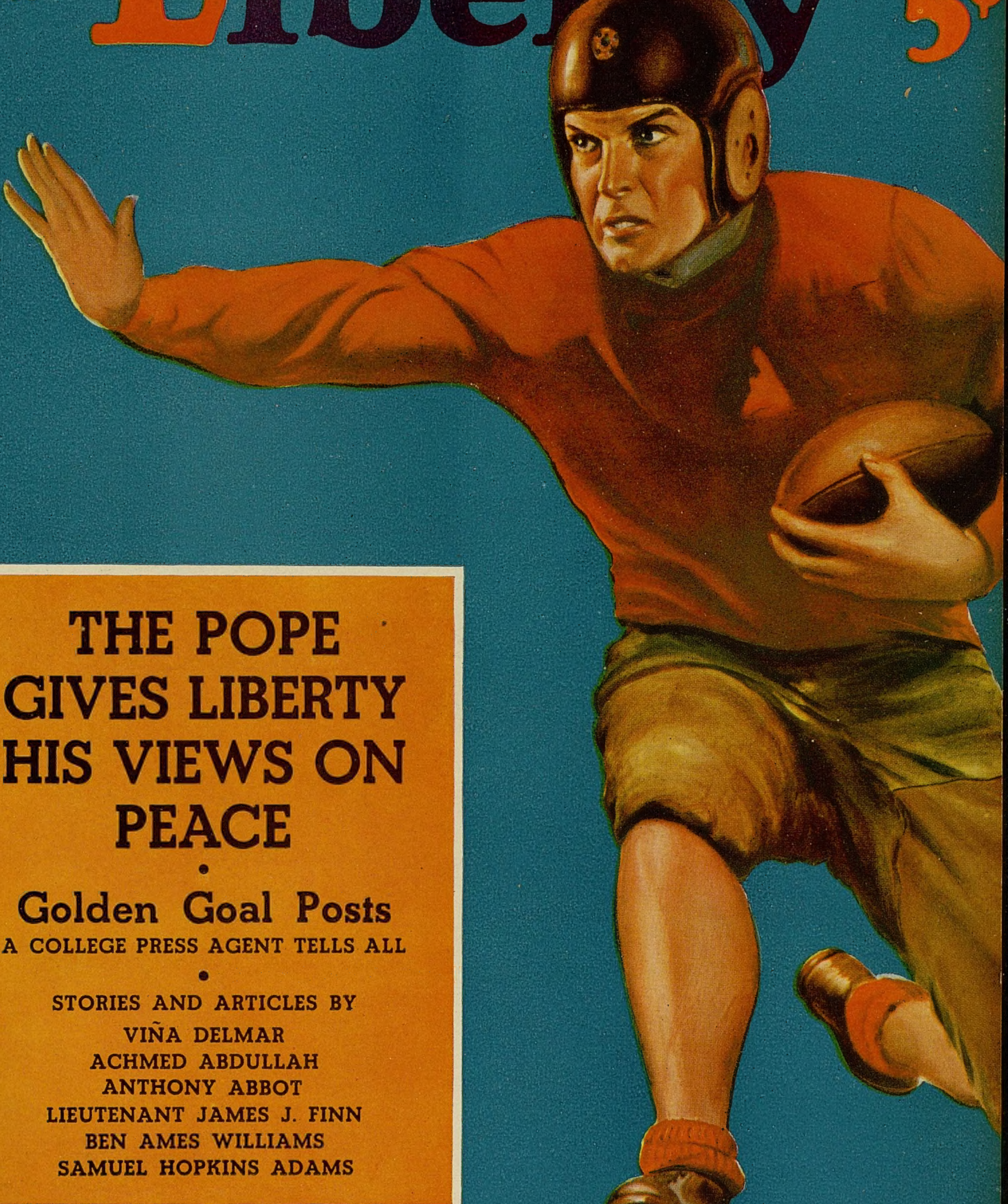
OCT 19,
1935

Liberty

5¢



THE POPE GIVES LIBERTY HIS VIEWS ON PEACE

•

Golden Goal Posts

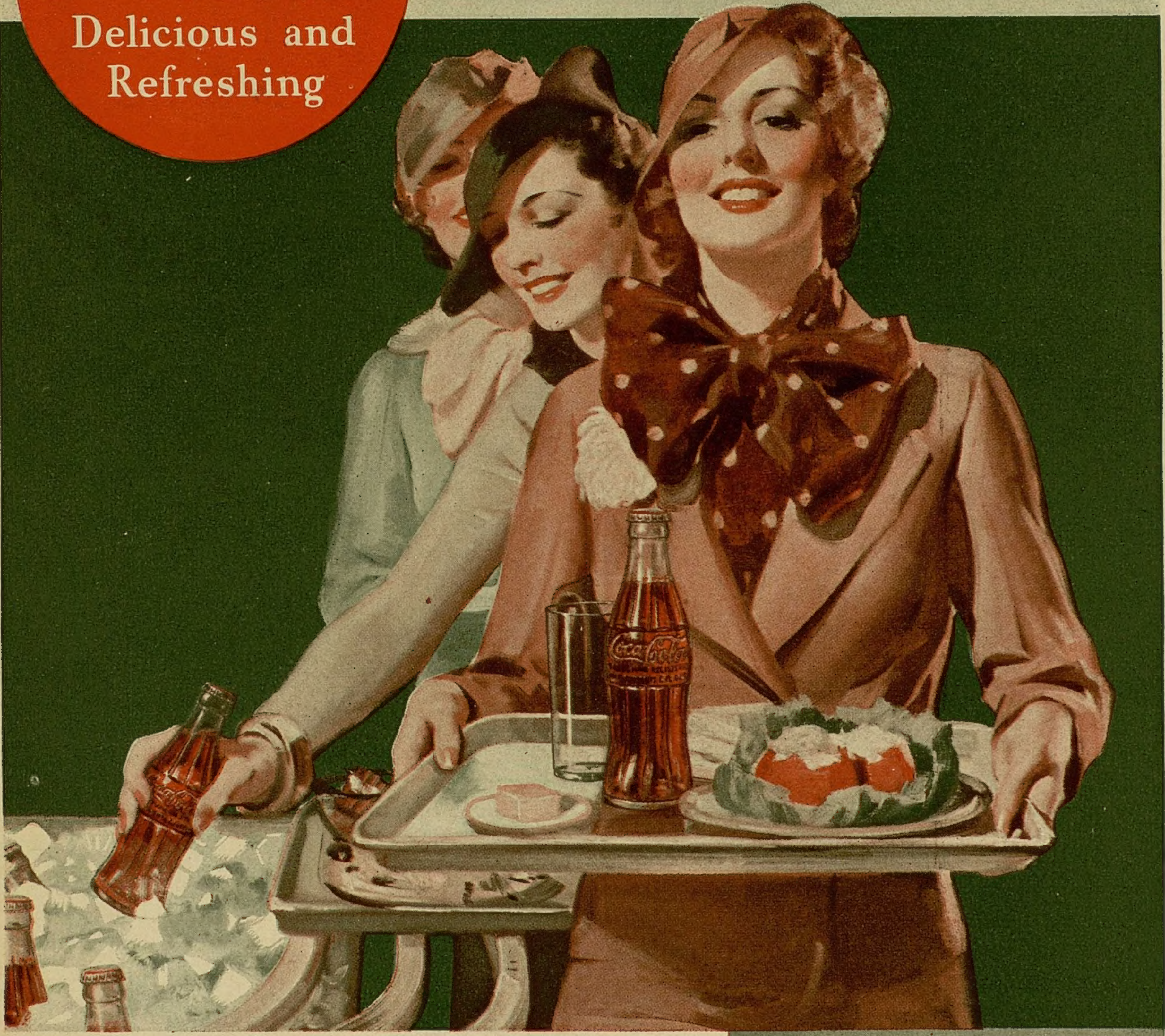
A COLLEGE PRESS AGENT TELLS ALL

•

STORIES AND ARTICLES BY
VIÑA DELMAR
ACHMED ABDULLAH
ANTHONY ABBOT
LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN
BEN AMES WILLIAMS
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

Make your lunch time *refreshment time*

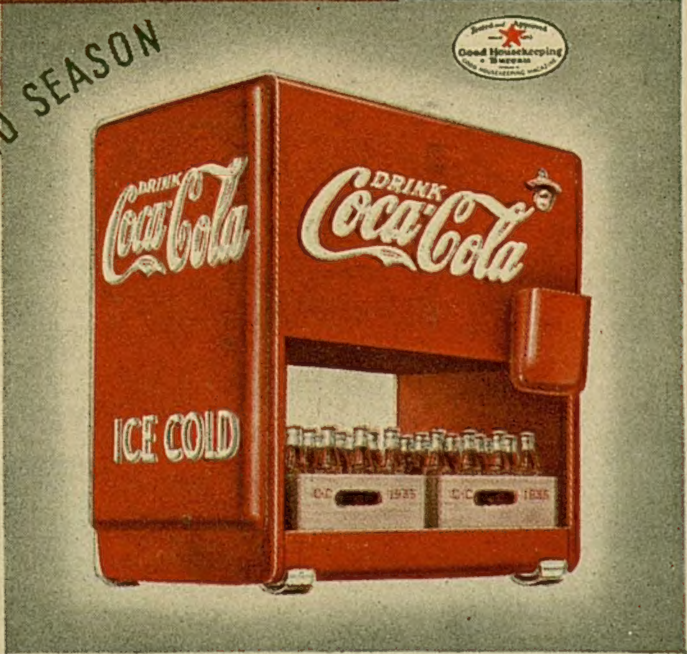

COCA-COLA CO., ALTANTA, GA.

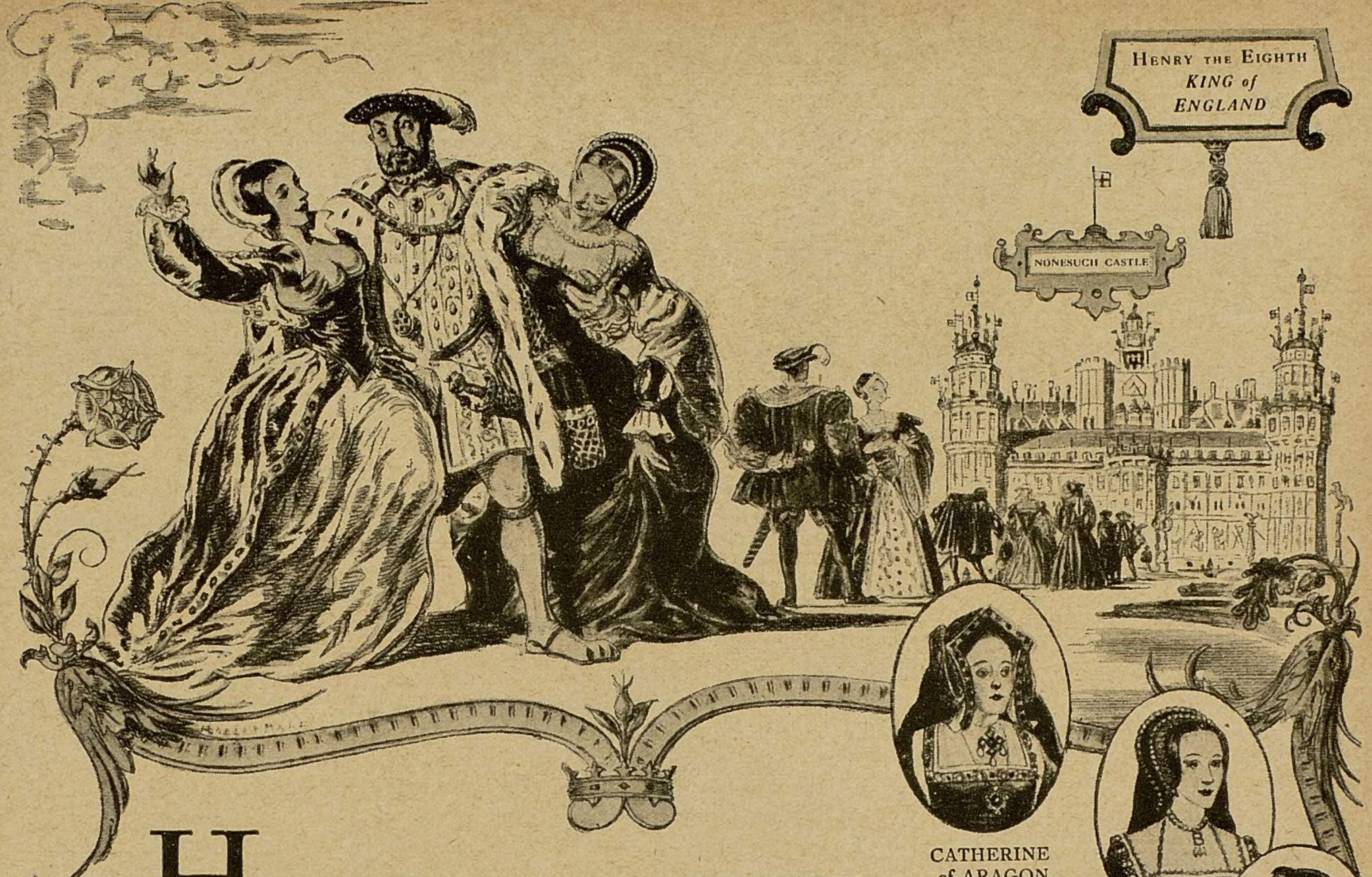
Remember the first time you tried an ice-cold Coca-Cola? You found you had been missing something,—*the pause that refreshes.* If you've never tried it with good things to eat, you don't know what you're missing . . . that tingling, delicious taste-thrill that makes lunch time a real *refreshment time.*

Coca-Cola is pure, wholesome, energy-giving refreshment . . . containing no artificial flavor or coloring.

THIRST KNOWS NO SEASON

5¢


Good Housekeeping Bureau
DRINK Coca-Cola
DRINK Coca-Cola
ICE COLD



CATHERINE of ARAGON

ANNE BOLEYN

HENRY THE EIGHTH knew his etiquette

JANE SEYMOUR

ANNE of CLEVES

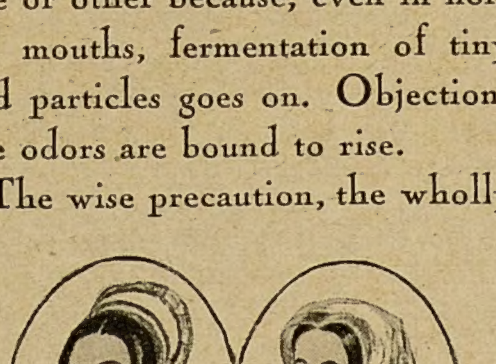
Ere he met the haughty Aragon sent by Spain to be his wife . . . before he poured out his heart to the young and luscious Anne Boleyn . . . before he wooed the poor, pale Jane Seymour . . . before he stormed the frigid heart of Anne of Cleves, or the warmer ones of Catherine Howard, his "rose without a thorn," and dutiful Catherine Parr, Henry the Eighth had the sense to do one thing as necessary as it was fastidious; that his breath might be above reproach, he chewed the leaf of mint. Egotist that he was, he realized that neither his riches nor his charm, his position nor his power, could be of great avail if he had halitosis. Even a king couldn't get away with it . . .

You Never Know

You never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault. What is more, everyone is likely to have it at some time or other because, even in normal mouths, fermentation of tiny food particles goes on. Objectionable odors are bound to rise.

The wise precaution, the wholly delightful one, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—every day and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine's antiseptic and germicidal action quickly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. The breath becomes wholesome, sweet, agreeable. The entire mouth feels clean, fresh, invigorated.

Don't offend others needlessly when it is so easy to make yourself agreeable with this trustworthy deodorant. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



CATHERINE HOWARD CATHERINE PARR

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

Quickly Checks Halitosis

OCTOBER 19, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WE MUST INTEREST OURSELVES IN GOVERNMENT OR WE PERISH

OUR ancestors were boastfully proud of their system of government. They were fresh from the fierce struggles required to secure the liberties they valued so highly.

They closely watched their officials, and when the officials were derelict in their duties, and when regulations threatened that would rob the people of their rights, they acted promptly. They were not apathetic. They called mass meetings and made effective efforts to arouse public action.

But we go on our way indifferently.

The ten million or more unemployed are being fed!

With a full stomach they are harmless!

But should changes occur which would withdraw their rations for a few meals we might be in the midst of unbridled lawlessness.

It has frequently been stated that our present economic situation is far worse than war. But as a nation we are not collectively aware of the dangers we are facing.

We are nonchalant in our fancied security.

Something should be done to arouse the people of this country.

They need a shock—in fact several shocks!

They especially need some harsh experience that will arouse them to a full understanding of the perils they may have to encounter.

A compulsory course for every one in the details of government might be profitable at this time. We should take the interest in our national affairs that was considered so necessary by our forefathers.

Another election is near at hand and doubtless the voting percentage will be no greater than it has been in previous elections. Comparatively few citizens properly value the right of suffrage, and politicians are not interested in bringing out a large vote. It might interfere with their majorities, and that, doubtless, is the reason for failure to make voting compulsory. Citizens who fail to assume their full duty at the polls well deserve to lose the invaluable privileges they have enjoyed in this free democracy.

The issues before the people in the election this year may not be especially momentous, but we must realize that next year we will doubtless be facing a crisis in governmental affairs.

We may never have given the subject consideration, but we should realize there is a *possibility* of our adopting forms of government similar to those which we now refer to as Fascism, Nazism, Communism. But if we can arouse the spirit that moved our forefathers on such occasions our problems will undoubtedly be solved advantageously.

With governmental indebtedness increasing by more than a million dollars every day, and with an indebtedness that it is said will at the end of this year be fifteen thousand million dollars greater than it was when the present administration took over our government, the possibility of our facing a serious financial crisis is not an idle statement.

Therefore every citizen with an atom of patriotism should study our present political status. His duty to himself, to his country, demands his attention in this emergency. Changes are being proposed in our government about which we should be seriously concerned. Political arguments automatically bring out drastic differences in individual opinions and a friendly discussion often clears up abstruse problems.

History has taught us many important lessons in government.

This administration should have acquired an invaluable amount of knowledge from experience, and there should be no further need of experimentation. Every move from now on should be based on definite, dependable knowledge acquired from actual experience.

There is one deplorable neglect. The citizens of this country do not seem to feel the responsibility associated with ownership in this great nation. One does not perform his duty merely by voting. He should acquire all possible information not only about the men for whom he votes, but the governmental principles of the party he is supporting should be studied and analyzed. The study of politics should be popularized in every school and in every home.

The revolutionary experiments that we are making in government at this time may rob us of our dearly bought liberties. The momentous problems before us must be solved before we can eliminate the scandalous situation that now disgraces this nation through unemployment, the dole, and associated evils.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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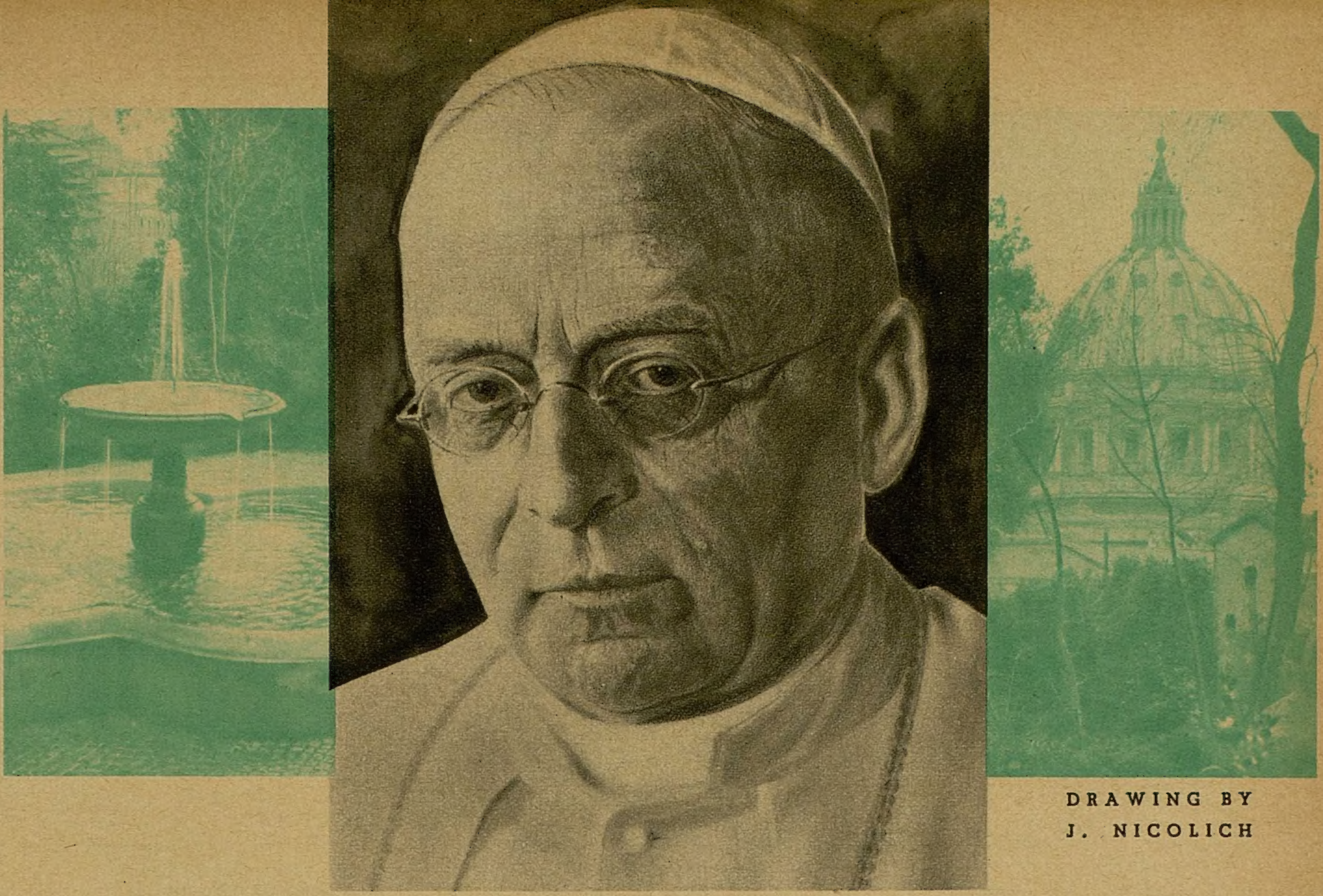


DRAWING BY J. NICOLICH

THE POPE GIVES LIBERTY HIS VIEWS ON PEACE

A Warning to All the Nations Against the "Murder and Suicide" of Provoking War — Conveyed to a Conflict-Clouded World in a Rare and Notable Interview

by EDWARD PRICE BELL

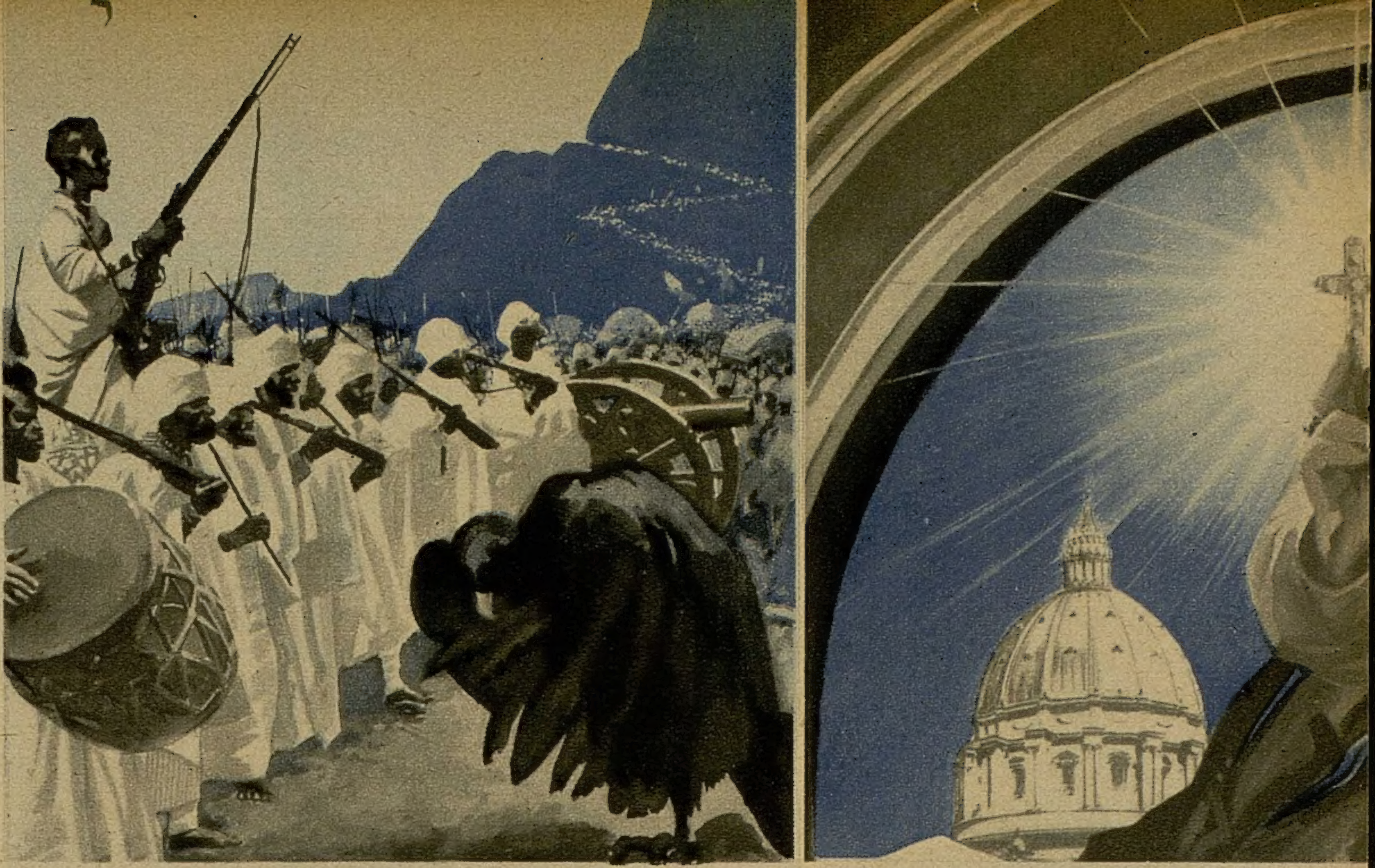
READING TIME
9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

INTERVIEWING Pope Pius XI is a fascinating preoccupation. His sensibilities are acute and his words flow freely and clearly. But he will not be quoted directly; he requires that his remarks shall be rendered in substance in the interviewer's own language.

My audience with His Holiness took place at the Vatican on a Sunday morning in a large hall adjoining the private papal chambers. I felt somewhat strange in full evening dress at that hour, but any sensation of this sort speedily vanished under the influence of the Pope's kindliness and force of moral attraction.

I had just finished a tour of the world during which I had interviewed at length all the Premiers and Foreign Ministers of the principal countries of Asia and Europe, except Russia. (Stalin would not promise definitely to talk for publication, so I declined to go to Moscow.) Peace—the problem of world peace—was the theme of all these discussions.

Pope Pius XI went into the matter with fervor and thoroughness, and none of the great men interviewed was more vigorous or magnetic than he. Neither was any one of them simpler, more natural, more human. Venerable in years (he is seventy-eight), he finds time, despite innumerable duties, to watch the personalities and the poli-



cies of world politics with extraordinary care and thoughtfulness.

Does he expect any Power deliberately to provoke another World War?

He replies:

"We cannot believe any civilized state exists which would become so monstrously murderous and almost certainly suicidal."

But if there *were* such a nation?

Pope Pius XI answers:

"Then we should turn to God with the inspired prayer of the prophet-king: 'Scatter thou the nations that delight in wars' [Psalm LXVII. 31], *and with the daily and universal prayer of the Church, 'Give us peace!'"*

Papal authority for two thousand years, of course, has been the tireless servant of peace. Many moving passages of papal eloquence have been lavished upon this object. An immeasurable amount of practical and detailed labor for peace has issued from the throne of St. Peter to stimulate and guide the leaders of the Catholic Church in every corner of the globe.

The illustrious Leo XIII declared:

"The spirit of the Church is a spirit of humaneness, of mildness, of concord, of universal charity. Its mission, like that of Christ, is peaceful and peacemaking by its nature, because it has for its object the reconciliation of man with God. Hence results the efficacy of the religious power to translate into actuality true peace among men, not only in the domain of conscience, as it does every day, but in the public and social order, by reason of the liberty of action granted to it."

Leo XIII spoke thus, in a powerful discourse on disarmament, a quarter of a century before the outbreak of the World War. The whole of his papacy was an example of the spirit so voiced. Benedict XV followed Leo XIII in sentiment, ideal, and act. The present Pope ascended the papal throne in 1922, the horrors and calamities of war heavy upon his heart and mind. From that hour to this, with an ardor and assiduity perhaps never before known at the Vatican, Pius XI has worshiped at the altar of peace.

Early and late he is on duty. From the first it has been so, as all with an intimate knowledge of the life of the Vatican will tell you. Up before dawn, busy at his desk a little later, going into St. Peter's frequently without breakfast for arduous ceremonials lasting until one and two o'clock in the afternoon, still at his desk late at night, Pius XI has caused his close associates not only to marvel at his strength and endurance but to ask themselves, "How can this sort of thing last?"

Possibly they had momentarily forgotten that the new Pope *always* had been a simple-living man, a man of the fields and woods; was an old mountain climber! At all events, his health and energy bore the strain. His ardent personality lost none of its glow. His efforts did not slacken.

The swarms of people who gathered daily in the reception rooms to see the Holy Father pass by, to kiss his ring and receive his blessing, saw a man with bright eyes, fresh complexion, a strong body, and a firm, elastic step.

All these marks of bodily, spiritual, and mental vigor are visible in Pius XI after thirteen years of unremitting application. It is a pleasant inspiration to observe him, his keen sympathy, the mobility and light of his face, his curious, searching intelligence, his complete naturalness, the happy way in which his emotions and ideas translate themselves in facial expression and in slight movements of the body, arms, and hands. Pius XI belongs to that order of man, of individuality, to which neutrality, lack of interest, lack of luster are constitutionally alien!

Oratory is in his blood. His private conversation, with all its quietness and repression, has an oratorical quality. He discusses nothing coldly, his view being, apparently, that if a thing is worth discussing at all it is worth discussing warmly. His approach to a subject is slow and thoughtful. His first gestures are with his left hand, his right grasping the ermine border of his scarlet cape. Presently he is gesturing gently with both hands, and at last—at the climax of what he has to say—his hands are clenched and his arms and body are illustrating his exposition.

That, in essence, is oratory.

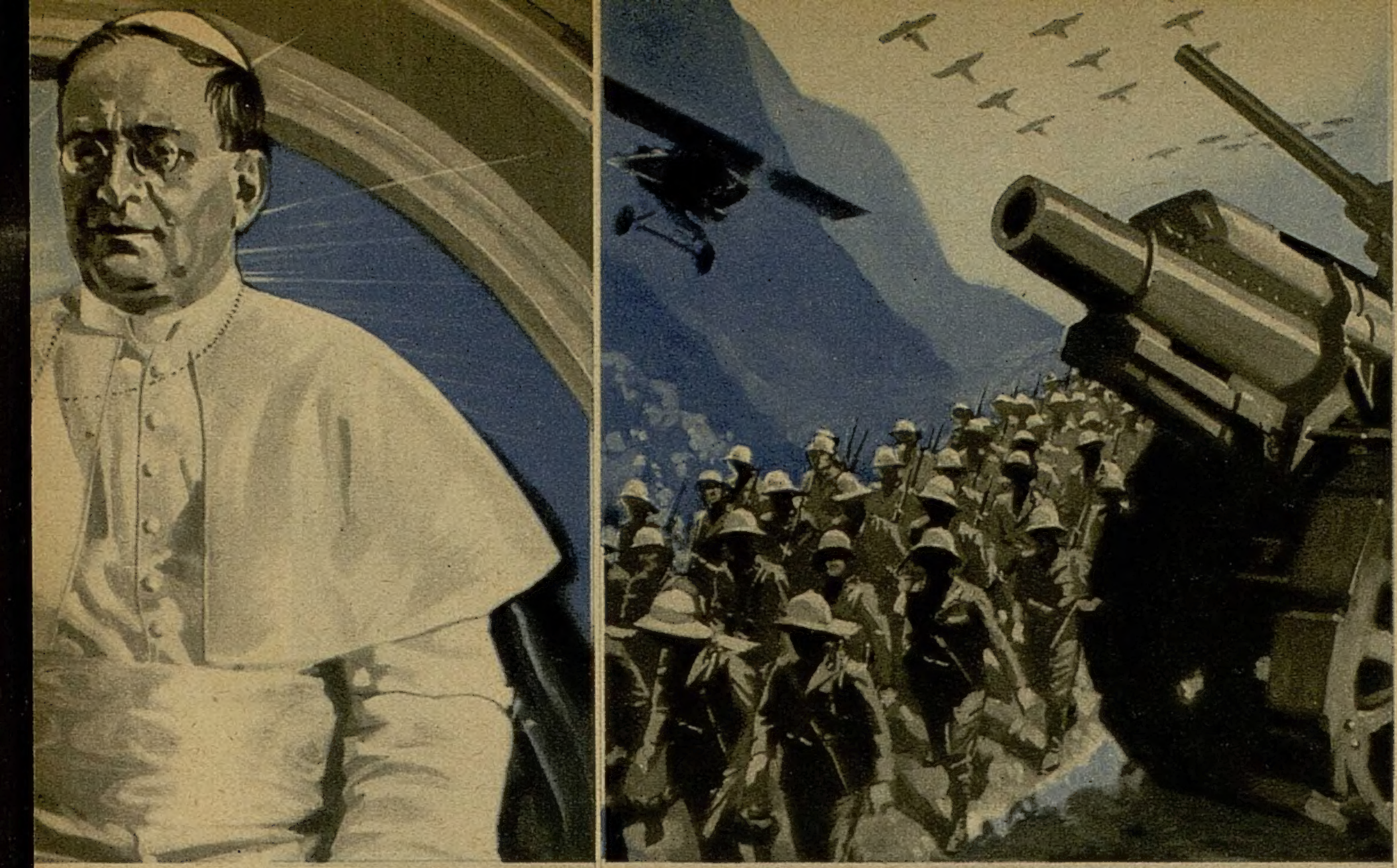
HIS particular passion is missions. Let this fact be noted. It is significant. Missions contemplate the world, so-called advanced peoples and so-called backward peoples, peoples of all varieties of pigmentation, moral and intellectual as well as physical; missions contemplate the whole diverse multitude as one fraternity, with one destiny, and none without the attributes and potentialities of divinity.

Such is the conception of Pius XI, and from this conception flow all his sensibility, reasoning, principle, and action in the spheres not only of religion and ethics but of politics, sociology, and economics. Religion and ethics, in point of fact, are fundamental and determinative elements in the Pope's entire attitude of life, private and public. If you are to have a good individual life, you must root it in religion and ethics. If you are to have a good collective life—peaceful politics, happy social relations, material prosperity—then that life also must draw its sap and strength and stability from religion and ethics.

So reasons the Pope.

And how shapes the world in his mirror?

He does not like the image. He sees peace threatened or violated—the peace of politics, the peace of social intercourse, the peace of economics, the peace of the international monetary exchanges, all the conditions upon which the welfare of mankind depends. And out of what,



in his mind, does the totality of these menaces and violations spring? What is the comprehensive source of them? Apostasy from religion, from Christian morals, from charity—a repudiation of the divinely commissioned leadership of the Church.

"The only salutary cure," he affirms, "is a reform of Christian morals."

Pius XI harks back to the old wisdom. He quotes with fervor and conviction the encyclical, immortal in the history of the Popes, of Leo XIII, entitled *Rerum novarum*, given to the world almost half a century ago. Of that encyclical Pius avers: "It resulted in a truly Christian social science, which continues to be fostered and enriched daily by the tireless labors of those picked men whom we have named the auxiliaries of the Church." He calls it, in the words of Isaias, "a standard set up unto the nations."

This encyclical, in a nutshell, condemned the political economy which grew out of the inventions of the nineteenth century as unjust and intolerable—the creator of a rich and privileged few on the one hand, and an impoverished mass on the other—and demanded the building up over the whole world of a politico-economic system of justice and charity. This demand Pius XI reiterates and reinforces in many an incandescent passage, speaking judicially, impartially—as becomes his great office; appealing for rationality and equity among the three indispensable entities of industry—capital, management, and labor. And the most considerately to be treated of these, in his feeling, is labor.

EDWARD PRICE BELL
was for many years, including the World War period, London correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. He is noted for his interviews with illustrious personages and his labors for world peace. He now lives in Gulfport, Mississippi.

Of the liberalism of the nineteenth century Pius XI will have none. Of Socialism and Communism he will have none. Of dictatorship he will have none. "Hard and selfish nationalism" he rules out as political and economic madness. Antireligious and antisocial propaganda he excoriates. Government, in his belief, has more than the duty of merely preserving order; it has the equally urgent duty of enforcing social justice; but it has neither the duty nor the right of destroying legitimate personal liberty or contravening the principle of private property.

Pius XI, in spite of his zeal for peace and his continual stimulation, guidance, and blessing of those who struggle for peace—indeed, *because* of these things—is no pacifist in the sense of nonresistance to wrong and aggression. He does not condemn armaments as such, though he fights for their reduction and limitation to the lowest level consistent with the safety and tranquillity of society. What he says about armaments is what all the leading statesmen of the day are saying about them: that their only virtuous or honorable or tolerable function is to preserve law and order and shield civilization, and the men, women, and children of civilization, against the destruction, ignominy, and anguish of war.

"Restore the rule of Christ our Saviour!"

Let it be said again that this cry enshrines the full measure of the Pope's message to men. Neopaganism, the renunciation of personal morality, personal purity and dignity—nudism among the rest—must go. The individual must be born afresh to what he owes to himself or herself, and to what he owes to his or her fellows in the long hard campaign for a nobler and happier human life.

Then, without further ado, politics, sociology, and economics will take form on the lines of reason, rectitude, justice, and charity—the greatest of which is charity.

Your fine individual, in a word—as the Pope thinks—is your fine world order, your sane and satisfied world collectivity, in embryo.

Save the individual and you save the race! That is what Pius XI teaches.

THE Vatican, a wonderland of history, of art, and of the touching daily drama of medleys of human beings flocking to its courts and corridors and magnificent halls for comfort to their souls—this great home of the Popes is fancied by many to be a place of almost oppressive gravity, of speech in awed whispers, of walking warily and lightly, of superordinary precincts where inadvertent laughter might bring down upon one's head the halberd of a Swiss guard.

Such a situation would reverse the traditions of centuries. It would contradict the very spirit and principle of the Church—that of benignity.

The atmosphere of the Vatican, notwithstanding the high formality and severe beauty of its varied and intricate rites, is instinct with graciousness and good cheer, the Holy Father himself setting the tone by the warmth and democratic turn of his character. Social usage at the Vatican—the free and friendly intermingling of the clergy and the people—is eloquent of the unlimited sympathy of the vast organization centered in Vatican City, and causes the Pope to seem heartily sincere when he pleads:

"*Join charity to justice; even make charity prevail over justice.*"

And when he adds:

"*Thus you will achieve political and industrial harmony throughout the world.*"

THE END

Right About Face

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BIG Mat Pender had no least premonition that he was about to be punched firmly in the jaw. The evening was calm and beautiful. The Southern moon was full and spring was in the air. New green had begun to appear on leafless trees and the forests were bright with blooming jasminelike skeins of gold; and behind every Negro cabin fruit trees were in early flower. The mockingbirds had been singing for a fortnight; were in full voice now. There was a fragrance in the air hinting of honeysuckle buds stirring in their sleep. What wind blew came out of the southeast, warm and friendly and peaceful.

Mat, on duty at the corner by the traffic light, was contented, calm, and at his ease.

The first run at the moving-picture theater was finished; most people had gone home; most of the stores were dark. But in Saunders's Drugstore two or three young men were playing bagatelle with laughter and loud cheerful cries. After a while they came out and got into a small car standing at the curb. This was one of those astonishing mechanical contrivances possessed by an inward demon of great strength and vitality and astonishing speed, so that it could leap into something like flight with an incredible alacrity. It so leaped now. It had been parked facing the curb at an angle. It backed away into midstreet with a dart like the dart of a hooked trout; it emitted clashing sounds as the gears were roughly changed, and then came racing toward the corner.

The traffic light happened to be red, but the small car paid no heed. It whirled around the corner, skidded dangerously while the tires screamed on dry pavement, and crashed into the curb, the left front wheel splintering with a tinny sound. Figures emerged from the wrecked car like seeds from a squeezed grape.

Mat, as his duty was, went across the street toward the car. There was light enough so that he could recognize these young men. He said reprovingly:

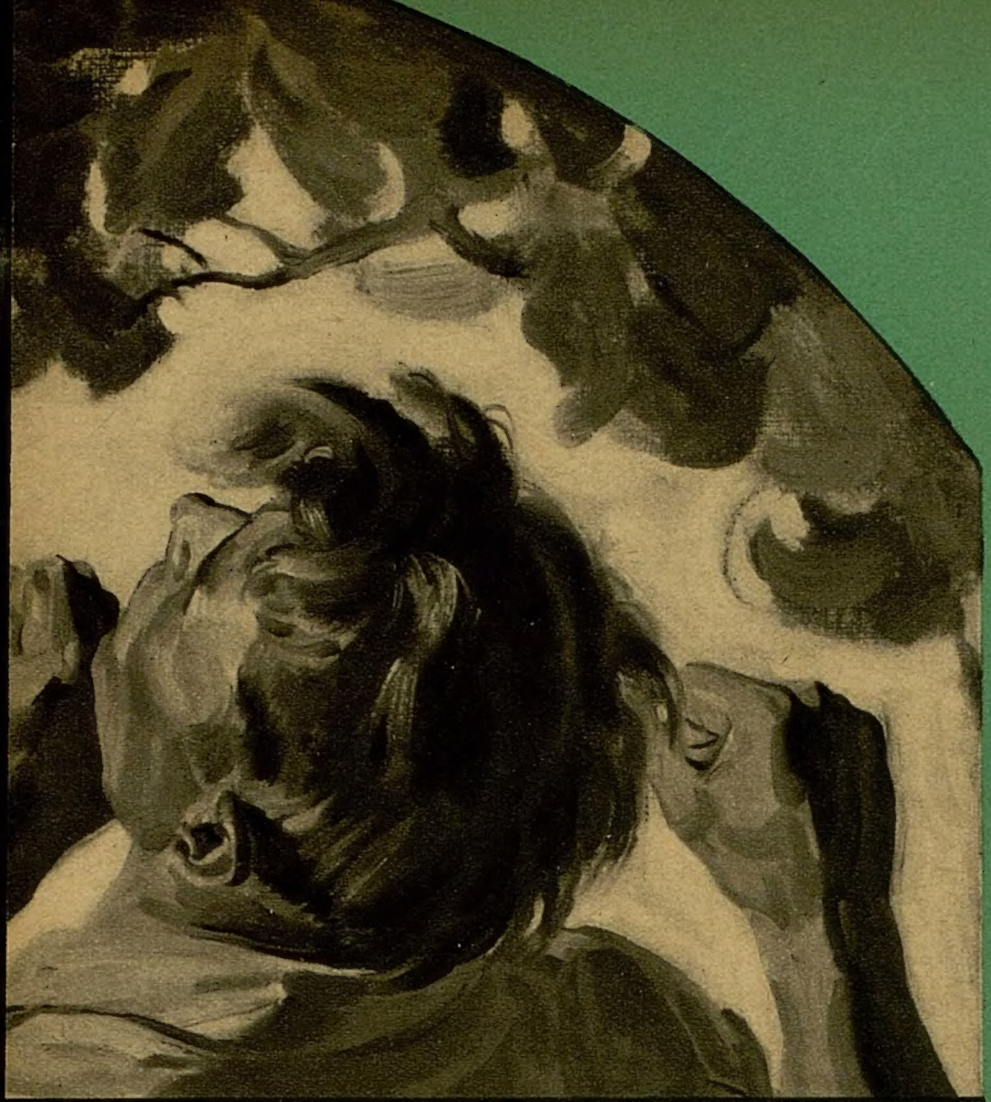
"Now, boys, that's no way to act! S'pose there'd been some one coming the other way!

He staggered back. But this time, when he came in, it wa

by BEN AMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

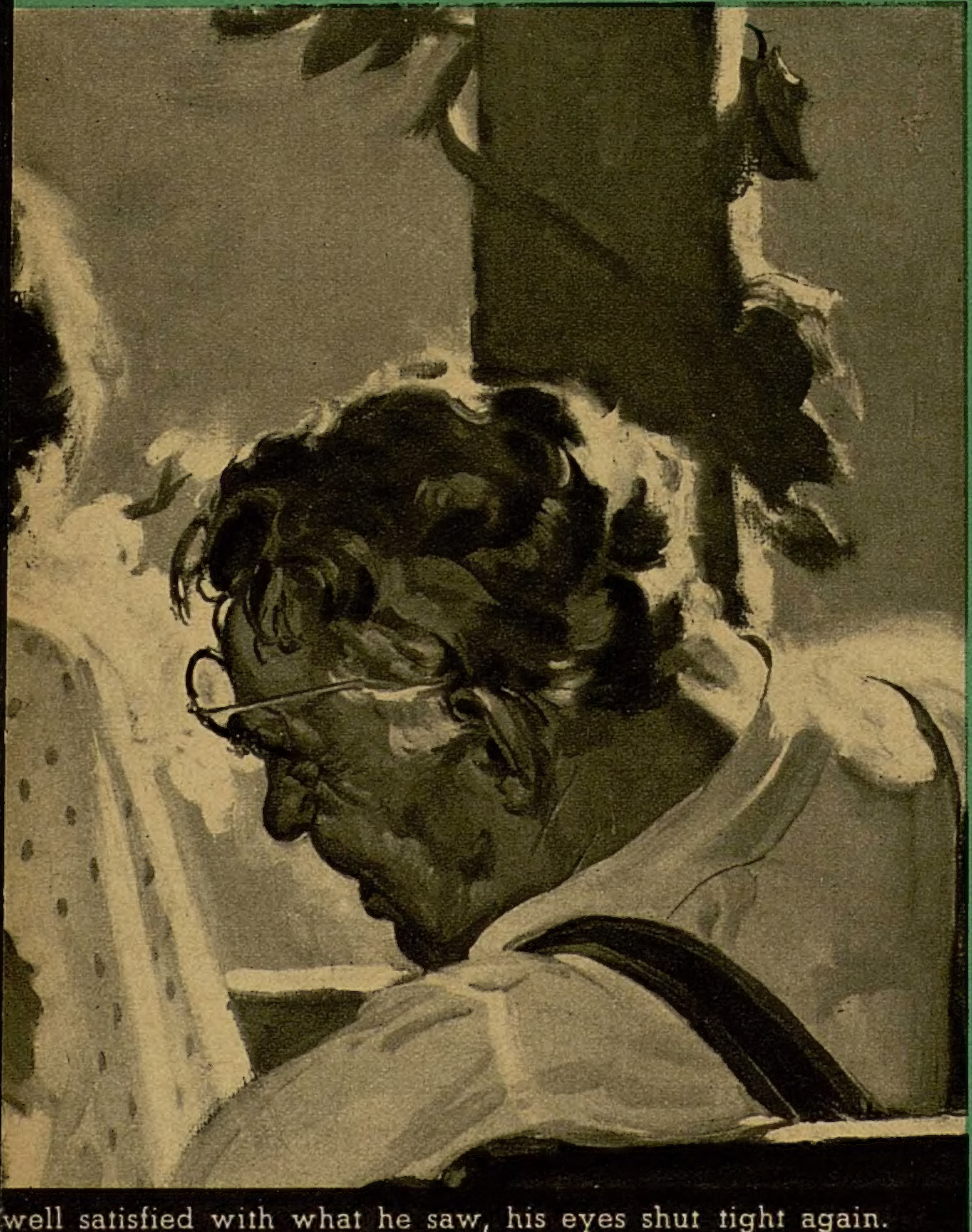
Judge Hammond seemed to peer at them. But then, as thoug



ot ploddingly. He came in like a fury, his rage unleashed.

WILLIAMS

ALTER BAUMHOFER



well satisfied with what he saw, his eyes shut tight again.

The light was red; but even if it'd been green, you were crazy to try to turn so fast. Here you've busted your car and all. I've got to do something about it! That's no way to behave."

One of the men stepped briskly toward him—a tall dark-haired laughing youngster, a little unsteady on his feet.

"How do you like this way to behave?" he asked amiably, and struck Mat on the jaw.

The blow was like a rapier thrust, swift and deadly. Mat sat down heavily; and then he lay down on his side and seemed to sleep.

The other grinned and rubbed his knuckles hard. . . .

Eddie Bunt had taken Sally Hammond to the first run of the picture; and then he drove her home, but they did not at once go into the house. They alighted from Eddie's car at her front gate, and stood a moment talking in low tones; and then as though by mutual consent strolled slowly along the street under the moss-hung branches of wide-spreading oaks.

Through the gauzy screen of the moss the moon peered, illumining Sally's bright countenance and revealing Eddie's unimportant features with the same undiscriminating candor. Sally was beautiful; Eddie was not. Eddie knew, intensely, that Sally was beautiful; but he had never told her so. Instead—being in the turpentine business—he talked to her about increment borers, and hacks and pullers and cups and other matters concerned with the harvesting of naval stores. Eddie was a young man important in the eyes of others, though never in his own. He owned or controlled some thirty thousand acres of pinelands, which he worked for turpentine.

HE talked earnestly of these professional matters to Sally Hammond in the moonlight now, and Sally nodded politely enough; but her eyes were twinkling. She thought it a little absurd for any young man to discuss naval stores with a girl when the moon was full. But also she recognized the fact that Eddie was no more interested in naval stores than she; and understood that, being by habit inarticulate, he could find no other words in which to lay himself and all his life and heart at her feet.

"I think your increment borer's awfully interesting," said Sally presently.

This instrument to which she referred was like a diamond drill, except that it was designed to take a cross section of a growing tree rather than of the strata in the earth. She continued: "If I had one, I'd be boring into every tree I saw. I suppose that's because I'm a girl, and curious. I like to know what's inside of things." She said, amused at the thought: "Wouldn't it be fun if you could use an increment borer on people, and find out how old they are, and whether they're beginning

A Stirring Tale of Restless Youth and Fighting Hearts—of a Girl's "Mistake," and Things Men Don't Seem to Know About Love

to mature, and whether their hearts are sound?"

"I guess it would," Eddie agreed. "I know it helps size up a piece of pineland, to check on a few trees—"

She interrupted softly, "Hush!" and touched his arm. Her touch was sufficient to leave him dumb and trembling. They stood side by side; and in an oleander, within six feet of them, a mockingbird, driven rapturously insane by the glory of the moon, sang till his throat was tired. Eddie watched Sally's smiling lips and her dark eyes; but the mockingbird watched Eddie expectantly until—perhaps perceiving that nothing was going to happen—it became discouraged, ended the song in the middle of a particularly delicious trill, tucked its head under its wing, and left Eddie to his own devices.

But Eddie had no devices, so they came back to Sally's home—a rambling old frame house under oaks, with a camellia tree by the front steps, and an iron fence around the yard, and scuppernongs on an arbor at one side. Judge Hammond and four or five of his friends were playing poker in the dining room. Sally insisted that Eddie come in. He and she spoke to the players. Judge Hammond was a large round man, his hair faintly touched with gray; judge of the lower court, and wise in many ways.

"Take a hand, Eddie," he proposed. "Let Sally look over your shoulder. She'll bring you luck."

Eddie thought he would be going home soon, and he and Sally returned to the parlor; but she urged, "Don't go yet! They'll play for hours, so I couldn't sleep even if I went to bed."

And thus it happened that a little while later he was explaining that some cups are made of clay, that iron cups discolor the gum and so the turpentine and hurt its value, that aluminum cups are the best but bend too easily, when some one knocked on the door. Sally went to answer. Here was Mat Pender, with a lump on his jaw and sorrow in his eye.

"Miss Sally," he said, "I'd like to talk to the judge."

"Of course, Mat," Sally assented; and she asked, smiling faintly: "Some one hit you?"

"Jack Curry," said Mat unhappily. "I don't know what to do about Jack. Judge busy, is he?"

Sally no longer smiled as she summoned Judge Hammond. He left the card table, joined them in the parlor.

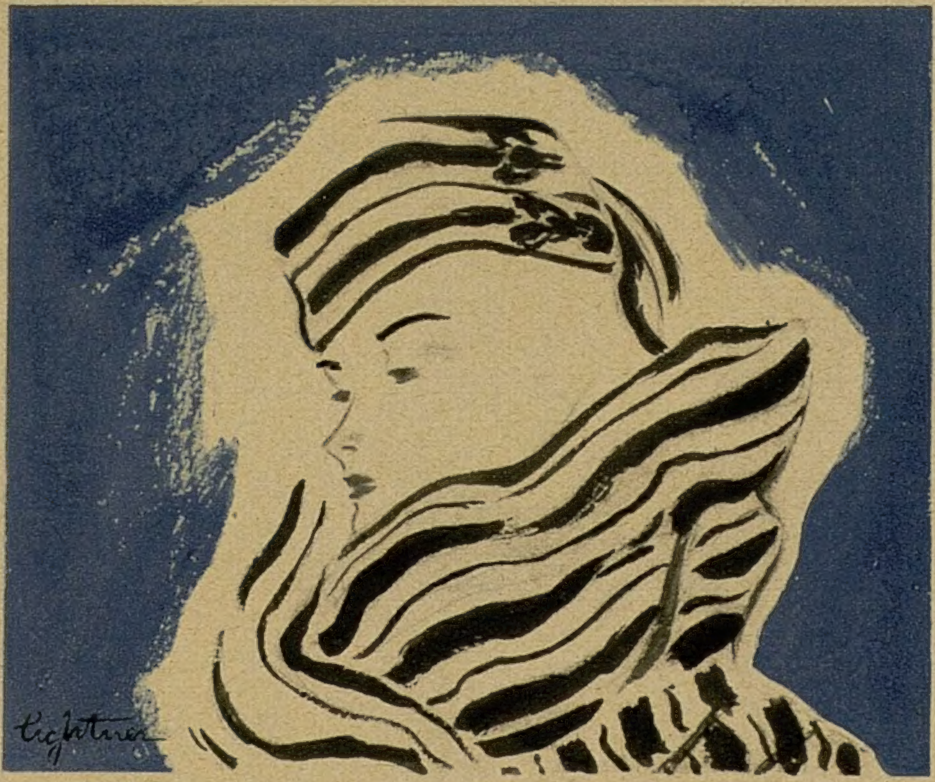
"It's about Jack Curry, judge," Mat explained. "He's been running wild and wilder lately; and tonight he and some of the boys—I guess they had a load of corn in them—smashed up Will Price's car right at the main corner. They turned the corner on two wheels, against the light, and skidded into the curb. Nobody hurt, but I went to talk to them, and Jack knocked me out."

He rubbed his jaw. "Just one punch," he said. "But it was a beauty!"

FASHION FLASHES
From PARIS

Rumors of Eskimos camping in the Crillon bar and of polar explorers in the Ritz proved merely chic Parisiennes in the new arctic furs. Gold diggers of 1936's prospects will be doubled by flattering parka hoods attached to sable, mink, or lesser fur afternoon coats or forming detached slipover collarets, Alaskan style. Lovely trappers stalk their prey down the Rue de la Paix wearing Schiaparelli baby-seal suits with gold bear-claw buttons, and ear-muffed Davy Crockett caps or turbans trimmed with fox brushes, or Molyneux Daniel Boone hats of whole sable skins—head, tail, and all. Long fur mitts and lacquered flat fur oxfords or fur-lined Victorian boots complete this Northern telescape.

DORAMILLER.



Sally's eyes were wide with a rueful distress. Eddie watched her unhappily. She and Jack Curry had grown up together. Judge Hammond said gravely: "Jack has just about run his course, Mat."

Sally urged: "Oh, dad, Jack's such a fine boy, if he'd only settle down. He's so—charming, and sweet, and gay."

The judge seemed to think aloud. To sit in judgment on your neighbors and the sons of your neighbors requires of a man something more than an hour or two in court once a week.

"I remember his grandfather," he said. "Colonel Jackson Curry had twenty thousand acres of good cotton land and rice swamps down at the Bluff; and when the War ruined him, he came to town and practiced law. I was only ten years old when he died, but I remember him. And his son Jim—young Jack's father—was my friend; and Mrs. Curry was a fine woman. Young Jack's got a proud heritage; but he's spilled it in the gutter!"

"He's still just a boy!" Sally pleaded. "He's like a colt, dad. Once he settles down—"

"When will he settle down?" the judge asked sorrowfully. "Sally, he's a public scandal, and has been for years."

"I can't help it, I like him," she said loyally.

Eddie Bunt wiped his mouth with his hand and he watched Sally with a hungry, hopeless eye.

Mat put his question again. "What do you want me to do, judge? Shall I bring him in? Or pretend it didn't happen? I don't want to put you in a hard spot."

Judge Hammond sighed. "Mat, you'll have to bring him in," he said. "I'll come down on him hard."

And Sally, without a word, turned and fled upstairs. Eddie heard a choking sound, saw her shoulders shaking. She was crying! He twisted his hat in his hands. Mat went away and the judge started to return to his poker game; but he paused and looked at Eddie.

"Sally didn't say good night, Eddie," he commented sympathetically. "I guess she was sorry about Jackson Curry. She's always been fond of the young rapscallion!"

"He'd be all right if he got straightened out," said Eddie.

"He won't!"

"He might be made to," Eddie suggested; and he looked up the stairs where Sally had gone. "If that's what Sally wants," he said, half to himself. The judge watched him thoughtfully, and Eddie said: "Judge, can I talk to you a minute? I've got a sort of an idea."

. . . .

This Eddie Bunt was a stocky young man, steady and quiet, with something unremitting about him. He covered a lot of ground. Thirty thousand acres is a lot of ground, means a lot of work; but Eddie appeared to take kindly to work.

CCC. An idea! Take the young men for whom there are no jobs; take the young men who are learning the corroding ways of idleness; take the young men who tramp and hitchhike and sleep in boxcars and have no homes. Give them work and outdoor life and a little money. Give them back their self-respect, their habit of responsibility.

Easy enough to say; but, as in making rabbit stew, the first step is to catch your young men. Catch them and winnow them. No one hereabouts had wished to tackle the winnowing job; but Eddie Bunt was humbly willing to tackle any job. Also, hereabouts these men would be working for a cause in which devoutly he believed—to save the pinelands from their annual fires, to give the young pines a chance to grow. That meant fire lanes to be cut for miles, and watchtowers and fire-fighting crews and draining ditches and wood roads and telephone lines spread like a spider web across the countryside.

Eddie knew all about such work, so he was a natural choice for the job of winnowing the candidates; and afterward it was equally natural that he should be put in charge of the work.

THERE was a camp fifteen miles south of town: bunkhouses built of poles and well chinked against wind and weather, and an office and a telephone exchange. Eddie was there when young Jackson Curry came to see him.

"Hi, Ed," Jack said recklessly. His eyes were shadowed, he was pale, and there was a defiance in his bearing as though he felt ashamed.

"Hello, Jack." They had grown up together, played together, fought together. This Jackson Curry was the pattern of a fighting man; tall and lean, and quick as a cat, and strong. He always whipped Eddie when they fought. Eddie did not like fighting —unless, perhaps for a good cause.

"You're looking at your new hired man," said Jack Curry.

Eddie's eyes dropped and he blushed—for no good reason.

Curry chuckled.

"Oh, it's not my idea," he said. "Don't blame me. Blame it on the judge. I laid one on Mat Pender's jaw the other night, in a spirit of fun; and when Mat came to, he arrested me. Judge Hammond didn't see the joke!" He winced at the memory. "He put it up to me. Said I had to sign up in this outfit you're running, and go in for a little honest toil—or else!"

Eddie swallowed hard. "You've worked for me before, Jack," he reminded the other man soberly. "You didn't stick to it! I can't waste time on you unless you mean to stick now."

Jack grinned. "I might like it," he suggested derisively. "Camping out and playing games!"

MORTON'S SALT

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Yet costs a family only 2c per week to enjoy!

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SALT
WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS

A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT

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Non-caking cube crystals and a spout that won't tear out have made Morton's the most popular salt in the country!

How would you like to do away, for all time, with the annoyance of clogged saltcellars on rainy days? You can if you switch to Morton's Salt, for its cube-shaped crystals tumble off one another in damp weather instead of sticking together!

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4. Easy-to-handle package — one that really fits the hand.
5. Full, honest measure — not deceptively filled.

WHEN IT RAINS • IT POURS

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

TEACHER'S "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky must have been superior to win the tremendous public approval it enjoys. Try a bottle . . . or a glass . . . and judge for yourself. Note its delightful aroma, its velvet smoothness, its full body, its rich flavour. Remember, too, its background of 105 years . . . Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., Glasgow and London. Established 1830.

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"We're doing a job," said Eddie. "It's a job worth doing. Some of it is responsible work. You'll have to come up to our standard, Jack."

Jack looked at him through narrowed eyes. "This wasn't by any chance your idea, was it?" he challenged. Eddie was a poor liar; but he did not even try to lie. He simply sat silent, the picture of confusion. "Ho!" Jack chuckled. "I get it! Thought you could show me up with Sally, eh?" His cheek was red with anger.

He said: "I'll fool you! I'll play, Eddie. But don't try to ride me too hard!"

. . . .

REGULAR hours. Regular meals. Hard work. Blistered hands that healed. Sore muscles that ceased to be sore. The strong clean sun; the cleansing drench of honest perspiration; the fellowship of men—big and little, wise and simple, weak and strong, brave and craven, indolent and honest—but all of them men. Weeks of it, till scorn gave way to secret pride, and sloth to industry, and a man learned to find a certain rapture in fatigue.

One night Jack Curry went to town in a truck with a dozen of his fellows. His head was up now; he had gained six pounds; there was something in him alive and jubilant and young and strong.

He met Sally Hammond outside Saunders's Drugstore, and stood before her, straight and tall and smiling; and Sally cried, "Jack!" She took both his hands. She said: "You're looking fine!"

He chuckled and considered his uniform. "It's the costume," he decided; and he asked, "What about the movies?"

"I'm going home."

"I'll see the lady home," he announced; and they went along together. They strolled slowly and Jack talked.

"And the funny part of it is, I'm beginning to like it," he admitted.

"You look so much better!"

"I like working," he confessed, half surprised at himself. He chuckled. "I may take it up seriously," he declared.

"I hope so!"

"Why?"

"For your own sake!"

Silence for a while, their slow feet quiet on the sidewalk.

"Why, Sally?" he asked again, insistently.

She looked up at him. "You could be anything, Jack, if you wanted it hard enough to try."

"Be anything?"

"All your friends would—be glad."

They were come to her gate, her door; but she did not go in, nor did he go away. He said: "I've thought, sometimes, of you and me, Sally." She did not speak. He chuckled. "It isn't very flattering to you, but I never could quite find the time before. I knew it meant work, settling down. But now I think it would be worth it, Sally!"

Her head was bowed, but her hair was fragrant.

"Would it?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "To yourself, yes," she said.

He shook his head. "I don't mean that. I mean—to you." And he asked suddenly, laughing: "Look here—are you going to marry Eddie?"

"He's never asked me." Her eyes were twinkling, her tones mirthful.

"The poor dope," said Jack, and caught her hands—which were reluctant. And suddenly he kissed her.

He kissed her. There was nothing mutual in this kiss, and Jack even in this instant was aware of that fact. But to one at a little distance the distinction was not apparent. To a young man sitting on the porch hammock, for instance, waiting for Sally to come home.

Jack kissed her, and felt her remoteness from him, and relaxed his grasp upon her shoulders. She turned and almost fled toward the house. Jack laughed and walked away.

Sally went into the house without seeing Eddie. Her vision was blurred. After a little, Eddie got up from the hammock, careful that it should utter no betraying squeak, and cautiously departed.

Jack Curry, returning toward Main Street, passed the filling station at the corner. Two or three of his fellows were there, and one of them hailed him in thick tones:

"Hi, Jack! Look what I've got! Come over here."

"I'm practically there now," said Jack Curry, and made haste that way.

FIRE lanes, roads good enough to carry fire-fighting apparatus to points of danger, telephones, fire towers. . . .

Fire towers! Spider-web structures held together by something like a miracle of physics, lifting their crowns well above the crests of the tallest trees. From the lookouts on top one looked abroad over a level floor of foliage. These towers in Eddie's district were all of steel save one, a temporary structure, built of timber, wire-braced. Tower Four.

In the towers, and in the central office, maps and telephones and a plotting table. Tower Seven calling headquarters: "There's a smoke, bears one eighty-three degrees from here." Tower Five calling headquarters: "A smoke at one twelve degrees." Headquarters to the fighting unit: "A fire, just starting, near Barrel Creek, on the Bluff road. Hop to it, boys!"

There had been no rain for weeks, and the woods were tinder-dry. Eddie Bunt stayed on the job from dawn till dark. Day was the danger time. At night fires did not run so fast or spread so far. Eddie was there Sunday afternoon—it was Saturday night when Jack Curry and others went to town—when two towers reported a smoke, and Eddie himself ran the lines of bearing. They crossed very near Tower Four. Four, he remembered, was the one that was built of wood.

He called Four on the telephone. Tower Four did not answer.

He dispatched the first fighting unit--a truck full of men, and another loaded with materials and apparatus. They roared away.

Then he looked at the check list to see who was supposed to be on duty at Tower Four.

"Jack Curry," said the check list.

And Eddie remembered—he was not likely to forget—that Jack had been in town the night before! Eddie took his own car.

It was twelve miles to Tower Four—twelve miles of sand roads, rutted and uncertain. He made the distance in sixteen minutes. Later he found one broken spring leaf in the right front wheel, but this did not matter at the time.

The fire was running away from Four; but also it was backing up into the wind, little flames creeping like red rats through the palmettos and the broom sedge. They had crept about the base of the tower, gnawed at the timbers there.

Eddie went up the zigzag stairs like a cat. The trucks must be five or ten minutes behind him; and when they did arrive, they would attack the front of the fire, half a mile away.

Anything that was to be done here, he must do. The tower seemed incredibly high and frail. Eddie scrambled up the ladder stairs so quickly that the whole structure, depending on shrewdly distributed stresses for its strength, swayed and creaked alarmingly. He wondered how much longer those base timbers, where the flames gnawed, would hold to their task.

But wondering did not slow him down. He climbed like a squirrel.

In the lookout on top of the tower, Jack was, of course, asleep.

He had plugged the telephone bell so that he might not be disturbed.

Eddie slapped his cheek, snatched him back to wakefulness. He pushed Jack before him to the ladder. At the foot, they had to jump to clear a hedge of flames. They jumped into burned ground, then picked a thin spot in the flames and broke out of the circle.

"We'll backfire," said Eddie briefly, "to stop it creeping."

He drove Jack, drove himself. In a quarter hour the trick was done. They were both hot, weary, with sooted sweaty faces.

Eddie watched till he was sure the situation was robbed of danger. When Tower Four, its base timbers burned through, fell, he touched Jack's arm.

"Come over here," he said, and led the way to a sweep of firm ground under oaks, where the fallen leaves were a crisp hard carpet. "I'm going to lick you, Jack," he said.

Jack grinned derisively. "You've tried that before!"

"It didn't matter before," Eddie insisted. "But this time you slept on the job. Otherwise this fire would never have got a start. Maybe you started it yourself. A cigarette flipped out of the tower. I'll bet that was it! You've burned a nice piece of timber and one of our towers. I'm going to lick you."

"Anything for excitement," said Jack agreeably, and knocked Eddie down.

EDDIE got up and began to fight. He was a stocky young man, but he was slow; strong, but muscle-bound; plodding where Jack was swift, short where Jack was tall.

Jack knocked him down half a dozen times.

"You can't do it, Ed," said Jack at last, reluctant respect in his tones. "I've got it on you. Give it up. I'm sorry about the cigarette."

Ed shook his head and got up. "I can," he said, and continued to fight.

It was monotonous.

"Blast you, quit it!" Jack protested. "You'll get hurt. Have some sense, Ed!"

"I can lick you," said Eddie gropingly. "You need a whipping and it's my job to give it to you."

Jack thought uneasily that a dog fights best in his own yard. Eddie, by all rights, should have been unconscious long ago. Jack hit him again, but this time Eddie did not go down. The thing was absurd—that Eddie should fight so long. It was not possible that merely being in the right should put new powers into Eddie's slow muscles, into his stolid heart, his persistent soul. With a sudden vehemence, Jack knocked Eddie head over heels.

But Eddie somehow landed on his feet, and he came plodding in. A minute later, incredibly, Jack himself went down.

He thought it would be pleasant to stay down; but he was ashamed to do so. He got up, and went down again, three or four times. He lost count. There was something implacable in this old friend of his. Eddie Bunt. An old friend. . . . Oh, they had fought, but Eddie was a good man, in spite of that. Solid and substantial and a hard worker.

FINALLY Jack stayed down. There was a branch—a creek—a little way off. Eddie brought water in his hat and splashed Jack's face. After a while Jack sat up wearily; and suddenly he grinned and stuck out his hand.

"I had it coming to me, Ed," he said. "Thanks for the ride. Pull me up!"

Eddie flushed with a deep pleasure, and he grasped that offered hand and tugged at it stoutly. Jack came to his feet and struck out again with a venomous ferocity. The blow caught Eddie unawares. He staggered back.

But this time, when he came in, it was not ploddingly. He came like a fury, all his rage unleashed.

When Jack went down again, and stayed, Eddie did not bathe the hurt man's head! He strode away and left Jack there, just struggling back to consciousness again. Eddie had other matters on his mind.

. . . . .

Later that afternoon Sally Hammond lay in the porch hammock, a book under her hand. Judge Hammond was asleep in an easy chair near by.

A car raced up the street, Eddie at the wheel. He stopped at the gate and alighted and came up the walk. His countenance was battered, his clothes soiled; but his jaw was set and his eyes still blazed.

Sally was swift to meet him. "Eddie, what happened?" she whispered softly, so that her father might not be awakened.

"I had a fight with Jack," said Eddie Bunt harshly. "Sally, he's no good! I know you love him, but he isn't good enough for you! I've tried to make something out of him, but I can't. Nobody can. If he's the sort of man you want, all right! But you're making a mistake."

Sally said demurely: "I'm sorry he whipped you, Eddie. But—I haven't made any mistake yet."

"He didn't whip me," Eddie told her. "I knocked the tar out of him, and I can do it again any time. He's a cheat and a liar and a—and a—" He said miserably: "Even if you do think he's so wonderful."

She challenged smilingly: "What do I care what Jack Curry is? Tell me about yourself, Eddie. What sort of a man are you?"

Eddie stared at her, gasping like a beached fish. But this young man was not so dull of wit as he might at times appear.

"Are you trying to say you care anything about me?" he demanded.

"Something of the sort," she assented softly.

"You mean you love me?"

"Why, I'm not sure; but—I only know one way to find out!" said Sally Hammond.

Judge Hammond's left eyelid moved slightly; he seemed to peer at them.

But then, as though well satisfied with what he saw, his eyes shut tight again and he began reassuringly to snore.

THE END

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

GOLDEN

Are Today's Gridiron Stars th
What You Think After Reading

by A COLLEGE PRESS AGENT

SATURDAY'S children are my creations, for Saturday's children are the star halfbacks and linemen and the coaches who draw you to the stadium—and draw your dollars into the box office.

I am the press agent for a college of approximately four thousand students. Every college, even the very small ones, have press agents, and the larger ones have staffs running up to six people.

Our job is to manufacture the glittering campus legends and to spin the romantic daredevil cocoons around the football team and the coaches. It is these legends, including manufactured battles and grudges, fake injuries and sham stars, that draw you to the fifty-yard line or the end-zone seats. And also bring in the dollars that make football second only to the movies as the greatest section of the show world.

The press agent is the man who manufactures the stories you read in the sports sections all week long.

Suppose I were to telephone the sports writers and tell them the truth about what happened on the practice field.

I'd have to say: "After the warm-up we had tackling practice and used the scrubs for live bait for an hour. Then a half hour of practicing plays and running through formations and we finished up with scrimmage against the frosh team."

The sports writers couldn't make headlines out of that.

I have to say that a new mystery aerial attack was prepared, or that Williams has ousted the star quarterback and will take his place, or that a startling new place kicker was uncovered.

Maybe you wonder how it is that so much information is available about even the lowliest fourth-string player. About two weeks prior to the start of the football season the press agent for every college issues "the dope sheet."

This is a mimeographed list that includes every player signed up for football. I quote you a sample from the dope sheet of a great university in the Middle West. The names are changed from the original:

FULLBACKS

MITZKOVICH, Edward. Nickname—"Slats." 197 pounds, six feet one inch; prepped at Smithville High; picked All-State fullback last year in high; is a Junior now; played sub last year but not letter man. This man is smart and fast with a booming line plunge, the kind who may wake up and go places if aroused; he has yellow hair and likes to play without a helmet. A colorful power-horse kind of back.

That information (and usually the nicknames are invented by the press agent) is in front of the sports writers before practice starts.

Speaking of nicknames reminds me of a story that happened a few years ago at a college which had an ambitious young press agent. The team had no stars that year and the press agent knew that rule number one is to concentrate your publicity on one or two men and build them up into drawing cards.

This publicity man, in running over the list, found that there was a halfback with the strange last name of My. His first name was John. On the spot his name was changed and he was christened Omeo. Stories went out to the newspapers about Omeo My, the brilliant new running halfback. The sports writers were enormously intrigued by that and began writing about him.

"Listen," the press agent said to the coach. "Is this guy My any good?"

"Hell, no," the coach snorted. "He's hopeless. I'm cutting him off the squad."

"And you'll cut just about five thousand bucks a game off the gate receipts. You've got to keep him on. I'm giving him a build-up."

So Omeo My stayed on the squad, and glowing stories were written day after day about his dazzling runs and catches of passes and tackles in practice. On days of games he warmed up ostentatiously and—warmed the bench. In some games, with the score 35-0 in favor of My's team, he got in for a few minutes of the last quarter. They didn't dare risk him in there longer.

But he drew dollars into the box office and that was what counted, for the goal posts are made of gold these days. Football must pay for other sports, for new stadia and gymnasiums and expensive coaches.

It's all a sweet racket, but yet a gentle racket because the customers get a fine vicarious thrill sitting in the stands waiting for the team to spring the "surprise shift" or the new "double-hinged intermeshing lateral pass" plays they have been reading about all week long.

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon hundreds of press agents all over America sit down and scratch their heads and decide whether they'll have their team "preparing a brand-new pass defense" or "polishing up the ground attack" for Saturday's game. Until very recently injury stories were the Wednesday and Thursday life-

GOAL POSTS

eations of Bunk and Build-up? See
is Amazingly Outspoken Confession

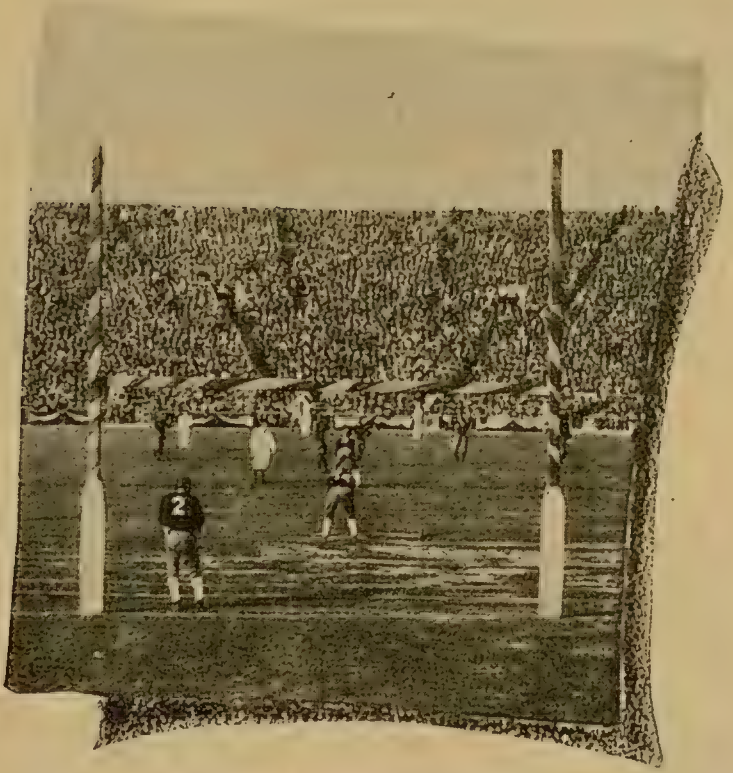
savers for the press agents from august Yale and Harvard to lusty California and Stanford. Now, even the sports writers shy at them.

There is not one football writer in a hundred who knows a good player when he sees one. And it is because the football writers for the sports pages are so ill able to judge for themselves that it is possible to manufacture All-Americans every year. Nothing more unfair nor absurd exists in the realm of American sport than this practice of picking All-America teams. The players who get the most publicity on winning teams get the All-America honors while better players who failed to get publicity are ignored.

I say flatly that I have made an All-American, and that other college press agents have done the same.

Except when a man does something spectacular out in the open where it can be plainly seen, the sports writers don't know how well a linesman is doing.

Like many other press agents, I ghostwrite twice-a-week articles for my coach. As a gesture, I have a conference with him before writing them. He always says, "Well, tell 'em we're going to be in there for sixty minutes' fighting and that the other team will know they've been in a ball game."



The most important duty lately of the press agents is "editing" what we call the Buck-of-the-Month Club. This is a little adjunct to the college athletic fund which is used to pay scholarships and spending money for needy players. The press agent or "editor" of the club makes sure that all alumni contribute their dollar each month to help the college along. In return they get choice seats for the best games, and, of course, they also receive their membership in the Buck-of-the-Month Club. This gains them a copy of the monthly mimeographed pamphlet furnishing "inside dope" on the players and the team. This secret information is also compiled and written by the press agent.

This plan started only last year, and the results have been amazing. You can look for a banner crop of freshman athletes next fall in the colleges which "edit" Buck-of-the-Month clubs, because they have swollen treasuries with which to pull in the high-school stars.

The college that doesn't buy its players is in a difficult position. Gil Dobie, coach at Cornell, used to say, "My friend, students playing football can't beat football players going to college."

A great halfback who played for an Eastern college a few years ago was paid each month like this: The coach bet him $100 he could not jump over a suitcase laid on the floor and he could always do it. The $100 "loss" was carried on the books of the college as "athletic equipment." Well, that wasn't far wrong.

In the early summer, when the coaches are on their "hunting" trips out in the hinterlands rounding up high-school stars, the press agent is called upon for some of his shrewdest operations.

Let us say that an alumnus of our college writes that in his small town there is an exceptional tackle just graduated from high school.

Our college isn't very well known there, so the coach has to have a build-up before he goes in.

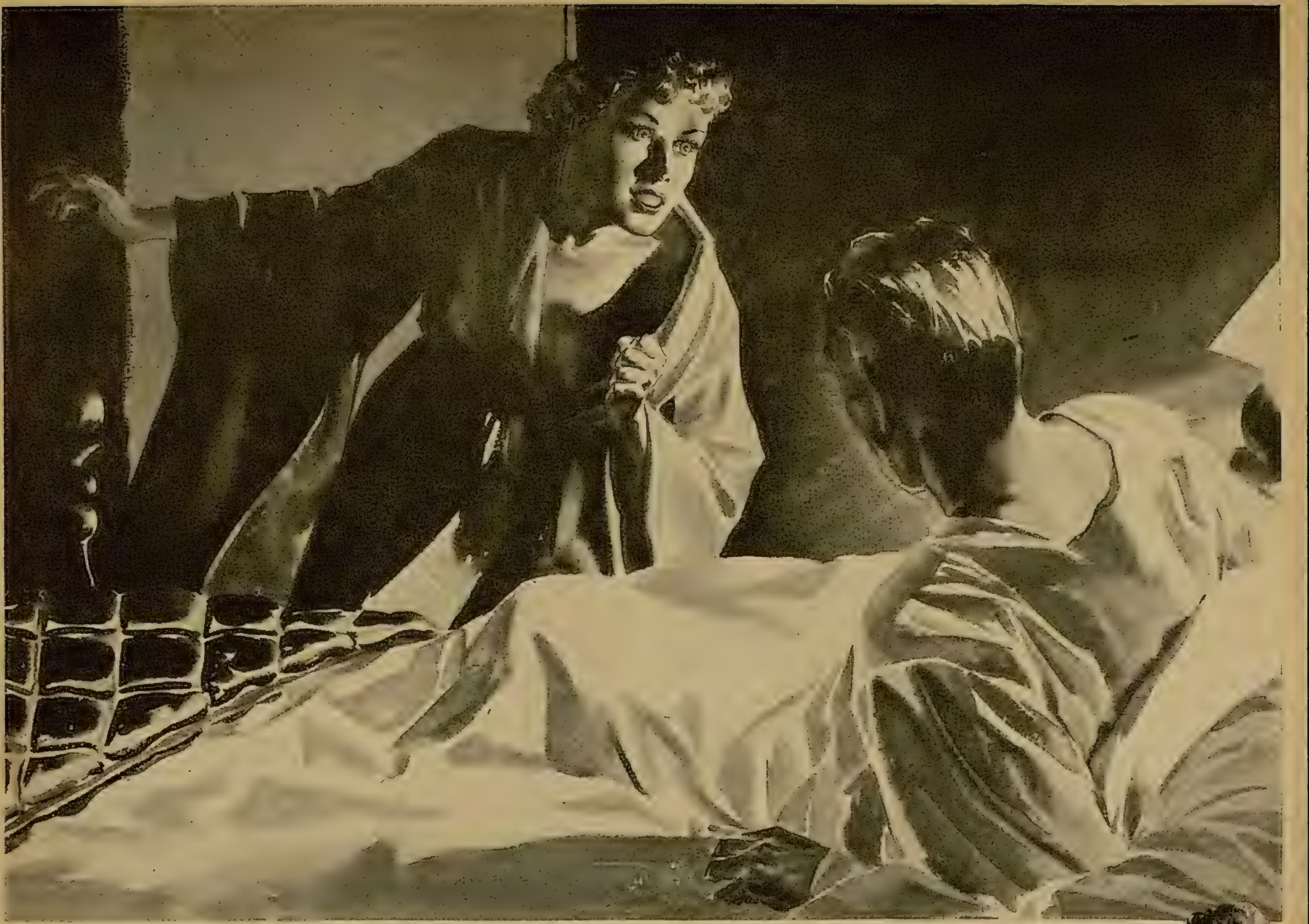
The press agent begins sending stories to the papers in that small town. The first story (they generally follow a regular formula) tells of other players from that town or region who are doing great things on our college team. The next article tells what a great coach we have, and how he'd rather "build men" than win games. Then comes the story of what wonderful equipment our college gives its teams. For some reason this impresses high-school athletes more than anything else.

Of course we always manage to put some local angle into the stories so that the papers in that small town will be certain to print them. The newspapers always adore the home-town-boy-makes-good story.

When this flood of material has had its effect, then is the time that the coach, introduced by the alumnus, makes his entrance into the town and has a talk with the high-school star.

It's a racket, but I love it and so do the gullible fans and the lazy sports writers.

THE END



It was the dead of night when I was roused by the low urgent voice of Bonnie Laurens close to me in the dark.

Inquest

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE party broke up at midnight. Such was the rule of the house, and rules were seldom infringed in the despotically governed ménage of Ransome Pyke. It had been an uncomfortable dinner. Our bachelor host, in that spirit of sardonic cynicism which at times possessed him, had contrived to insult most of us in some fashion difficult to resent. Two of the women guests had left early and tearfully. There had been more than one minor flare of temper on the part of the men. When the last car had left and we of the house party made our good nights, rancor and resentment hung like a bitter odor in the air. It extended even to the servants' quarters. Diedersen, the handsome, taciturn, and well liked head gardener, having been peremptorily discharged that morning upon some trivial complaint.

There was probably no better hated man in all New York State than Ransome Pyke as he stood at his stairhead and tossed back a faintly derisive hope that we might all sleep as deeply as we deserved. My last sight of him was across the banisters as he bent nearly double in silent laughter, as if he cherished a joke too malignant and precious to be shared. Presently we heard the door of his third-floor study slam and the bolt shoot. He was

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A Thrill-Packed Story of Murder in the Night and the Trail of Its Strange Solution . . . Would YOU Have Been a Party to This Crime?

locking himself in with his evil satisfactions. I never saw him alive again.

A word about Pyke's Pique. The vast estate, fenced in with almost impregnable wire, got its punning name from the methods by which Ransome Pyke's grandfather gained possession of the property through the tricky and brutal eviction of the cousins whom he hated. As if in direct heritage from that chicanery, an atmosphere of threat and malice seemed to haunt the place. Yet the invitations of Ransome Pyke, last of his line, were readily accepted. The superb old cobblestone mansion, set upon an abrupt hillock overhanging the federal motor road, was full of interest. The cuisine and cellar were famous. Nowhere else in upper New York was there such fishing. Often one met unusual people there. And Pyke, though essentially a selfish and autocratic sybarite, could be the most charming of hosts when he chose.

We were a queerly assorted party that July. The women were Mrs. Raynauld Pyke, Ransome's aunt, acting as chaperon for Bonnie Laurens, then in the first upswing of her amazing screen success. Harry Olyphant, a distant relative, had come up for the fishing. Northrop Coombs, the crippled sculptor, was making a portrait bust of our host. Mark Conroy, the brilliant surgeon, had been a classmate of Pyke's thirty years before, like myself. To this in part I owed my invitation, but more to the owner's concern over an infestation of tent worm which threatened his orchards. My name, Guy Byrne, is on half a dozen modest but recognized treatises on insect pests. The people above enumerated made up the total population of the mansion. The servants' quarters were over the garage.

It was dead of night when I was roused by the low urgent voice of Bonnie Laurens close to me in the dark:

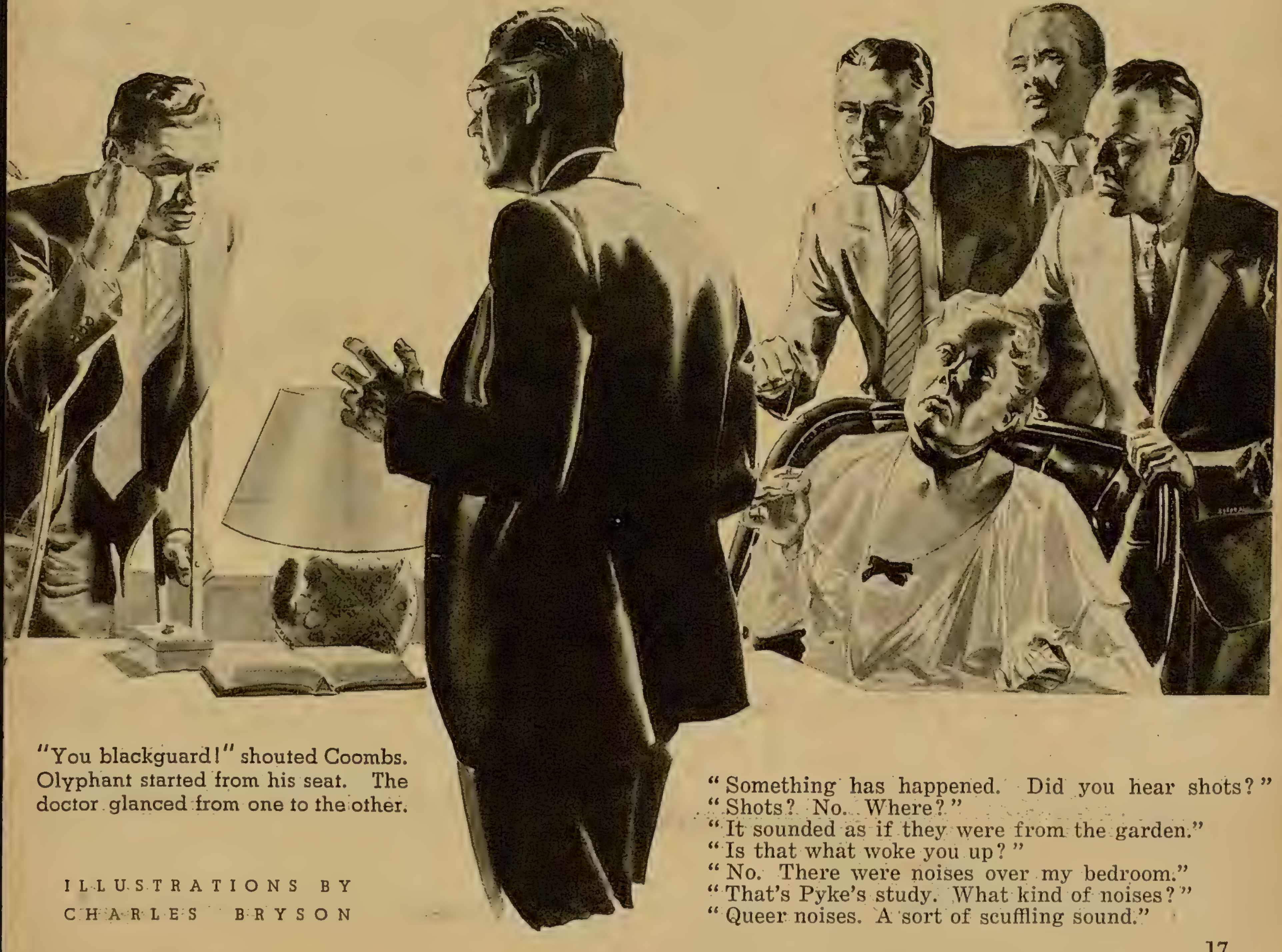
"Professor Byrne! Professor Byrne! Please come."

I got into robe and slippers and followed her through the west wing, passing the quiet rooms of Conroy, Coombs, and Olyphant to the main hallway where her suite was. There a faint rumor of snoring testified to old Mrs. Raynauld Pyke's deep slumbers behind her closed door.

I followed my guide into her parlor. She turned a haggard face to me.

"I'm frightened."

"All right," said I to her. "Tell me all about it."



"You blackguard!" shouted Coombs. Olyphant started from his seat. The doctor glanced from one to the other.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

"Something has happened. Did you hear shots?"

"Shots? No. Where?"

"It sounded as if they were from the garden."

"Is that what woke you up?"

"No. There were noises over my bedroom."

"That's Pyke's study. What kind of noises?"

"Queer noises. A sort of scuffling sound."

"And it was after this that you heard the shots?"

"Yes. They scared me so that I cried out. As soon as I did that the light above went out."

"How do you know?"

"From the reflection on the tree outside."

"I think I'd better go up to Pyke's study."

"I think—I'm afraid you won't find him."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid he went back to the garden."

"Went *back?*"

"I mean I'm afraid he went out there and was shot." She began to sob.

This surprised me, as I had thought from several indications that she disliked her host's elderly and too manifest attentions to her.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS *was graduated from Hamilton College and started his literary career on the New York Sun. He later became managing editor of McClure's Syndicate and a staff writer on McClure's Magazine. He is the author of a number of books, among them being The Great American Fraud, Siege, Success, and Revelry.*

"I'll have a look anyway. Perhaps you're just imagining trouble."

Ransome Pyke's study was unfamiliar ground to me. After opening the door I fumbled along the wall and pricked myself upon sharp metal before locating the switch. The light flooded a room broad and high, one wall of which was lined with primitive cutlery.

Within two paces of me, seated at his desk, was Ransome Pyke. He was doubled forward in his characteristic attitude of malicious mirth.

"I beg your—" I began but did not finish, because at that moment I perceived the bone handle of a knife projecting from the fatty nape of his neck.

The shock of that revelation was followed by a singular mental clarity. Suspicion might fall upon any or all of us who were in the house. It was in a consciously defensive attitude of mind that I took careful stock of the surroundings.

On the desk before the dead man were a score of pins, scattered from an overturned jade box. There was nothing else remarkable except the small pool of blood beneath the bowed head. What shook me was the laughter still evil on the pallid lips. Pyke had been killed in the private enjoyment of one of his barbarities. An empty hook not a yard away told how convenient the weapon had been to the murderer's hand.

Ranging wider, my eye fell upon a long envelope lying flat in a shadowed corner of the room, close to the angle of the walls. It was stamped, addressed, but unsealed. Something warned me to handle it with caution. If fingerprints were found upon that telltale surface they should not be mine. Using my handkerchief, I picked it up and drew out the two sheets of paper within. It was a letter in Pyke's dashing hand, instructing his New York lawyers as to changes in his will. I had barely glanced at it when my course was determined. No official eye was ever going to see that document. I pocketed it and turned my attention to the container. Both on back and front and even beneath the flap it was curiously smudged as if handled with grimy fingers. After some consideration I replaced it carefully. The police were welcome to whatever clue it might supply. I had no objections to their discovering the murderer; quite the reverse. My concern was that innocent persons be not involved.

DOWNSTAIRS Bonnie Laurens was waiting.

"Try and remember everything," I said to her. "What you tell may save or hang some one."

"I know. It's awful!"

"You say you heard sounds of scuffling? A fight?"

"No. More like some one shuffling along the floor."

That was equally puzzling. "You'd better get dressed. I'm going to telephone the state police."

The answer over the wire said that they would be at Pyke's Pique within twenty minutes. That gave me time to read the dead man's last document carefully.

It was the wickedest, the most malignant missive that I have ever read. In it were implications capable of casting suspicion upon every one in the house. Mrs. Raynauld Pyke was cut out of her rightful expectations in the estate in the most injurious terms of insult. To the testator's cousin, Olyphant, was left a collection of crossword puzzles "with which he may console his leisure in jail, whither I can send him at any time, as he well knows." Mark Conroy was set down as a quack and ignoramus and the executors were instructed to dishonor any bill for services which he might present. To me was devised a brief list of scientific volumes, "to enlighten his crass ignorance and expose his pretentious charlatanry." The sculptor, Northrop Coombs, had an alleged loan of $100 remitted and received a bequest of $50—"not so much in overpayment of his travesty upon me as in charity to prolong his life of pauperism and mendicancy." Finally there was willed to "Bonnie Laurens, my discarded mistress, the sum of $1,000, which she may accept in full satisfaction for any claims and squander upon her degraded amours with the servant class for which she exhibits such a penchant." The most vicious feature of all was that the lawyers were instructed to file the letter as part of the will, thus assuring it full publicity.

Certainly the writer of that venomous screed deserved death. But which of the victims of his malice had found it out and requited it was as dark after reading as before. I burned the two sheets to the final ash, which I gave to the safekeeping of the wind.

BY three o'clock the police were at the door. Every one was roused, and from then on nightmare took possession of the house. One by one we were questioned and cross-questioned, old Mrs. Pyke hysterical, Bonnie Laurens in a chill of apprehension, Mark Conroy indignant, Coombs petulant and resentful, Olyphant surly and guarded, and myself trying for an effect of frankness which my course hardly justified.

The one palliative of our miseries was an official who arrived with the police and trotted about making little side investigations of his own. Coroner Heber Parsall was a plump, placid, elderly, comfortable country physician who contrived by his air of good humor, patience, and consideration to make us suspects feel that he was far more of a watchdog than a sleuthhound, and that the interests of the innocent would be safe in his protection. The troopers, I noticed, treated him with marked respect.

When the police investigation and the inquest had been concluded, there had been adduced just exactly that sum total of nothing fitly expressed in the juridical term "at the hands of some person or persons unknown." Thus ended the official procedure. But Dr. Parsall still hung about. So did the rest of us under a strong hint that arrest might follow an attempt at departure. The mousy little coroner conducted innumerable interviews. He and I drifted into an association so confidential and easy that it might almost have been called a friendship. At his request I made out a brief dossier including all that I knew of the circumstances which had brought the members of our party to Pyke's Pique.

"Thank you," said he. "This is quite satisfactory." He pondered. "You didn't kill Pyke, did you?"

"No," I answered, rather amused at his simplicity.

"No," he repeated in his slightly plaintive intonation. "No; I suppose not. Still, it might have been you that took the document out of the envelope."

"What basis have you for that assumption?"

"Linen-mesh marks. It was handled with a handkerchief. Now, the knife handle was wiped off with some woolen material. It looks as if the murderer wasn't the one that emptied the envelope." As I made no reply he sighed and said, "Well, you won't tell me, I see. Perhaps the others will be more frank."

Two days later we all had opportunity. Dr. Parsall called us together in the drawing room. He opened with a short and homely speech explaining that everything was to be unofficial; nobody would be put on oath. Thus he ingeniously managed to imbue this second inquest with the atmosphere of friendly co-operation. The only notes he used were mine. Outside of the house guests only Diedersen, the head gardener, was present. I was struck, as I had been before, with his powerful build and ruddy good looks. After holding the door open for Coombs, who stumped in on his padded crutches and painfully lowered himself into a chair, he looked slowly about the room, and his face was dark and anxious.

Bonnie Laurens changed her seat so as to be next the crippled sculptor. Tales of her capricious coquetries may have been true, but to him she had been sweetness and kindness itself since the beginning of the house party, waiting on him, forestalling his needs—even, as I had once seen, lacing up for him a loosened shoe which had come untied and which he was unable to reach. Inevitably he had fallen in love with her. So, it was obvious, had Harry Olyphant, who now glowered at the pair across the room. Between him and myself poor Mrs. Raynauld Pyke cowered, and beyond Mark Conroy made jerky impatient motions with his long surgeon's fingers.

MRS. PYKE'S examination was mercifully brief. She, at least, was beyond suspicion and had nothing to tell. Diedersen was next. He confirmed resentfully his discharge but was vague as to the cause, muttering something about "all foolishness, cudding back dose ramplers now." The little doctor asked me a few minor questions about the envelope, which he had brought with him, then volunteered some information.

"Fingerprints were found here—and here—and here." He indicated the places. Perhaps he expected some evidence of perturbation in the faces centered upon him. I could discover only excited interest. "Nobody here," he added. "They were those of the deceased."

There was a rustle of relaxed tension.

"Rubber," he continued, "leaves a definite mark. The smudges which you can all see were made by the pressure of rubber on the paper." He paused, then without change of tone asked, "Dr. Conroy, have you your operating gloves with you?"

The surgeon started. "Yes," he snapped.

"Were you in Mr. Pyke's study after midnight?"

"No."

"Were your relations with the deceased amicable?"

"They were not."

"Do you care to tell us why?"

"I'm perfectly willing," answered Conroy defiantly. "I had told him that afternoon that unless he was operated he had only a short time to live. He damned me for an ignorant medical grafter, and I damned him for a fool and a coward, as he was. I was to have left in the morning."

"The shock may account for his nervous irritability at dinner," reflected the coroner. "Professor Byrne, have you rubber gloves with you by any chance?"

"No, doctor."

"Mr. Coombs?"

"No, sir."

"Diedersen, do you use rubber gloves in your work?"

"No." It was a lie. I had seen him handling the poisonous *Rhus* plants with his hands thus protected.

With a shock I realized that my own denial had been equally if unintentionally untruthful. To guard myself against the irritant hairs of the gypsy and browntail moths I carried a pair in my kit. Should I reverse my testimony? I decided to wait.

"Mr. Olyphant, you're a fisherman."

"Yes."

"Are the black flies bad this year?"

"Not specially."

"In fishing the Pyke's Pique water have you used anything on your hands?"

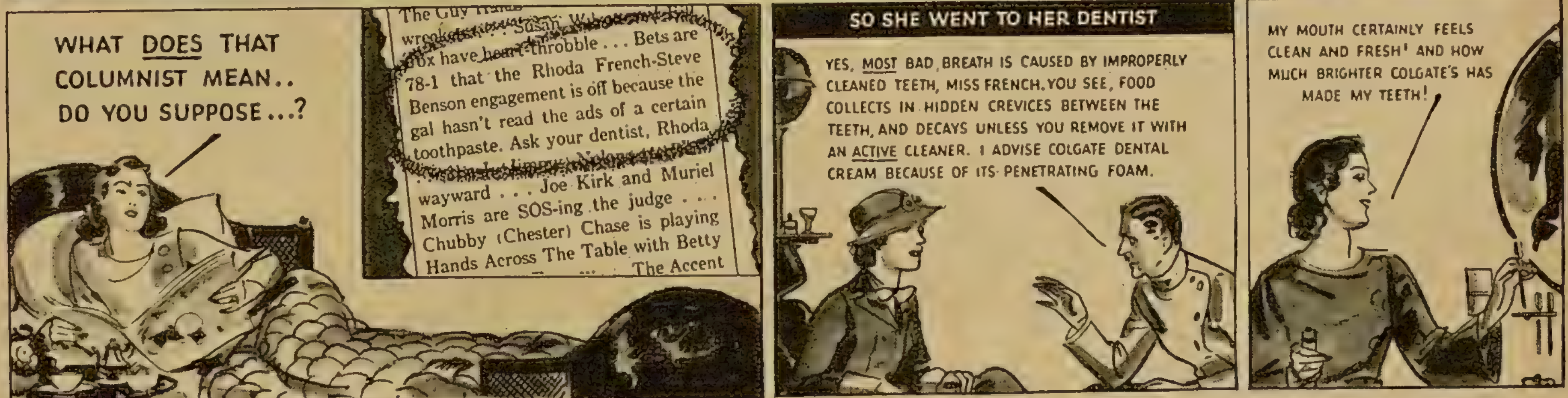
I was surprised to see the sportsman's face darken. "What's the idea of that question?"

"In the gun room Mr. Pyke kept a pair of rubber gloves. I thought you might have worn them." No reply from Olyphant. "Unfortunately they have disappeared since the night of the eleventh. Can any one here throw any light on that?"

All returned a negative. Indeed, the disposition of those gloves remained throughout unsolved.

"Miss Laurens, you have fished with Mr. Olyphant. Did he have the gloves then?"

GOSSIP COLUMN SAVES RHODA'S ROMANCE


WHAT DOES THAT COLUMNIST MEAN.. DO YOU SUPPOSE...?
SO SHE WENT TO HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH, MISS FRENCH. YOU SEE, FOOD COLLECTS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH, AND DECAYS UNLESS YOU REMOVE IT WITH AN ACTIVE CLEANER. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS PENETRATING FOAM.
MY MOUTH CERTAINLY FEELS CLEAN AND FRESH! AND HOW MUCH BRIGHTER COLGATE'S HAS MADE MY TEETH!

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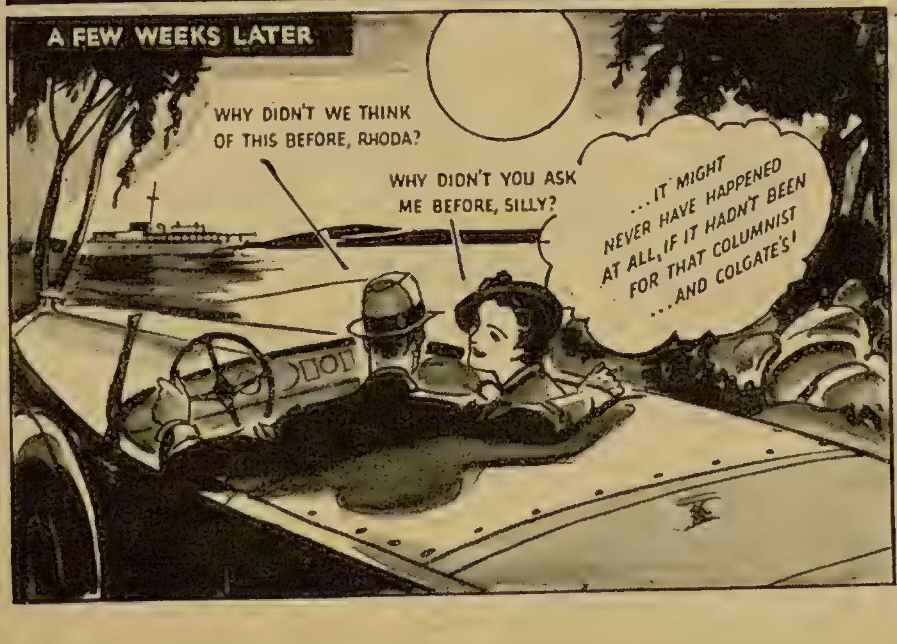
wayward . . . Joe Kirk and Muriel
Morris are SOS-ing the judge . . .
Chubby (Chester) Chase is playing
Hands Across The Table with Betty
... The Accent


A FEW WEEKS LATER
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THIS BEFORE, RHODA?
WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME BEFORE, SILLY?
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"No, he didn't. I did," the girl answered calmly. The coroner's face remained placid as he observed:

"There are three persons present who admittedly had access to rubber gloves, and two others who—er—have forgotten the possession of them." (So he knew of mine! How much else did he know?) "Very little indicative in that. We will try another line. Mr. Coombs, you were asked here to make a portrait bust of Mr. Pyke."

"That is correct."

"He gave you the commission in the hospital, where you had gone for treatment of a spinal difficulty."

"Yes."

"Successful, I trust?" said Dr. Parsall kindly.

"No."

"Ah! Were you in condition to undertake the work?"

"I was at the end of my rope financially and glad to get anything."

"I see. Have you found Mr. Pyke an easy subject?"

"On the contrary, he was difficult and critical. I would have thrown the commission in his face except for—"

"I understand. Do you sleep soundly, Mr. Coombs?"

"Very poorly."

"Did you hear anything on the early morning of the eleventh—I should say the twelfth?"

"Nothing until I was awakened by the police."

"No voices outside?"

"No, sir," was the steady reply.

"Thank you." The inquirer glanced at my notes. "Miss Laurens, you came here on Mr. Pyke's invitation. How long had you known him?"

"A few weeks. I met him at a dinner in New York."

"And the invitation followed?" She assented. "A lady in your position must be widely sought after. Was there any special reason for your coming here?"

Her answer would not have satisfied me. "I'd heard of the place and was curious about it. And I wanted a rest."

It did not satisfy the doctor. "Had you heard of Pyke's Pique as a restful place?"

"I have not found it so, certainly."

"Was Ransome Pyke in love with you?"

"I suppose he would have called it that," she responded disdainfully.

"I dislike to ask you this question—"

"Then you'd better not do it," warned Olyphant, sitting forward with an ugly set to his jaw.

"—but it may have an important bearing," pursued the questioner imperturbably. "What was the status of the relations between you and Ransome Pyke?"

"You damned blackguard!" shouted Coombs. Olyphant started from his seat.

INSTANTLY the atmosphere was thunderous. The little doctor glanced curiously from one to the other of the men as if he had learned something that he wanted to know. The girl gestured imperiously to her defenders.

"There was no such relation as you suggest."

"My dear young lady!" he deprecated. "I do not suggest. I was bound to put the question. Your answer convinces me." It convinced us all, I think. "You regarded Mr. Pyke, then, merely as a friend."

"I disliked him from the moment I met him."

"Yet you accepted his invitation."

She tried to repair the slip. "Mrs. Raynauld Pyke had been sweet to me."

"You will pardon me some further questions. Did you meet Ransome Pyke in the rose garden sometime after that midnight?"

Now she did change color, staring at him.

"Did you go there to meet him?"

"How did you— What makes you think I went to the garden?"

"The rose garden," he corrected mildly. "The path inside the hedge is of red shale. Some of it stuck to your shoes. Also to Pyke's slippers."

"I didn't go there to meet him. He followed me."

"Then it was Diedersen whom you went to meet." The handsome brooding face of the gardener sickened to a dull pallor. Instinctively he glanced down at his boots, a telltale movement. "Quite natural."

The comment, so casually uttered, so astonishing in its inference, brought a surprised "What's that?" from Mark Conroy.

"*You* should know," returned Dr. Parsall with some emphasis on the pronoun. "And you as well, Mr. Coombs."

"Well, I'll never believe it of her," broke in old Mrs. Pyke with indignation. "I think your insinuations are disgraceful."

"So do I. And what's more, I won't stand for it!" declared the truculent Olyphant, only to be checked by the girl's imploring, "Oh, hush!"

I liked and trusted Bonnie Laurens. "In my opinion, you are going too far, Dr. Parsall," I warned him. "You have made grave insinuations against a young girl, and I protest—"

"Nonsense!" he interrupted with the first impatience he had shown. Instantly he recovered his equanimity. "I beg your pardon, Professor Byrne. Miss Laurens will understand that there is no intention of reflecting upon her character. Isn't that true?" he appealed to her.

"It's true," she murmured, but she regarded him with a surmise in which there was a touch of fear.

"YOU three were in the rose garden, then. I think it safe to assume that there was some sort of quarrel, not the first in which Pyke had been involved with his gardener. Could any one have overheard your voices?"

"Not unless they were spying." It was the girl who answered.

"Pyke went back to the house with you?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly.

"Still upbraiding you?"

"Yes."

"You must have walked close to the west wing. Could he have been heard from the second-floor windows if they were open?"

"It's possible."

"Did any of you four gentlemen who sleep in that wing hear him? Dr. Conroy? No? Professor Byrne? No? Mr. Coombs? No? Mr. Olyphant? No? Mrs. Pyke was not within earshot."

He reflected. "Let's take up the blind points now. Maybe you can help. First, the pins scattered on the desk top. Why? Any suggestions?" Nobody had. "The envelope in the far corner from the desk. It could have been thrown that far only if the enclosure was quite bulky. I doubt that it was, as the envelope was not distended. So it was probably carried or placed there. By whom? And for what reason? Any theories?" None was suggested. "Not overhelpful," he commented. "Now as to the marks on the envelope. We may assume that the murderer came to Pyke's study with motive, or he wouldn't have brought along rubber gloves."

"Why did he wipe off the knife handle with woolen material if he had the gloves on?" I asked.

"That," admitted the little man with a wry grin, "is what Dr. Conroy might term professionally a severe cephalalgia. In lay terms, a bad headache."

"Can't it be assumed further," put in Conroy, "that he was familiar with the room, since he knew there would be a weapon ready to his hand?"

"Yes. And that should narrow it down."

Olyphant had been examining the smudgy marks. "Rubber is used for other things besides gloves, isn't it?"

"For example?"

"Well, those marks look as if some one had been trying to rub out something with a dirty eraser."

"Eh?" jerked out the coroner. He turned upon me. "You didn't see an eraser on the desk?"

"No. There was none."

He took the envelope from Olyphant, and the hand in which he held it was shaking. Whatever train of thought that suggestion of the sportsman had started, it was evidently both exciting and disturbing.

"This meeting is adjourned," said the caller of it with an effort. "Unless there are further questions."

"I have one," said Conroy. "Why did you say that I ought to understand your cryptic reference to the meeting in the rose garden being quite natural?"

"And I also," said Coombs. "Where do I come in?"

"You're a sculptor. And you, Dr. Conroy, are an anatomist. Neither of you is blind—quite." He added with a smile, "May I tell them, Miss Laurens?"

"*No,*" said Diedersen.

"Yes," said Bonnie Laurens. "I'd like them to know."

The doctor measured a space in the air between thumb and middle finger. "Look at the breadth between the eyes in those two faces." He indicated the screen actress and the gardener. "Then consider that slight cleft in the chin, and you will perhaps understand why this lady accepted the invitation to Pyke's Pique."

"Of course!" cried Coombs. "The faces are more than of the same type. They're cut of one mold. How dumb of me! He's your elder brother, isn't he, Bonnie?"

"My father. He's never allowed me to admit it because of some foolishness about my career. Now it's done with, thank God!" She went to him and pressed her cheek against his. "He didn't kill Ransome Pyke," she declared with fear and defiance in her tone, "though he had cause enough to."

"ANYTHING else?" asked the little coroner. I could see that he was inwardly writhing with impatience to get away.

"Yes," said Bonnie. "You never said anything about the shots I heard."

"I'll come to that later. Thank you all, ladies and gentlemen. I have hopes of releasing you soon. All of you, that is, except one."

He made us a funny little bow, and presently I heard his ancient car go chugging up the steep slope of the concrete beyond the fence. The rest of the day we did not see him.

When he returned on the following afternoon he looked preternaturally grave and owlish.

"I suppose you know all about it by now," I remarked.

"I've been making some hospital visits."

"Harry Olyphant's chance shot about the eraser did give you a clue, didn't it?"

"Chance shot? I'd hardly call it that. A very shrewd observation. It detached my mind from its commitment to the theory of rubber gloves."

"What was erased from the envelope?"

"Nothing. What was imprinted there is the important thing which I should have seen."

"I suppose the killing was a consequence of that meeting in the garden," I surmised, hoping to draw him out further. His response was peculiar.

"Can you climb a tree?"

"It's an essential to my profession."

"Well, I can't." He sighed. "'Being fat, and scant of breath.' Have you climbed any of the trees here?"

"Several. Studying the distribution of the tent worm."

"Then it wouldn't be specially remarked if you were seen climbing that horse chestnut."

"I'm afraid it would. The tent worm doesn't infest the horse chestnut."

For a moment he looked downcast, but brightened with a thought. "Nobody here knows that."

"Probably not."

"Then that's all right. Where is Miss Laurens?"

"Down by the stream, I believe, with Northrop Coombs."

"There'll be a messenger from town with a letter. As soon as you see me take it, I wish you'd go up that tree and take the position that best commands the second-floor windows in the west wing."

"I have no special taste for spying, but if it's necessary—"

He nodded. From his ensuing conversation one might have supposed that entomology had been the hobby of his life, but he lost interest in it as soon as the messenger appeared. Taking the letter from the boy, he jerked his thumb upward and vanished.

I found an easy perch and studied the long expanse of wall opposite me. It presented a peculiarity which I had not before remarked. False windows were interspersed between the real ones, a not uncommon freak of the architecture of the 1840s. This so confused my reckoning

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that I was uncertain into which room my position gave me direct view. Presently a door opened. A hand and arm appeared and an envelope was tossed upon the floor. That, I figured, was my friend the coroner. What was he up to?

My seat was becoming irksome. I changed my position and incidentally got a better view of the envelope, lying white against the stained floor.

It might have been fifteen minutes later when the door was pushed ajar. Northrop Coombs swung himself in. He saw the letter. At first he tried to pick it up between the rubber pads at the end of his crutches, but it writhed out of the uncertain hold like a live thing. Impatiently he prodded it across the floor to the angle of the wall, tipped it on edge, got a pin from his pocket which he fixed into the rubber, impaled the paper on it and so brought it to hand.

I had seen enough. How I got down from my tree without falling, I hardly know. My doctor friend was at hand.

"You need a drink," he said. I did. In the dining room where he got it for me he said, "Well?"

"It's terrible. Whatever drove him to such madness?"

"Love for Bonnie Laurens. He must have heard Pyke's jealous abuse of her below his window. I don't think he had any idea of killing Pyke when he followed him upstairs. How could he, crippled as he is? Something happened—some grossly foul insult, perhaps—and he went murder-mad."

"I can tell you what it was." He listened to my confession about the letter and my destruction of it.

"I ought to arrest you. But I've got a tougher problem than you on my hands. You see now what took place, don't you?"

"Not wholly. The letter—"

"Pyke finished reading it aloud—can't you see him relishing it?—and had returned it to the envelope when he was struck. His hands, scrabbling on the desk, sent it flying to the floor. Coombs knew that he could not bend over far enough to pick it up. After rubbing the knife handle with his dressing gown he scuffed the letter across the floor, but couldn't get it into his hands. Probably pretty shaky. He went back, grabbed at the box of pins, scattering them, and was going to try that when something sent him into a panic, perhaps Miss Laurens's cry or the reports outside. He got out into the hall, after switching off the light. While you were investigating he crept back to his room."

"What are you going to do with him?"

THE plump and commonplace little face was distorted with trouble and uncertainty. "Officially I'm bound to make the arrest. Personally I'd do anything in the world to avoid it."

"Because you suspect that in his place you might have done the same?"

He nodded. "There, but for the grace of God, goes Heber Parsall," he muttered solemnly. "What is your view of what should be done?"

"I'm not an official, thank God! *I'd* do nothing."

"Leaving four innocent people, including yourself, under the onus of being possible murderers? Five, really, since Diedersen is being whispered about."

"I could stand it. I can't say as to the rest."

"Could one depend upon their prudence, do you think? Shall I take the risk of sounding them out?"

"I've come to know them pretty well in this past three weeks, Dr. Parsall. There isn't one of them, in my opinion, who could not be trusted."

"I'll try it."

That was the longest afternoon and evening that I have ever spent. Each of us had been notified, except Coombs, of course, to go to our rooms in due time but not to go to bed. Dr. Parsall was waiting for the sculptor to turn in. Nervous and exalted, Coombs kept us playing bridge until after midnight, and then insisted on my taking him on at backgammon. It was after one o'clock when he finally reached for his crutches. Allowing time for him to get undressed, at which I aided him, Dr. Parsall, who had been lurking outside, rounded us up.

This time he did put us under oath, and with the utmost solemnity, never by speech, writing, or other indication to reveal what we were about to learn without his permission. Then quietly and simply he gave us the facts of the murder.

"So long as the mystery remains, each and all of you rest under some degree of suspicion. Consider that well. Giving it due weight, I ask your advice: shall I arrest Northrop Coombs for the murder of Ransome Pyke?"

Bonnie Laurens lifted a tearstained face. "*No!*" she said with passion.

"No," quavered old Mrs. Pyke faintly. And the rest, one after another, echoed and supported the decision.

"Should we not also consider this"—I put the belated question to my companions—"that we are asking Dr. Parsall to violate his official duty and become party to a crime?"

"I will decide that point for myself," rejoined the little coroner. There was about him a haggard dignity which brought home to me with sharp and tragic force the conviction that he had never before, in all probability, so much as entertained the thought of any professional dereliction. "I ask you all to remember your oath. Is there any other point before we adjourn?"

"If plain curiosity is not out of place," I said, "what was in the letter you brought to Coombs's room?"

He smiled. "Merely a notification from the hospital of a small unpaid bill."

WE sat in silence. Each of us, I fancy, hated the thought of the night's loneliness.

Olyphant got heavily to his feet.

"We've got to turn in some—" he began, when a series of sharp detonations cut him off.

Bonnie Laurens stifled a cry. "There it is again! The shots!"

"Not exactly," said the little coroner. "Every morning at about this time a ten-ton truck comes down the hill on its way to market. At the steepest point it often backfires. That is what so alarmed you, Miss Laurens, on the morning of the twelfth."

But her attention was now upon the far doorway, where the draperies had been pushed aside. Northrop Coombs stood there, leaning on his crutches.

"Did you hear?" demanded the girl.

"Everything."

There was a long silence, heavy as the tenseness before rain. The gentle inquiry of the coroner broke it: "Do you concur in our decision?"

"No."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Confess."

"Oh, North," burst from the girl on a cry of anguish, "you won't give yourself up to be arrested and tried and —and—" She could not finish.

He hobbled over to her and set his hand on her shoulder. "My dear," said he, "I have already been tried and sentenced in a final court. Dr. Conroy will tell you that this spine of mine will carry me only a very little farther."

The eminent surgeon nodded. I think he did not quite trust himself to speak. Coombs looked slowly about the silent little circle.

"You are true friends." For the first time the deep and quiet voice was not altogether steady. "Don't think but that I understand what you would have done for me. It would be a useless sacrifice."

The front pages of the newspapers carried next day his simple statement: "I killed Ransome Pyke in a quarrel over a debt."

Northrop Coombs did not live to come to trial. Throughout his imprisonment he rigorously refused to add to a confession which put him in the light of a commonplace killer in a vulgar wrangle over money. But on the day after his death a metropolitan tabloid published the sensational charge that his statement was a sham and a shield for the real slayer. Therefore, with the approval of my associates and the permission of Dr. Parsall, I present the true facts of the Pyke's Pique murder, in justice to the memory of Northrop Coombs and in honor to the steadfast souls who, themselves under the shadow of crime, could still keep a secret inviolate.

THE END

IS A LARGE FAMILY A SOCIAL DISGRACE?

A Word from the Troubled Heart of One Who Has Found It So . . . and Wonders Why

by A MOTHER OF TEN CHILDREN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FIRST of all I want to say that my husband holds an A.B. and an A.M. from Harvard, a B.D. and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. I hold an A.B. and an A.M. from two of our best-known women's colleges and am a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Moreover my family has had social position for generations. Yet, in spite of all that pedigree, I have had ten children.

I say " in spite of," because I mean just that. A short time ago a doctor's wife wrote an article in Liberty entitled Patients I Could Murder—The End of Fifteen Years of Long-Suffering Silence About You and You and You. This article is the end of twenty " years of long-suffering silence " on my part.

I believe in birth control practiced intelligently. I think it is positively wicked to bring children into the world when the parents are physically, mentally, or morally unfit, or to have more children than can be cared for properly and given a good start in life. But frankly, I feel that most of the birth-control advocates are going at this particular eugenic problem backward.

Why not do something about urging our intelligent, educated, physically fit, and moderately well-off citizens to increase the American stock? Once in a while some writer comes out with a statement along this line, but never have I read one which hit the nail on the head, or, in other words, touched what I feel—from long experience—to be the real reason why the upper classes of society do not have more children. Let me tell you the real reason. *It puts a social stigma on one to have a large family.* That this is absolutely true I have learned through long years of actual experience.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was first married, I wanted a large family, provided I could have normal healthy children. My first child was everything that I could desire. And so, with the idealism of youth, I set out to achieve what I had wanted—a really large family as families are reckoned nowadays. Had I known then what I now know about the general attitude toward those things, I don't believe I should have done it; I doubt whether I should have felt that I could " stand the gaff." I didn't know, however, and I went ahead.

I tried to go at it intelligently. I saw to it that I ran as little risk as possible myself. All of my children were wanted; they were not accidents. There have been ten of them, the oldest twenty-three, the youngest five, all living, all healthy, all of more than average intelligence, some of them specially talented in music, and all without any physical defect.

Let me go back over the years. The first two babies brought us showers of congratulations, especially as both were boys. When the third was expected, the social arbiter of our small community (where my husband held his first pastorate) lifted her eyebrows and refrained from mentioning the prospective arrival after remarking that she hoped it would be a girl this time, which would of course be justification for another child. But, alas for her hopes, number three was also a boy. Likewise numbers four and five, and at their arrival my husband received two anonymous letters with suggestions that he read up on birth control.

At about this stage of the game my husband happened one day to be sitting at lunch with a group of fellow ministers in the Chicago district, when one of them asked, " How many children have you, H——? " At his reply of " Five," one, at that time the most prominent man of our denomination in that great city, said, " Well, three are all right, and four perhaps; but five! *Socially impossible!* "

There you have it in a nutshell, and the truth of that statement has been burned deep into my mind and soul throughout all the years since then. And I have had ample cause to know that with each succeeding child additional stigma has been attached to my husband and myself. The injustice of it all!

Perhaps some one will say that this is wild imagining on my part. Oh, no. I have talked with other women who have been courageous enough to have large families and who, like myself, are college-trained. They, too, have had the same experience that I have had.

My children are fast growing up. One has already graduated from Harvard, one is in another great university, and two more are ready to enter. Sometimes I think that perhaps those people who criticize us most for our large family are jealous of the happiness and comfort we have found in it. We are still young, we have our health and so much to look forward to in these years that are to come. And I think now I can understand the jealousy and ill will of those who have lived a selfish self-centered life given over to the acquisition of money and lands and a round of pleasure rather than the rearing of children. Actually their lives are empty now, while ours are full and running over.

Because I have had a large family I have not had to give up my interest in outside things—in fact I have had to widen my interests in order to keep up with the children. My education did not stop with the coming of my first baby. I have studied and read and learned more in the last twenty years than I did in the twenty years preceding them. Yes, they have been happy fruitful years, and they have been worth all the worry and heartache of criticism that has been given by shortsighted and selfish people. Yes, I'd do it again in spite of " the gaff."

You eugenists, why not educate the young people of our better social and intellectual groups to feel that it is a fine and noble thing to have a *real* family, and see to it that they are looked up to and not down upon for it?

THE END

Keystone View photo

At left: Lieut. Finn. He has his own theory of the famous symbol.

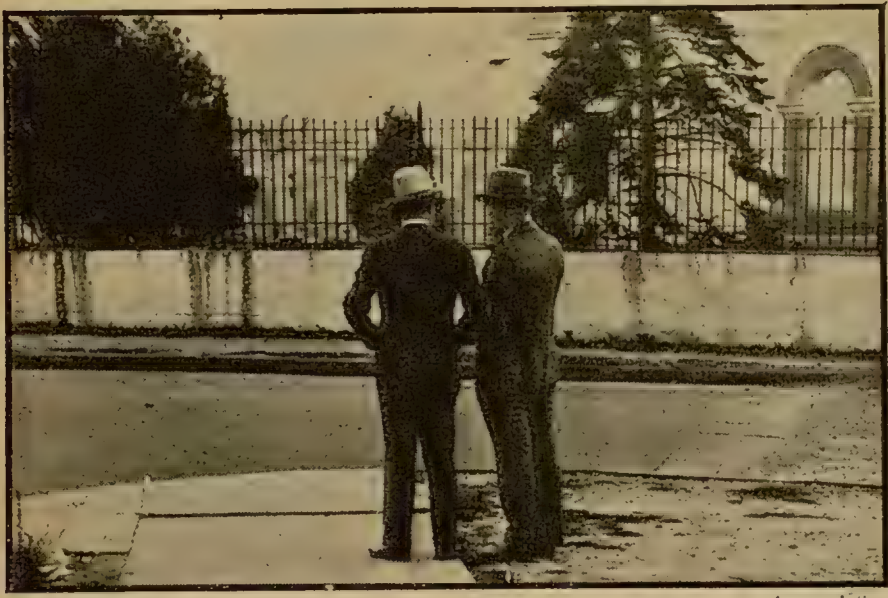
When kidnaped and killed, the baby was wearing garments exactly like these.

How I Captured

by LIEUTENANT

OF THE NEW YOR

and D. THO



Acme photos

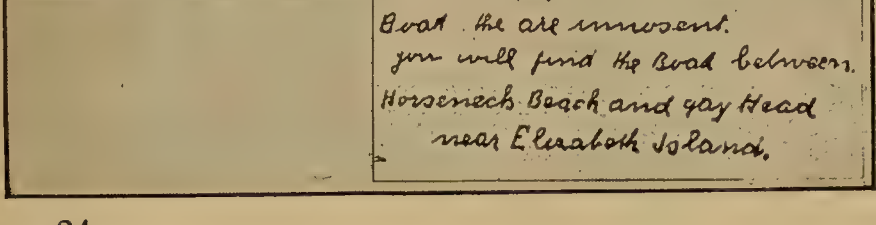
Above: Attorney General Wilentz and Colonel Schwarzkopf visit St. Raymond's Cemetery where Jafsie gave "John" the $50,000. Below: Parts of two of the ransom notes.

Exclusive in This Magazine!—The Complet
Before, of the Greatest Man

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

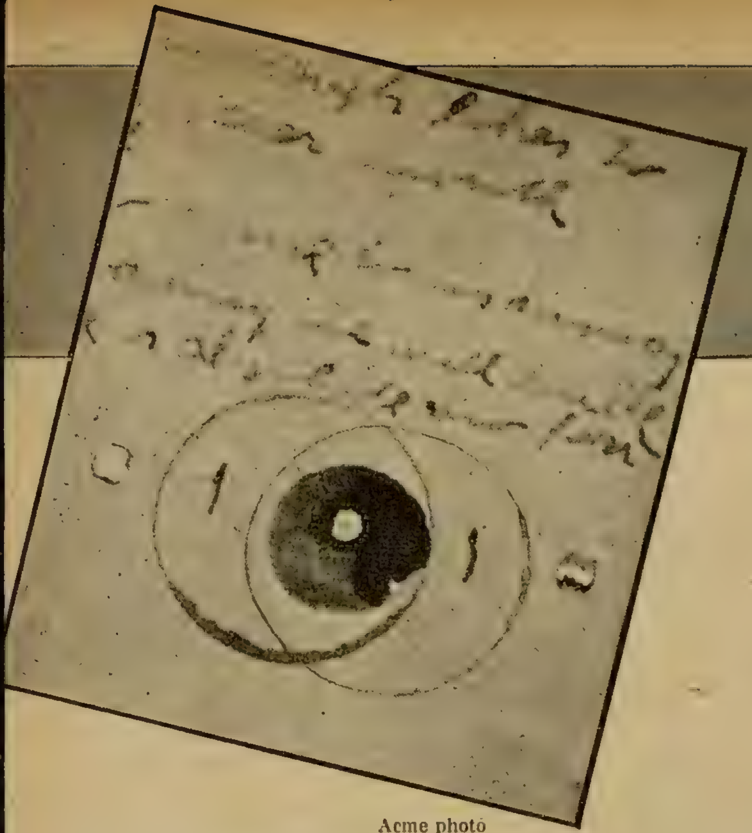
WHEN his infant son was kidnaped, Colonel Lindbergh himself asked that his friend Lieutenant Finn be assigned to the case. Two years and a half later the Lieutenant arrested Hauptmann. Meanwhile he and his associates ran down 16,000 false clues. Beginning his story in Liberty last week, he told of some of these. The imprisoned Al Capone offered to restore the baby to its parents in exchange for his freedom. Persuaded to be helpful anyway, he named Conroy, a former henchman of his. Lieutenant Finn eventually found Conroy—dead, a suicide, his moll dead beside him. They had been impoverished, and had obviously had nothing to do with the kidnaping. Another false clue with a grudge behind it was an ex-convict's accusation of a fellow crook, John Gorch, who in turn accused him. Eliminating the two consumed three and a half months.

The idea that gangsters were the kidnapers ruled the public's imagination. The fact was, the gangs' big shots were anxious to have the case broken, for the searching of bootleg liquor trucks was costing them money. A group of them quietly offered $100,000 for the return of the baby alive. When there was no result, New York police headquarters was more than ever convinced that the kidnaping was an amateur job. Colonel Lindbergh, however, for a time negotiated with the underworld, in vain.



cross the street and
walk to the next corner
and follow Whittemore Av
to the soud
take the money
you . come alone
and walk
I will meet you

the boy is on Boad Nelly
it is a small Boad 28 feet
long. two person are on the
Boad. the are innosent.
you will find the Boad between
Horseneck Beach and gay Head
near Elizabeth Island.



Acme photo

Here is Hauptmann's much discussed symbol itself, on one of the ransom notes.

Keystone View photo

At right: Jafsie and his bodyguard — Dr. Condon and Al Reich.

HAUPTMANN

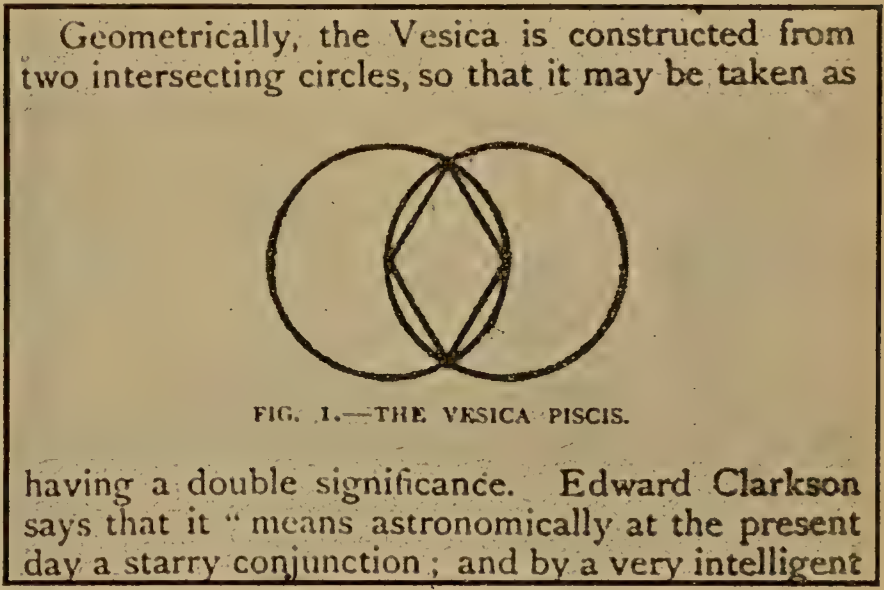
JAMES J. FINN

POLICE DEPARTMENT

MAS CURTIN

and Authentic Inside Story, Never Told
Hunt of Modern Times

The most baffling of all the false clues appeared, when followed up, to lead straight to—" Jafsie " Condon! How it was proved worthless and Dr. Condon eliminated, Lieutenant Finn proceeds to tell this week.

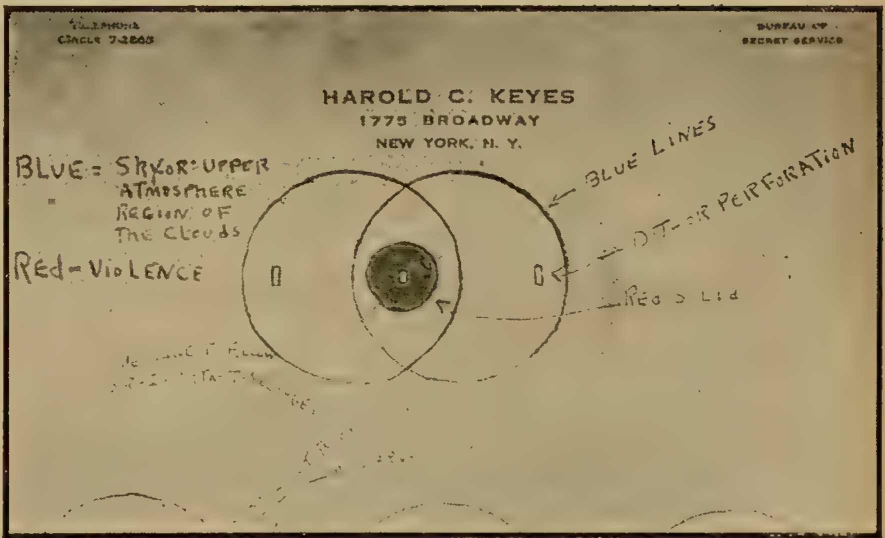


Geometrically, the Vesica is constructed from two intersecting circles, so that it may be taken as

FIG. I.—THE VESICA PISCIS.

having a double significance. Edward Clarkson says that it " means astronomically at the present day a starry conjunction ; and by a very intelligent

Part of a page from the library book which, according to a sensational news story, contained the symbol. Below: The symbol "analyzed" in sketches on Keyes's letterhead.



CIRCLE 7-2663
BUREAU OF SECRET SERVICE
HAROLD C. KEYES
1775 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
BLUE = SKY OR UPPER ATMOSPHERE REGION OF THE CLOUDS
RED - VIOLENCE
BLUE LINES
PERFORATION
RED

PART TWO — JAFSIE

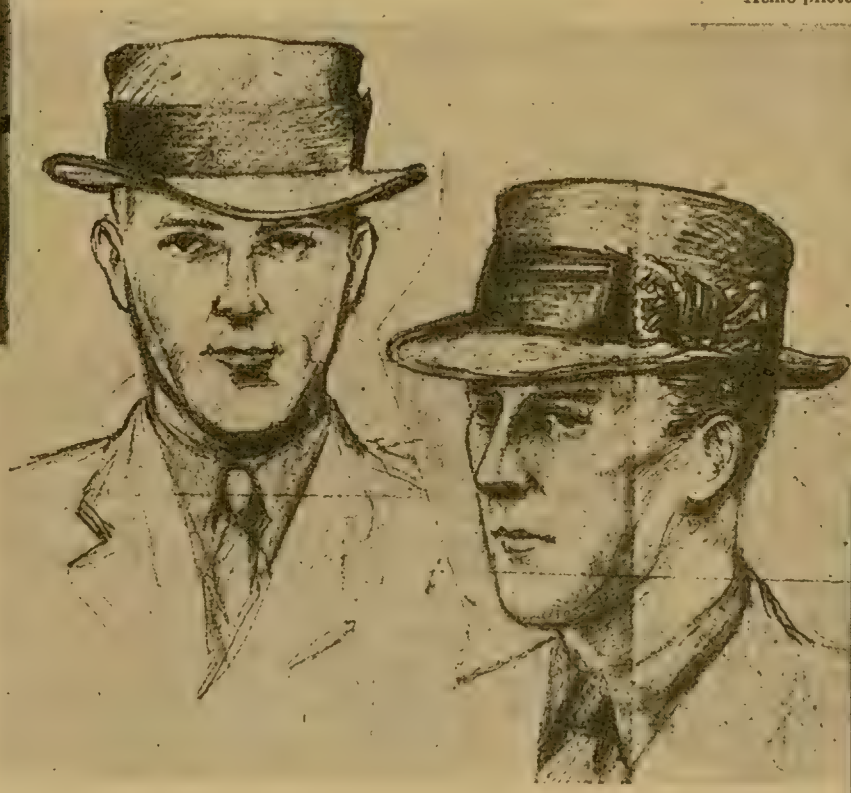
JAFSIE CONDON would talk—and how he would talk! Then he'd shut up like one of his own City Island clams. He was always doing strange things—like hunting for Red Johnson along the water front and then defending him as violently as if Red had been his own son. And why did he go around with a bodyguard?

One time we'd see him, he'd be himself, the old master. The next time, he'd be rigged up like an Englishman's idea of a tough in a Bowery dive. Then he'd turn up as a half-witted tottering old party, pretending to be almost totally deaf.

All in the interest of the great amateur sport of crime detection!

It was funny, in a way, because Jafsie's physical proportions did not lend themselves to successful disguise. He stood six feet or more and weighed 250 pounds. Besides, he had a generous growth of mustache, unmistakable features, and eyes you don't forget. It wasn't funny, though, to have your chief witness going around doing and saying things that tended to discredit him with the public. Then there was the way he came into the case. Some of the boys could never see why he chose a small paper like the Bronx Home News as a medium of communication with the criminals, or why, having done so, he got such an immediate answer. And why was he, an obscure ex-schoolteacher, so readily accepted by the kidnapers as the ransom intermediary?

He was shaky, too, on some of the details of his story. He never did tell where he got the wood out of which the ransom box was made. He professed not to remember the name of the carpenter who made it, and when he did remember, the man had disappeared. He said that his son-in-law, Hacker, made the plans for the box; later referred to them as "my plans." He claimed to have the plans in his house; but nobody ever saw them.



Acme photos

Center — drawings made for the Department of Justice from the descriptions by Jafsie and Perrone, of "John," the ransom negotiator. These drawings were made long before Hauptmann was suspected. See for yourself how amazingly they resemble him. Hauptmann in his cell (at left) and in court at his trial (below).

The feeling grew in many high quarters that the old schoolmaster knew a lot more about the kidnaping than he was letting on. But nobody could do anything about it. He was protected by Colonel Lindbergh's confidence in him. And the Colonel was the boss.

While the suspicion of Condon was at its height, Walter Winchell sprang an astounding, and apparently new, piece of evidence which, if true, would connect Jafsie definitely with the crime *before* it occurred.

As a matter of fact it wasn't new and it wasn't true. The federal people, who were tipped off by one of the other newspapers to whom the "evidence" had been offered and by whom it had been refused, had reported that this purported "solution" was the work of one Harold C. Keyes, who said he ran a private detective and so-called secret service office at 1775 Broadway.

This particular hoax concerned a book which Keyes had consulted while building up his theory, and a library call slip for the same volume—the kind of thing everybody has to sign when asking for a book—which he had taken from the library files, and which bore, so it was said, the name of Jafsie Condon. The slip, according to the story, was dated some time *before* the kidnaping, and the book—also according to the story—contained the symbol of the Lindbergh ransom notes.

You remember that symbol—the two circles partially overlapped. There had been many elaborate theories advanced as to the meaning and source of this cryptic mark. I had my own theory, and I have it still. The symbol bore a strong resemblance to a German machine-gun target—and the criminal, when he was finally located, turned out to be a former German machine gunner. However, it wasn't a time for simple explanation. The public was looking for glamour with a big G. And good old Walter, he gave it to them.

The Lindbergh symbol, according to Winchell, was an astronomical—or was it astrological?—sign meaning "the ideal marriage of two air-minded people, a child conceived in the air, underneath the sky, while the sun was shining, the child to meet with violence." There were a lot of other signs involved. It was spicy reading, and it was Winchell—and the public fell for it like a falling star.

The inference was that Keyes found on one of the library slips for February 24, 1932—just a week before the kidnaping—the signature of "John Condon" of 5218 Race Street, Philadelphia—which was claimed to be, and might well have been, a fake address.

But it developed that the address 5218 Race Street, Philadelphia, was a true one—and that the gentleman who lived there was not John Condon but Mr. John Condax, lecturer on art at the Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pennsylvania, who in the natural course of his work had visited the New York library to study frescoes. Mr. Condax readily agreed to come forward when needed and clear up to everybody's satisfaction The Great Library Mystery.

The evidence in the Faulkner matter didn't jell, either. This, you will remember, was the ransom-money clue we followed all over New York and the outlying suburbs, across the line into Canada, and across the ocean to Germany, only to find that one of the suspects, William Krippendorf, was closely associated with Condon's son-in-law, Ralph Hacker.

IT turned out that there was nothing to Hacker's discredit in this association, or to Krippendorf's. We were able to trace the latter's movements in Germany and found nothing of a suspicious nature. Moreover, there was no similarity between Krippendorf's handwriting and that of the ransom notes. In short, the combined efforts over a long period of our own Bureau of Criminal Information, the Jersey State Police, the United States Treasury, and Lieutenant Jimmy Finn failed to find anything which connected Krippendorf or Hacker with the Lindbergh crime.

There was one more brief flare-up of suspicion against Jafsie when another of the ransom bills, No. A35186638A, turned up in the Fordham Branch of the Irving Trust Company, where Dr. Condon had an account. But he had not made any deposits in this account during the period in which the bill must have come into the bank.

Myself, I never suspected the old man. It was impossible for him not to write to the papers about the Lindbergh case. He had been writing to the papers for years, and on every conceivable subject. And it was natural for him to write to the Bronx Home News. He had always written to it. He knew the editor. He looked on it as his home paper. And the letter he wrote is just the kind of letter such a man would write to such a paper. And the fact that Hauptmann was found to live in the Bronx, where both the Home News and Jafsie were well known, has certainly cleared up the question of the speedy answer and the ready acceptance of the Doctor as intermediary.

Even the carpenter who made the ransom box was found to be a real person who had really lived at the address Jafsie gave.

Besides, Colonel Breckinridge, Lindbergh's closest adviser, was actually living in Condon's house in the Bronx from March 10 to May 12, and took personal responsibility for all of Condon's movements and actions before and after the payment of the ransom money.

There was always the possibility that the man Condon saw, the man who got the money, was an impostor. Even so, it was important to get the crook who had done a citizen out of fifty grand. We studied every phase of the old Doctor's personal contacts with this man.

They began, as you may remember, with a telephone message. Here is Condon's verbatim record of it:

[Telephone rang at 7.00 P.M.—answered by Dr. Condon.]

DR. CONDON: Hello.

MAN: Is this Dr. Condon? [With Scandinavian or German accent.]

DR. CONDON: Yes.

MAN: I saw your ad in the paper. Did you gotted my note?

DR. CONDON: Yes, I received it.

MAN: Stay in every night this week from 6 to 12. You will receive another note and ect accordingly.

DR. CONDON: All right; I will.

[At this point in the conversation Dr. Condon heard what seemed to be male Italian voices. He distinctly heard some one, not the man he was talking to, say: "*Statti citto!*"—Italian for "Shut up!"]

CONDON: Where are you calling from?

MAN: Westchester Square. [May have said "Westchester" instead of "Westchester Square." Dr. Condon isn't sure as to this. Man then hung up.]

THIS shows how carefully Jafsie observed and remembered and recorded everything that happened during his contacts with the kidnaper.

You may have read garbled versions of the alleged conversations which took place between Jafsie and John in the cemetery, and you may have felt that they sounded a bit vague and possibly made up. I never felt that way about anything the old man told us on these important points. I had in my possession all the time a complete transcript of the Doctor's conversations with John dictated to the official stenographer, and under circumstances which made it almost impossible for him to deviate even slightly from the truth.

The printing of this complete official transcript has never before been authorized.

At Woodlawn Cemetery—about 9.00 P. M., March 12, 1932.

[A man was behind the cemetery gate waving a handkerchief, and Dr. Condon, who was outside of the gate, walked over toward him.]

DR. CONDON: I see you all right.

MAN: Did you got my note? [Speaking with Scandinavian or German accent.]

DR. CONDON: Yes, I received it. [Exhibits note and letter of authorization from Colonel Lindbergh.] But I cannot pay the money without some evidence you have the baby.

MAN: Have you gotted the money with you?

CONDON: No; I could not bring the money until I saw the baby or heard where the baby is.

[At this point a cemetery guard appeared.]

MAN: There is a cop—he's with you?

CONDON: No.

AT this point, states Dr. Condon, the unknown man clambered over the cemetery gate with agility and ran across the street into Van Cortlandt Park. He did not disappear, but remained within twenty yards of Dr. Condon, who walked rapidly after him. (In this connection, there is some indication that the man disappeared completely for ten or fifteen minutes.) Finally the man returned to a point in the park near a bench, almost directly across the street from the cemetery gate. He and Dr. Condon sat down and conversed as follows:

CONDON: You are not afraid of me?

MAN: Our number two man says he knows about you and you can be trusted. That's why I come. But who is that man over in the auto?

CONDON: Oh, that fellow? Why, he's all right; he drove me—I can't drive myself. You should not run away. You are my guest; there is nothing to be afraid of. You can trust me. You shouldn't run away like that and leave me to be drilled. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you a kidnaper and myself a professor, to leave me to be shot.

MAN: If the fellows knew what I just done they would smack me oud. I t'ought dat you would brought the money wid you.

CONDON: I made arrangements to go and get the money at any time you show me evidence you have the baby.

MAN: I will send you evidence.

CONDON: How could you?

MAN: The little sleeping suit.

CONDON: What?

MAN: The little sleeping suit that was on the baby when we took it. I will send it to you.

CONDON: How do I know you are the proper persons?

MAN: We are the right persons. Your note has the signal on just like what we left on the baby's pillow on the nide [night] we took the baby. [Note was actually left on window sill.] Tell Colonel Lindbergh he's wasting his time with those people down Soud; they are not the ride [right] parties. In order that you might know as how we are the ride parties I will send you Lindbergh's

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Ray Van Orman
TRAINER OLYMPIC LACROSSE TEAM, 1932

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40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

son's sleeping garment and he will know we are the ride ones. . . .

Condon: What about Red Johnson?

Man: He is innozent—the girl had nuttin' to do wid it. Betty Gow is innozent too.

Condon: If Red Johnson is innocent I can help him.

Man: He had nuttin' to do wid it; he should be freed. I have to be going now. It was worth my life to come here, and it seems you can't trust me. They will do something to me because I haven't got the money.

Condon: Don't go yet—we have to make arrangements. I can go and get the money but I want to see the baby. Pull your coat down—what are you afraid of? What is the good of hiding your face? I am the one that ought to be afraid.

THIS talk is so in keeping with Jafsie's character, as I have observed it, that it is impossible for me to doubt the essential accuracy of the conversation he was recording. Incidentally, no gangster or professional strongarm man would have stood for the old man's schoolma'am manner or for the frequent dressing downs which he felt it was his duty to give John. The fact that John took these lying down was just one more plain indication that the much touted gang theory was a complete bust.

Man: No, I could not. I got a cold. [Coughing.]

Condon: Your coat is too light for this time of year. Let me get something for your cough.

Man: [Shrugs shoulders.] Do you know Colonel Lindbergh personally?

Condon: Yes. What is your name? What shall I call you?

Man: Just call me John.

Condon: My name is John, too. Where are you from, John?

Man: Up farther than Boston, six or seven hours from here, and you can't get in with auto or boat. You can't walk there, because it's too dangerous. But Colonel Lindbergh can fly there.

Condon: What do you do, John?

Man: I am a sailor.

Condon: [In German] You are a German? [No answer.] You are a German; can you speak German?

Man: No; I am a Scandinavian.

Note this man's control over himself. Habit of a lifetime would have suggested an answer in German.

Condon: I think Colonel Lindbergh would be satisfied if you gave the baby back.

Man: Would we be all right if we gave the baby back?

Condon: Where is the baby?

Man: Tell Colonel Lindbergh the baby is on a boad six hours' travel from here, and we will tell him where the boad is. It is too much risk to keep the baby on shore, so we keep it on boad with two womens. One takes care of the baby in the day and one in the night. The girl in the daytime is all right, but the girl in the nighttime did not expect to stay away from home more than a week. She don't want to stay but we won't let her go. We did not think it would last a week, but now we had to take somebody else in the case, because we heard two of our men talking, and now the Colonel will have to pay $70,000.

Condon: You made the bargain with Colonel Lindbergh for $50,000 and you ought to abide by it.

Man: Colonel Lindbergh talked to the police. One of our fellows is in trouble already, and only fife [five] of us left. This lasted longer than we expected, so Colonel Lindbergh will have to pay $70,000.

Condon: Take me to the baby. I shall go as hostage until the money is paid.

Man: As vat?

Condon: I shall stay with the baby until I get you the money.

Man: Number one, the boss, wouldn't stand for it. He would schmuck me out. He would be mad if he knows I stayed so long and said so much. The leader is a very high official. This was planned for a year already before it was done.

Condon: Who is this high man?

Man: He is very smart, one of the smartest men. He is in the government service. We can never get caught. I must go. I will send you the sleeping suit of the baby Monday or Tuesday.

John's inventiveness suggests that he may have been reading detective stories.

Condon: How can you tell the boat, John?

Man: I signal with a handkerchief from a point up on the shore and they come and get me and I go aboard. It takes six hours to get in touch with them, and six hours to make a getaway. Colonel Lindbergh can go there eight hours after and land on the shore and get the baby, and you can go wid him. One of them knows you.

Condon: What does the boat look like?

Man: The boad is disguised at the top of the masts; they're marked with white cloths which can be taken off. That's the way I know the boad. It has two masts. I can signal them from the point. When the Colonel goes to get the baby, I will stand on the point two hours away and signal the boad it is all right to release the baby.

Condon: John, you are doing the most dangerous work. What are you getting out of this?

Man: I know it. I am getting $10,000.

Condon: Out of $70,000, that doesn't seem to me what you ought to get. How is the money to be divided?

Man: $10,000 to me; $10,000 to the nurses; $10,000 to the other two mens each; and $20,000 to No. 1, the high official. We all make arrangements to hold some for lawyers in case we get in trouble. One of our men, I told you, is in trouble now. He took our things away with the signature and while he's alive it's dangerous. We can't send you any more signals. There are only fife of us left.

Condon: Well, you should be protected with this fellow high up in position with you. Get your men together in a decent way and have the work done on a cash-and-delivery basis. You can't expect us to pay the money without seeing the baby and knowing it is alive. Come, now, John; I will give you cash and you give me the baby. Not only will it be all over but maybe the Colonel will grant you immunity.

Man: You can't get—what do you call it—immunity? We have prepared this a long time and nobody will catch us. Would I burn if the baby is dead?

Condon: I do not know the facts.

Man: Would I burn if I did not kill it? [This said in a guarded manner.]

Condon: Is the baby all right?

Man: The baby is happy and well. I must go—I have stayed already too long. I will send the sleeping suit by ten o'clock Monday morning. I will get in touch with you after 6 A. M. on Sunday if my friends let me. You put an ad in the Home News, Sunday, like this: "Baby is alive and well; money is ready," to show my friends I saw you and you are willing to pay the money. Well, good night; I must go. [Disappears in woods.]

JOHN'S question about burning was quite characteristic of Hauptmann.

As we came to know him, he was always identifying people before they identified him, answering questions before they were asked.

Now for the night the ransom was paid, in St. Raymond's Cemetery:

Condon: Here it is. I kept my word. Where is the note? [Hands box over hedge with one hand, and man hands him a note in a sealed envelope in the other.]

Man: Here it is; I got it right here. The gang says your work has been perfect. They are all pleased. Every one drust you—one of them knows you—he knew he could drust you.

Condon: Well, I kept my word. Bring them out, John. Let me talk to them. I have played fair with you—now you must play fair with me. No one knows what I know.

Man: No, no. He could not come, no matter what happened. It is too dangerous. It is thirty years. He would be in an awful position.

Condon: John, don't double-cross me. Where is the baby?

Man: No, no; they would not do that. It is in the note. [Gets down on his knees and opens box.] Wait till I see if it is all right.

Condon: It is all right as far as I know.

Man: I guess it is all right. [Takes package of money from box and puts it in his pocket.] Thanks; that's fine. You find the baby on the boad, the Nellie, just like the note says, up at Gay Head. Do not look for the boad at night—

you will break your neck. You must not open the note for six hours. We must have time between for getaway. Thanks. Trust me—we trust you. Good-by. [Shakes hands with Dr. Condon and then walks through cemetery toward Westchester Creek.]

Fifty thousand dollars over a bush, in a cemetery, on a dark night, to an unknown man named John!

And for nothing!

Did Colonel Lindbergh blame Jafsie? Absolutely not. His reaction was one of complete indifference; and I happen to know—and now there's no harm in telling it—that John might have raised the ante that last night instead of lowering it. It wasn't just for fun that those Morgan clerks had made up five separate packets of bills, three of $50,000 and two of $20,000, whose numbers had been carefully registered; it was to have additional cash ready if it were needed.

LINDY wasn't standing on the amount. Cutting from $70,000 to $50,000 was Jafsie's thrifty idea. And from our standpoint, the more ransom money that was in circulation, the better chance we had of landing our man.

Another type of criminal would not have been able to resist the temptation to talk to some one—to strut his stuff. But not this criminal. Even his conversations with Jafsie were notable for how little he said that he hadn't undoubtedly planned to say. He wasn't a talker—not Hauptmann.

And personally I believe such a cold, avaricious man, scenting the possibility of more easy money, would have made up some cock-and-bull excuse for not having kept his word before, and started another series of conversations with Jafsie—that is, if he had been allowed to think that the baby's bones were still lying where he buried them in the Jersey hills.

There were doubtless many good reasons for giving out the news of the finding of the baby. I was sorry that it was done, but I was glad, too, because it removed the checkrein which the Colonel had held on our activities and forced everybody to follow the program which my superior officers and I had urged from the moment, on the night of April 2, that Jafsie threw the fifty grand over the cemetery bush.

That program was the tracing of the ransom money as it appeared.

But my friend Leigh Matteson, the reporter who—*after* we had landed Hauptmann—wrote that modest article entitled I Could Have Broken the Lindbergh Case Two Years Ago, doesn't agree with me as to the importance of a long, patient search for ransom money. Matteson could, he says, have solved the case right away by a comparison of the handwriting in the ransom notes with the handwriting on the license applications of New York City automobile operators and chauffeurs. And many people may still wonder why we didn't do

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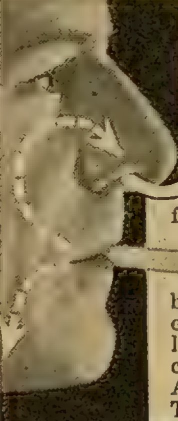

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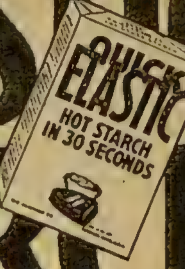

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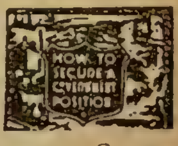
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that. Well, we did! There were 442,712 chauffeurs and 776,872 private operators in New York City in 1932. We didn't examine all of them, but we did go into the Bronx records very carefully. There were 64,048 chauffeurs and 96,369 operators. If it had been possible to locate our man by this method we should have done so; but the consensus of good handwriting opinion is that it is impossible to judge a man's handwriting by an automobile license. They may be and often are lettered instead of written; and even when they aren't, they do not supply the twelve lines *exclusive of signature* which is the accepted amount necessary to make a conclusive test.

I bent a close ear to the descriptions given by Perrone and Condon. Perrone's was all right as far as it went:

> Age, 35. Height, 5'8-9". Weight, 175-180. Hair, light brown or dark blond. Eyes, blue. General description: Erect build; muscular; light complexion; full face; foreign features; rather high cheekbones; clean shaven; eyebrows heavy and same color as hair; nervous type; occupation, carpenter or builder or mechanic; German or Scandinavian; had pronounced foreign accent—sounded more like German: pronounced word where " vare."

Here's Condon's, straight from the files:

> Age, 30-35. Height, 5'8-10". Weight, 158-165. Hair, medium chestnut, approaching dirty blond or sandy. Eyes, bluish gray. General description: Medium build; appeared muscular; eyes wide apart—almond-shaped, resembling Chinese or Japanese; fair complexion; hatchet-faced appearance (inverted triangle); straight nose; prominent forehead; eyebrows heavy, and straight line; clean shaven; prominent high cheekbones; rounded pointed chin; unusually large ears; average medium slender neck; shoulders inclined to stoop; military carriage; could run fast and used hands with dexterity; had an unusual large muscular or fleshy development on the inside thumb of left hand; of nervous type; either a sailor, carpenter, painter, or mechanic; spoke with foreign accent mixed between German and Scandinavian—used expressions " smack me out," " did you got my letter "; pronounced word perfect as " pefect," the word Colonel as " Kennel "—five as " fife," " vare " for where.

THAT is what we detectives consider a pretty good description—not much to go on, perhaps, in a search among a hundred million people or even among the ten million people of the New York metropolitan area—but still a good description as descriptions go.

In many an important murder we've started with less.

How right we were to depend on these brief descriptions as the foundation of our pattern of the criminal is best shown by the complete description we were able to give two years later, three months before the arrest. This turned out to be almost perfect—this police picture, which started with Condon's brief description and our own deductions, and grew into its final shape detail by detail as we caught fleeting glimpses of the culprit through the eyes of the honest tradesmen who changed his ransom bills.

In fact, the picture of the kidnaper was clear enough in the summer of 1934 for us, acting in co-operation with the federal and New Jersey officials, to put it down in detail for the Assistant Chief Inspector and the Deputy Chief Inspector. Here it is:

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York

July 11, 1934.

From: Acting Lieutenant James J. Finn, M. O. D.
To: Commanding Officer, 18th Division
Subject: ALLEGED COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON TO WHOM DR. CONDON PAID THE LINDBERGH RANSOM MONEY

Age—30 to 35.
Height—5'8" to 5'10".
Build—Erect and of good build; appeared muscular; similar to middleweight boxer.
Hair—Medium chestnut approaching a dirty blond or sandy.
Eyes—Bluish gray; wide; almond-shaped; resembled those of a Chinaman or Japanese; did not wear glasses.
Complexion—Fair, no blemishes.

Facial Features—Hatchet-face appearance; straight nose; prominent forehead; eyebrows heavy and in straight line across forehead, and same color as hair; clean shaven; prominent and high cheekbones running down to almost a pointed chin; good-looking.

Teeth—Fair and regular.

Scars—None apparent; no tattoos visible.

Ears—Unusually large.

Hands—Calloused; not noticed if any jewelry worn.

Neck—Average medium slender; not short and fat.

Shoulders—Inclined to droop but fairly straight; not quite a military carriage.

Peculiarities—Could run fast and use hands with dexterity. Had unusually large muscular or fleshy development on inside thumb of left hand; did not wear gloves; appeared to be of a nervous type.

Occupation—Mariner, carpenter, painter, or mechanic.

Marital Status—Stated to be married.

Residence—Stated Boston, Mass.

Criminal Record—Unknown.

Color—White.

Nationality—German or Scandinavian.

Handwriting—None, other than ransom notes possibly written by this person.

Speech—Spoke with foreign accent; broken but fair English, presumably Scandinavian or possibly German; used expressions "Smack me out"; "did you got our letter"; pronounced the word perfect as "pefect," the word colonel as "kennel," and the word five as "fife"; the word where as "vare."

Shoe—Size not determined; color or style unknown.

Feet—Normal; did not walk lame.

Clothing—Gray trousers and black suit; coat heavier than alpaca but not as heavy as broadcloth; regular spring overcoat worn loose, light in fabric, dark in color; one button used on overcoat; wore dark grayish-brown fedora hat pulled well down over forehead; did not notice whether gloves were worn; soft hat fitted nearly straight on head and pinched in front; overcoat possibly brown; fairly well dressed.

(Signed) JAMES J. FINN,
Acting Lieutenant—M. O. D.

Here was the physical, and to some extent the mental and social, pattern of the man who killed the Lindbergh baby—and in the beginning we owed it all to Jafsie Condon.

No, not all. We did have one other description to guide us. Dr. Schoenfeld, the psychiatrist of Mount Sinai Hospital, built up a "synthetic man" from a study of the ransom notes and the general circumstances of the case; and his description, like Condon's, is remarkably like Hauptmann.

Most detectives don't believe in psychiatry, but I do, to a certain extent. Dr. Schoenfeld's formal report has been published, and that's pretty good; but you ought to have heard what he said off the record. It was so true it is hard to believe now that he or anybody else could have said it in 1932.

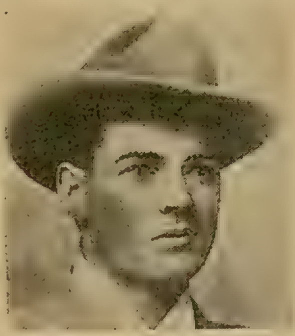
"Finn," he told me one day, "when you land your man, you'll find he's the kind of fellow who'll have just one bill in his pocket."

And he did!

Had Hauptmann acted swiftly and boldly in the spring of 1933, he could have covered his tracks and got clean away with $30,000 of the ransom money! How? Lieutenant Finn will explain in next week's installment, which will tell the true story of the "money trail" and how the Lieutenant followed it to the end.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Who is the handsome engineer in the photograph (taken in 1898) to the right?

2—What is the floral emblem of Italy?

3—Is the aoudad a bone in the foot, an animal, a work of art, or a river in the Pyrenees?

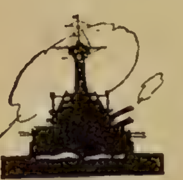
4—Which character of Dickens said, "The law is a ass . . . a idiot"?

5—What distance does the average elevator travel within a year?

6—Does President Roosevelt shave himself?

7—Who invented the colorscope?

8—In how many states is hitchhiking illegal?



9—Who were the first to irrigate crops artificially in North America?

10—During the Great War, what was the Dummy Squadron?

11—Why did Isabella help Christopher Columbus?

12—What verb, noun, and personal name—all beginning with the letter "h"—are pronounced alike?

13—Whom did John Adams call "the bastard brat of a Scotch peddler"?

14—What is a due bill?

15—Which book of fiction is considered the first Canadian novel?

16—Who was William James?

17—How does the first copper cent authorized by Congress differ from the Lincoln penny?

18—At what age did Mendelssohn compose his A Midsummer Night's Dream overture?

19—Which star of Hollywood was once an usher in a movie theater?

20—How much is fourteen-carat gold worth at a U. S. government assay office?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

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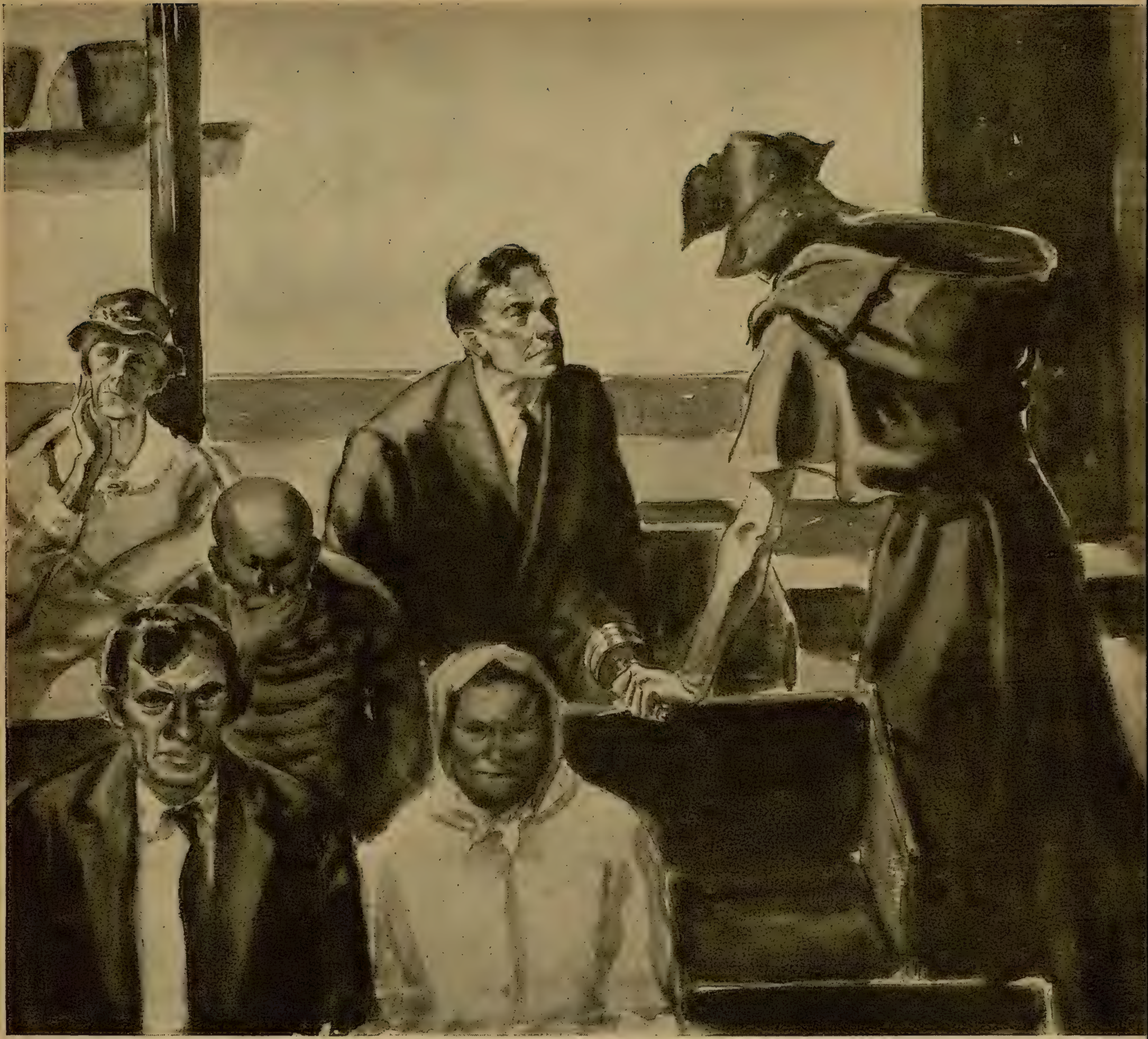

He saw the speaker. An old man, tall and lean, wearing a loose claret-red robe, a wooden prayer wheel in his

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

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PART FIVE—THE SINS OF THE FATHER

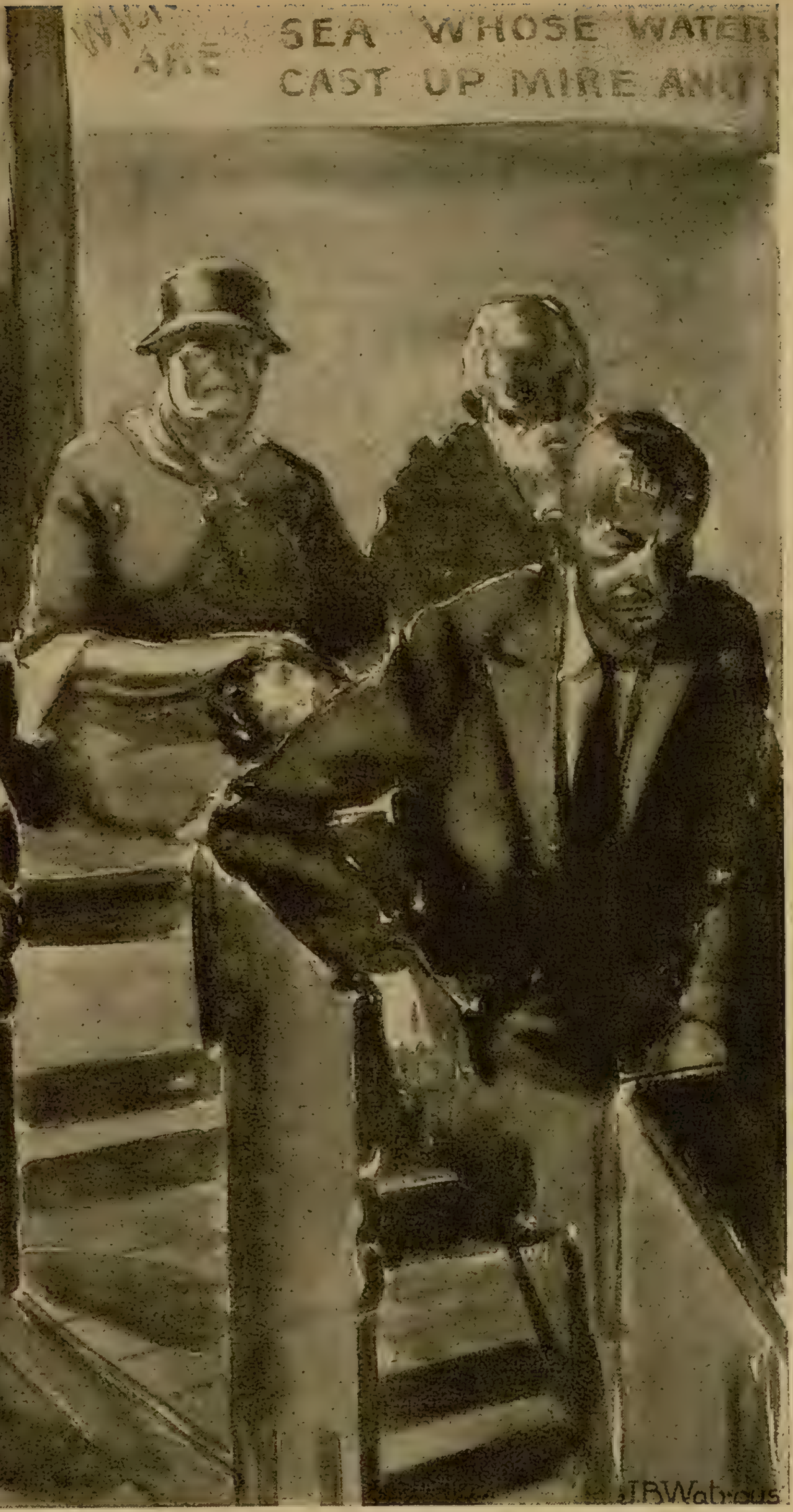
HE would see her again—Laura, his wife! Would see his son, whom he had never seen before.

His wife. His son. The joy of it surged through him like a tide. But the very next second it receded.

For he was sure—was suddenly sure—that Laura was no longer among the living. Not a word from her throughout the decades. Nor a word about her from his relatives in Virginia, though he had written and written. And yet—somehow, he knew!

And—his son? Why—where was his son? And what name was he using?

Would he never find out? He had tried again and again. And so his home-coming would mean bitter loneliness—greater even than his years in the Andamans.



ft hand. "Do you need me?" the stranger repeated.

FLOWER OF THE GODS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

SEEKING the Flower of the Gods, Lee Breckinridge, young American diplomat, ventures into forbidden Tibet in 1893. In a garden guarded by monks he finds the coveted prize and cuts a blossom, but is held captive. Tao, the aged abbot, warns him he must atone for his sin—that of one impure of heart, thought, and deed touching the sacred flower. The American desperately bargains for his release. If the gods can reveal one unknown secret in his life he is willing to atone. "Peggy Ann Rivers," whispers the monk, and reveals the reason Lee's boyhood sweetheart committed suicide. As Lee strikes the abbot the curse of the gods falls. His mind becomes blank. He awakens in a Calcutta dive, beside the naked body of a half-caste woman. His knife is buried in her breast. Found guilty of the murder, he is sentenced to life in the dreaded Andamans, India's Devil's Island.

Back in America his wife Laura, believing him guilty of the disgraceful crime, changes her name and flees with her son James, whom Lee has never seen. Attempts to locate her prove futile. Twelve years pass. The scene is San Francisco's Chinatown. Laura is passing a flower stall when a strange old man—Tao—stops her. Intently she gazes at the Flower of the Gods he offers, and touches it when he tells her it will bring peace and happiness. Tender thoughts of Lee return to her that night. She forgives him. In the morning her son finds her dead.

A few days later Gregory Henderson, the family lawyer, informs James that a strange foreigner named Tao left a generous sum of money to pay for his education and help further his ambitions of becoming a prominent judge. Bewildered, James accepts it. The scene changes to the Andamans again. Lee has served thirty years of his term. He is bent and feeble, a trusty gardener for Sir Harry Baines, governor of the penal colony. He has become resigned to his fate, when Sir Harry tells him he has been pardoned and may return to America.

AND ANTHONY ABBOT

Lee's eyes filled with mist. But the peace that was in his soul did not depart. It steadied him as he said to himself:

"Freedom—or chains. One and the same."

But he was very old. He trembled. His knees gave way. And the governor stepped rapidly forward.

He caught the falling man in his arms.

. . . . .

It was twenty-four hours later. Lee Breckinridge was in the garden.

"You'll have to remain in the Andamans," the governor had told him that morning, "until we get word from your people in America."

"From my people in—"

"Yes. It's the regulation about—sorry—pardoned convicts. Somebody must—well—sort of guarantee their conduct. Besides, you're well along in years. Somebody'll have to take care of you. Whom would you like me to write to?"

"I haven't a relative left."

"A friend, then?"

"Nor a friend."

"Come, come, my lad! I'm familiar with your record. Stantonville, Virginia, is your native town. You've been corresponding with people there."

"I can't go back. Not to Stantonville."

"Seems to me I've pulled somewhat of a boner," the Englishman had interrupted. "Shouldn't have asked to have you pardoned. Can't be undone, though. Ex-convicts—foreign ex-convicts—are not permitted to reside in our Indian possessions. Think it over, and let me know whom of your friends you want me to approach. If you refuse, I'll communicate with your consul in Calcutta."

"Very well, Sir Harry," had been Lee's calm reply.

He had turned to go; had stopped at the other's next words:

"By the way, I had some new dahlia-flowering zinnias sent me from England." The governor had smiled. "You're a free man now. Haven't the right to order you about. But would you care to—"

"Gladly. I'll look after them."

So Lee had taken the spade and rake and heavy clasp knife. He had planted the zinnias. He had attended to several other gentle, humble, earthy tasks amongst the flowers—the flowers that he loved and that loved him.

Now he strolled toward a remote corner of the garden, that was smothered by an exuberance of luxuriant tropical vegetation, tangled with wild vines and ablaze with enormous blossoms, purple and orange and crimson.

Something seemed to draw him on. Death, he thought —the end.

And the next moment he knew; said aloud:

"No. Not death!"

But life. Life calling him; waiting for him.

Life and work. He knew this suddenly. The thought of it, the knowledge, though dim at times, was destined to return to him in the weeks to come. Some great work. Some great, fine, unselfish deed. Something that would justify his strange Gethsemane; would be its real reason, its core. What would this task be?

In the heart of every man not utterly lost there is a good dream—a vision of something above the personal. Lee's dream, long held, was peace: world peace. He had a plan. Some day the nations would bind themselves. Perhaps this was the work awaiting him. . . .

As he stepped down the narrow path he felt a curious positive sense of gladness, of joy. And he felt—felt more than heard—a pouring, singing flood of sound that drifted in from the distance in great rhythmical waves; charged, it seemed to him, with stars, with hazy blue distances, with the laughter of children at play, with an intricate pattern of voices that merged finally into a single voice—soft and drawling and Virginian:

"Lee—dear Lee!"

He followed the voice. It invited him. Laura's voice—as he had heard it in bygone days when all the world had been young and golden and glorious:

"Lee"—so infinitely tender—"dear Lee!"

Still he followed, until presently he found himself in a little clearing. He saw there a small lilac-colored flower. "The Flower of the Gods!" said the voice. "It is yours, dear Lee!"

He bent over it. Its perfume rose in honey-sweet spirals. He touched the blossom—and something that had been imprisoned deep within him swept outward with a rushing and whirring of wings, bringing with it a sensation of radiant ecstasy. He smiled.

Methodically, unhurriedly, as if it had been simple tulip or daffodil, he digged out the bulb. He hid it in his shirt, over his heart.

THEN he strolled back to the garden. There he met the governor.

"Been looking for you," said the latter. "Ever hear of a man—wait." He consulted a piece of paper. "A man called Judge James Carson?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I don't remember anybody by that name." Lee became vaguely puzzled as the other stared at him, wrinkling his forehead. "Is he—a Virginian?"

"Californian. Lives in San Francisco."

"I never knew a soul there." Lee's bewilderment grew. "What has he to do with me?"

"Don't worry! Nothing to it, most likely."

The governor returned to his office.

"Take a letter," he said to his half-caste clerk.

He walked up and down. He began dictating:

"My dear Judge Carson—"

. . . .

Sir Harry's letter reached James Carson five weeks later, in his official chambers.

For James had achieved what he had set out to achieve as a boy. Today, not yet forty, he was the youngest judge on the California bench and in the midst of a gubernatorial boom on a fusion-reform ticket; and his chances for victory were excellent.

Not that he was popular. He was not the handshaking, baby-kissing, silver-tongued type of politician, and his harshness as a judge had made him many enemies. But, surrounded by a social and economic system where racketeering and graft and shameless favoritism were rampant, his uprightness and chilly courage recommended itself to thousands of disgusted voters.

He walked the straight and narrow path; recognizing —as his mother Laura had done—only white and black, and never gray; knowing only right and wrong.

Weakness, he thought, was the curse of the younger generation—his daughter's generation. Always ready to give way to temptation, to compromise, to proffer and grant excuse.

FOR instance, that morning, before going to his office, he had been thoroughly annoyed with his daughter. He had told her impatiently:

"What's the use of continuing this discussion, my dear? I did my duty. That's all there is to it."

"But, dad, the jury brought in a plea for mercy."

"Which I denied—rightly. There can be no mercy for a murderer."

"This man was justified."

"Justified—in killing his wife?" James Carson was shocked. "How can you say such a thing?"

"He loved her. She had suffered for so many years. Her disease was incurable."

"Was his crime, in consequence, less a crime?"

"Yes. It was a decent thing to do. Decent—and brave and charitable!"

"No." His voice rose. "Remember what the Bible says: 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

She shrugged her shoulders.

There was no persuading her father, no arguing with him on a matter of principle. She knew it. He was what he was. And yet—she loved him. Loved him tenderly. As her mother, who had died nineteen years earlier, in giving her birth, had loved him.

She looked like her mother. A girl of quite surpassing loveliness. She was, furthermore, possessed of a stubborn determination, of a keen will of her own; and though dreamy at times, she had at other times a rather disconcerting trick of awakening from her dreams to practical moods. Fearless moods. Moods, occasionally, of frank rebellion—even against her father.

It annoyed him—oh, yes!—and more than annoyed. It disturbed him, made him uneasy and nervous. And he was still in the same nervous mood when, half an hour later, he entered his office and turned to the pile of mail and legal documents which his secretary had brought in.

There was one envelope unopened and marked: "Strictly private." It bore an Indian postage stamp.

He put it to one side. He had a notion what the contents would be: some missionary asking for funds. He received plenty such correspondence from India, China, Africa. Very well, he decided, he would send a generous check. He believed in missionary endeavor. He was a militant Christian.

He turned to the other papers on his desk and attended to his chosen work.

Just before lunchtime he opened the letter with the Indian stamp. It was from Sir Harry Baines and it began:

> My dear Judge Carson:
>
> I have reason to believe that Lee Breckinridge, sentenced for murder thirty-nine years ago, now pardoned by viceregal clemency, is actually your father . . .

He sat up.

"Your father."

His soul grew faint.

> . . . condemned for murder . . .

The written words were like a blow in the face. He trembled violently.

"This," he said aloud, "is not true!"

He read another line or two.

Every syllable burned itself into his brain. . . .

He sat there. His mind was in a turmoil but his face was expressionless.

Once more he read the letter. He read sentences. Parts of sentences. They seemed to stare at him, to mock him:

. . . condemned for life . . . murder of a prostitute . . . records show him to be a Virginian . . . Stantonville . . . asked him particulars, but he refused information . . . money needed for his repatriation . . . must have people look after him . . . was on the point of communicating with the American consul in Calcutta . . . then an old Tibetan priest called on me . . . Tao . . . seemed to know all about Breckinridge . . . also about you and your mother . . . told me how she changed her name and went to San Francisco . . . gave me your address . . . did not know what to make of it . . . casually mentioned your name to Breckinridge . . . meant nothing to him . . . said he had never heard of you . . . remember, on the other hand, that his wife and child disappeared after his trial . . . had intended asking Tao some more questions . . . unable to find him . . . very queer . . . none of my servants saw him . . . that's all I know . . . kindly investigate from your end . . . if he is your father, please make arrangements at your earliest convenience to . . . can rest assured that I shall handle this delicate matter with the utmost discretion . . .

Slowly James Carson got to his feet.

"This," he repeated dully and without conviction, "is not true!"

Then he began pacing up and down, up and down, in an erratic and bewildered manner.

Horror coiling in his brain. Horror creeping through his veins with the deadly stealth of a drug.

He pulled himself together with an effort. He picked up the letter. He read once more:

"An old Tibetan priest called on me . . . Tao."

HE remembered such a person. It was the stranger who had supplied, so queerly, the money for his own education; had supplied it—he had always assumed—because of a debt of gratitude owed to his father.

His thoughts turned to the latter. The man who—to believe his mother—had died a hero's death in China, whose memory had been his inspiration, had fashioned his life. His father—no longer a hero, but a murderer, a criminal, if this letter spoke the truth.

But—did it?

Could it be blackmail? A scheme concocted by these two men, Tao and Lee Breckinridge?

Didn't seem plausible.

Perhaps politics? A foul cooked-up yarn to persuade the Californian electorate that Judge James Carson—the incorruptible—was the son of an ex-convict and presumably tarred with the same brush? Again he shook his head.

It was too farfetched, his cold, logical, legally trained mind told him. Besides—come to think of it—his mother had always been vague about who her people were; and he recalled how once when, as a boy, he had begged her to show him a photograph of his father, she had replied that she had none, that she had lost them all in a fire.

At the time, naturally, having no reason to doubt her, he had accepted the explanation. Now it appeared to him to be supporting Tao's claim.

Furthermore, if Tao's story was a fabrication, nobody stood to gain by it except Lee Breckinridge. And the latter, according to Sir Harry Baines, denied having ever heard Judge Carson's name.

IT was Tao who held the clue to the mystery.

But—how find him?

The man, Sir Harry wrote, had gone off very suddenly.

Again Judge Carson paced up and down, up and down.

He was so seldom afraid that fear, now that it came, came with all the sinister, morose effects of the unknown. And his fear grew as more and more he felt that the letter spoke the truth.

And suppose it did—what a tragic jest it would be on him! He, the austere, relentless judge—and his father, Lee Breckinridge, a felon, the murderer of a prostitute!

He raised clenched fists.

It was not fair! He had lived a decent, useful, honorable life. Why should his father's sins be visited upon him?

Should he advise Sir Harry that the whole thing was a mistake—that he had nothing whatever to do with Lee Breckinridge? Should he—lie?

The easiest way out.

But he overcame the temptation immediately, thanks to his hard unyielding sense of duty. He must face the music. He must write to the governor of the Andamans and make the necessary arrangements for his father to—

No. Not yet.

He was convinced that the man *was* his father. Convinced in his mind. But he must have proof. He must make absolutely sure.

How?

He debated the question, and presently found the answer.

Lee Breckinridge, it said in Sir Harry's letter, was a Virginian, from Stantonville. He had in his possession a picture of his mother, a small faded snapshot that had been taken years earlier. Should he send it to Stantonville, to the mayor or the local Chamber of Commerce, and ask them to find out if some old-timer remembered her and her husband?

He hesitated. It would mean gossip, scandal, newspaper scareheads, even before the facts in the case were proved.

Therefore he decided on a round-

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(To be continued in an early issue)

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about way of finding out. He went home. He removed the snapshot from its silver frame on his dressing table. He sent it to the mayor of Stantonville with some explanatory lines. But he signed the letter "Charles Lorimer" and he gave General Delivery as his address. . . .

Long days of waiting then. Long weeks of waiting. Walking up and down, up and down. It had become a habit of his.

Trying to escape fate?

He shrugged his shoulders.

He could not escape fate. Fate had caught up with him, he thought; thought of what had happened.

First the correspondence, under his assumed name, with the mayor of Stantonville, to make sure, absolutely sure. His conclusion that Sir Harry Baines was right. Lee Breckinridge, the murderer, was his father.

THEN the struggle in his soul. What should he do? Should he admit it? Should he, by the same token, destroy his life, his career—his career as a judge and also, since the gubernatorial boom was progressing amazingly, his political career?

For he loved his career as a man best loves a woman—because it was part of himself and bound up with his past work and hopes and experiences; because it was his romance, was the outlet for all those emotions which—so harshly, so successfully, so tragically—he had always restrained. And now, if the public should discover his shameful secret, his career would be over. His life would be over. It would be like the fields of Ichabod—barren and gray and useless.

He gave a start as the door opened, as he heard his daughter's voice:

"Are you all right, father?"

"Of course."

The maid came in, smiled at Doris, but said nothing.

"What is it?" asked Judge Carson.

"Roger is downstairs. . . . Tell him I'll be with him in a minute, Emma." She turned to her father as the maid left. "We're going out to a supper dance."

"Were with him last night, weren't you?"

"Yes. And the night before that."

"H'm."

"Don't you like him, dad?"

"I guess I do—in a way."

"I like him"—defiantly—"in a dozen ways, in every way. I think he's swell. What have you against him?"

"His lack of frankness, for one thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Lack of frankness—about himself. What is he doing here in San Francisco?"

"He told us. He's in the State Department."

"Yes, yes. But—doing what, precisely? Pretty large order—the State Department."

"I'll find out all about him, then. I'll ask him tonight, over cocktails—or the first chance that I get. Are you *surely* all right?" she repeated. "You look so—oh, so gray. And you're so nervous and—"

"I've been working too hard," he interrupted, "and I don't take enough exercise." He rose. He said on an impulse: "I guess I'll go for a stroll."

"Don't catch cold. It's getting foggy."

"Good night! See you in the morning." . . .

He left the house. He walked aimlessly. He neither knew nor cared where he was going. So he came to Chinatown — the mazed, scabbed, fetid alleys still wide awake and up and doing in spite of the late hour.

The underworld—he reflected—where crime spawned passion, and where graft and corruption spawned both. Well—he would look into it after he had been elected governor. He would clean up this town. No compromise with the forces of evil. No pity. No laxity. No weak subterfuge.

And then, as the last word formed in his brain, he remembered the letter he had planned to write to Sir Harry Baines; and he laughed at himself, loudly—and a woman passed and heard.

"Wot's ticklin' ye, sweetie-pie?" she demanded. She stopped and put her hand on his arm. "Lemme share the fun—and other things—"

He pushed her away.

"Pah!" she yelled after him. "Go and roll a hoop, yer crumpet-mugged bum!"

He did not reply. He walked on.

The gray fog thickened. It changed to rain, drenching Judge Carson to the skin. He felt cold and miserable. He coughed, sneezed.

He must get to some place where it was dry. A restaurant, a movie theater—any place at all.

He turned the corner.

He saw, on the other side, a squat building. Saw lights springing out, warm and snug and friendly. He hurried across the road. It was a mission chapel.

He entered. It was packed with a derelict mob, men and women, white and yellow and half-caste.

ON a platform, at the farther wall, stood the preacher. He was tall and gaunt, and his voice boomed out a message, hysterical and dreadfully sincere:

"And it was just before He was murdered—for He *was* murdered, was murdered by all of us, by the fear, the envy, the wickedness in our hearts—that Jesus Christ prayed for all the murderous race of men, saying, 'They know not what they do.'"

"Hallelujah!" shouted the crowd.

"Hallelujah!" And Judge Carson sat down on the last bench and bowed his head. Soon he heard no longer the words of the sermon, nor, when it came to a close, the words and music of the swelling hymn that was being taken up by the congregation.

Instead he heard—heard and felt—something like a great driving storm sweep toward him, now waxing, now waning, but pitiless and endless. And as it rushed in circles, like the turning of a gigantic wheel, all the harrowing self-questions and self-doubts that had battled in his heart since the day when he had received Sir Harry Baines's letter telling him about his father, came booming and crashing and straining for expression against the walls of his mind, his conscience.

And fear came to him.

Then fear ended suddenly, miraculously, as he became aware of a faint amazing sweet scent.

He wondered what it was.

Incense?

No, no—he decided. This was a simple humble Protestant place of worship.

And the scent grew. It was mysterious and poignant. It seemed to fold about him like a cloak; to envelop him, spiritually more than physically. It seemed to bring with it a wild and pure loveliness; the memory of some forgotten glory, some forgotten emotion, some forgotten and all-important truth.

And hot tears welled up in his eyes. And he sighed; then he heard a low voice:

" Do you need me, O my brother? "

He raised his head. He saw the speaker. An old man, tall and lean, wearing a loose claret-red robe, a huge tam-o'-shanter shadowing his wrinkled ivory-white features, a wooden prayer wheel in his left hand and in his right a small lilac-colored flower.

" Do you need me? " the stranger repeated.

Judge Carson pulled himself together. He was not the sort given to casual intimacies, not even to casual conversations.

" And why," he demanded pointedly, " should *I* need *you?* "

The other smiled.

" Many do," he replied.

" Not I."

" You may—some day. And you will find me, O my brother, whenever and wherever you should want me. You can't—get out of it, you know."

" Oh," cried Judge Carson, " leave me alone! "

A MOMENT later he was sorry. Perhaps he had spoken too harshly. But he was nervous—so nervous; and the stranger had startled him, with his queer appearance, his queer words.

Anyway, he would offer a word or two of apology; and he began:

" I didn't mean to— "

He interrupted himself. He saw that he was talking to a void. The other was not there. There was not even a trace of him.

He looked around. The service was over. People were filing out of the mission chapel. A woman was sitting on the same bench with him. She too was about to leave.

He turned to her.

" Tell me," he asked. " The man I was talking to just now—where has he gone? "

She seemed astonished.

" Yer talked to nobody, mister," was her answer.

" Oh," he insisted, " but I did! A tall old man in a red robe—a small flower in his hand— "

" Yer talked to nobody," she reiterated. " Ye was on yer knees, prayin' —prayin' loud enough to frighten all the angels— "

And as he walked through the night he kept hearing a voice, authoritative and kind, which said to him:

" You can't get out of it, you know."

And he muttered aloud, as if answering that voice:

" No! I can't! I can't get out of it, I know. So what shall I do? "

BEFORE he slept that night Judge Carson decided what to do. He would resort to a subterfuge. He refused to call it a lie—writing to Sir Harry that Lee Breckinridge was not his father but that the families were distantly related, that he was sorry for him and would take care of him to the best of his ability. Signing the letter. Sending it off.

So everything was arranged. Official documents exchanged, money forwarded to pay for Lee Breckinridge's repatriation. All with the certainty that Lee was not to be told that Judge Carson was his son.

Everything would be all right, Judge Carson decided. He would give some sort of explanation to his daughter. He would tell her what he had told Sir Harry—a subterfuge, not a lie. . . .

On the long voyage of the Semiramis from the East to the West, one passenger kept peacefully to himself. Lee Breckinridge was old now. He stood apart, emaciated, placid, shabbily dressed.

People looked at him and wondered.

Lee Breckinridge avoided the other travelers. He went on deck for a bit of fresh air late at night, when the other passengers had turned in. And it was there he ran across McAndrews, the ship's doctor. In one long moonlit chat they came to know each other as men of good will and they were friends.

A few such meetings convinced the doctor that Lee had been out of the world for a long time. He speculated about the reason; finally asked a direct question:

" Where have you been all these years? In some distant corner of Asia, I suppose? "

" Yes "—calmly. " Far, far in the interior."

" Missionary? "

" No, no. Just—studying life."

" Seems to me," McAndrews laughed, " you're rather out of touch with life."

" Modern life? It is so! "

" Well, I've got a lot of old magazines and newspapers. Care to have a look at them—to sort of rub up? "

" Gladly," the Virginian replied.

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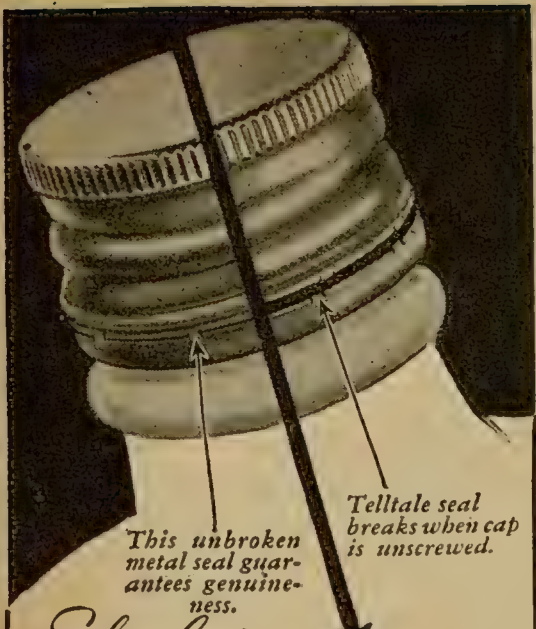
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Thereafter, by the hour, Lee read, trying to catch up with the happenings of the long swinging years. Read—and sighed. Oh, yes, there had been a few amazing new inventions, a few successful new cures for illness, a few fantastic new religions. But otherwise the same old story: death. The World War loosing the killing instinct. Thus more death. Death by murder, for the sake of passion or revenge or greed. And death through accident—explosions, conflagrations, automobile smashes—because of carelessness and greed.

He mentioned it to the doctor, who replied:

"Not all accidents are—well, accidents."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am—afraid."

McAndrews was silent for long dragging minutes. He stared at Lee. And, queerly, the latter felt again as he had felt on that day when Sir Harry had told him that he had been pardoned, would be sent back to America. Felt that some great work was calling him, waiting for him.

"Afraid of what?" he whispered. "Tell me."

"Afraid of—an accident." McAndrews gazed out over the night-dark misty sea. "I wonder," he went on, "if I *should* tell you."

"*You* know," replied Lee—and it was to him as if somebody else were speaking the words—"and *I* know that you should." He paused. "You need me"—again as if somebody else were speaking the words—"you need me badly, in case—"

McAndrews laughed shortly.

He walked up and down, away from Lee. He came back to him. Then, all at once, he made up his mind.

He spoke of three deaths, three accidents. The same three deaths, said McAndrews, that to the newspapers had been merely a matter of editorial routine. And the public had reacted in the same spirit. It had been too busy making millions of dollars on the wings of that tremendous feverish commercial activity which had invaded America with the close of the World War; had not been able to decipher—nor had Washington wished it to decipher—the *mene, tekel, upharsin* which an invisible and bloody Oriental hand was graving on the wall.

"BUT," McAndrews went on, "the American secret service is not quite so purblind. We know some—and guess the rest."

"*We?*" echoed Lee.

"Yes. We."

"Oh, you are—"

"Right. I belong to it. I am trusting you a lot to tell you so—but I may decide before this talk is over to trust you even more. I'm telling you because—how did you put it?—oh, yes—I may need you—badly"—he smiled grimly—"in case of another accident."

He went on to relate how within a few weeks of each other three prominent Americans—Grayson Bennett, the senior senator from California, General Cary McCracken, the chief of staff of the United States army, and Donald Zimmerman, the governor of the Philippines—had died. "And," he added, "Bennett was the prime mover in our recent stringent legislation to regulate Asiatic immigration; General McCracken advocated more and heavier guns and a few more brigades for Honolulu; and Zimmerman was the most outspoken opponent of Filipino independence."

Dr. McAndrews—he was not above doing it—stopped for dramatic effect.

"Three deaths," he continued; "three accidents. But—*were* they?"

Another dramatic pause. Then:

"Listen, Mr. Breckinridge. There's a man called Mehmet Ali—Prince Mehmet Ali—"

Lee looked up sharply. Mehmet Ali! Why, as his memory winged back across the long years, back to the evening he had spent, before going to Tibet, with Sir Hilary Watts at Siliguri, a man had been there by the same name—a fanatic, a believer in war, in murder, in—

HE interrupted his thoughts.

"Is he a prince of Tartaristan?" he asked. "A man about my age?"

"Yes. Know him?"

"I met him once. Years ago—in India."

"He's living now in San Francisco. Playing the social game"—ironically—"so he says. Well, the secret service, not being a collection of fools, noticed that Mehmet Ali's chauffeur drove the automobile which smashed up Bennett's; that the same Mehmet Ali had McCracken as a dinner guest the night on which the latter got that fatal dose of ptomaine poisoning; and that the gas leakage which killed Zimmerman was traced to a defective pipe in Mehmet Ali's hotel suite."

A pause. Then, challengingly:

"What do you think of that?"

"I don't know."

"I do. Look here. Mehmet Ali is the richest man in Asia. He is, besides, a fanatic—a sincere fanatic, which makes him the more dangerous. And his country, Tartaristan, is the paramount power in Asia, thoroughly up-to-date in all things military and naval—urged on by this same Mehmet Ali and by a few of his toadies of the imperialistic aristocracy—with their plans all cocked and primed to gobble up most of China and half Siberia. We—America—are the only obstacle in Tartaristan's path. We can't afford to let her get away with it, because our commercial interests in the Far East would be struck a deathblow if Tartaristan should succeed."

"You mean"—Lee sighed—"war? More war? More suffering and killing?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

"Don't thank God. Thank America—the fact that we are a democracy, cursed with democracy's purblind conceit. We can't afford war just now—that's all—and Washington knows it; knows, too, that Tartaristan is itching for it, wants us to arrest Mehmet Ali for murder. The moment we do so, he'll produce a bulletproof alibi—I've figured out—three bulletproof alibis. And then the fat'll be in the fire. Grave insult to Tartaristan. If we don't arrest him, the—accidents will continue. Accidents to prominent statesmen whom Tartaristan considers dangerous to her interests. For instance, men like Grainger—the professor, you know, whom the President sent to the Far East to make a confidential report about conditions there. By the way, Grainger is aboard this very ship. Well, these killings will go on until, one day, our public will sit up and take notice, will put two and two together, will force our government's hands. Then an exchange of diplomatic notes, getting steadily less and less diplomatic. An unfortunate incident. And war for which—I repeat—we're absolutely unprepared."

He lit a cigar; walked up and down again; came back to Lee.

"I have an idea," he said, "that you are a good man—a thoroughly good man—who can be trusted."

"Perhaps," smiled the other, "you're mistaken."

"I'm never mistaken," snapped McAndrews, "in the reading of character traits. It's my own particular knowledge—and I propose to act on it. Listen. Just the other day Tartaristan appointed the Duke of Kulja—he too is on board this ship—as ambassador to Washington."

It was, he went on to say, a strange appointment. For the Duke of Kulja was a Liberal in politics; a pacifist and anti-imperialist who was fearlessly outspoken in his friendliness to the United States and in his opposition to the expansion schemes of his native country in China and Siberia. Therefore, with Mehmet Ali urging to prepare for strife, why had this man been sent to Washington—

"Why?" McAndrews demanded, leveling an accusing finger at Lee, as if the latter had anything to do with it. "What's back of it? Do *you* know?"

"Perhaps," the other suggested mildly, "Mehmet Ali has had a change of heart."

"Pah!" McAndrews snorted. "If those Oriental saber rattlers reform, then there's hope for the devil. Another reason altogether. *I* know the reason—I found out—and I'm afraid I shall meet with an—well, an accident before I have time to communicate this knowledge to my chief. And that's where I need you. If anything happens to me—anything at all—I want you to find a man in San Francisco—a secret service operative called Neale, number seventy-three, and here"—thrusting a small piece of paper swiftly into Lee's hand—"memorize what is written here, burn the paper, throw the ashes overboard, and if anything should happen to me, give Neale this warning. Tell him it came from me, and to act—for God's sake, act!"

Instinctively Lee looked at the paper—and McAndrews laughed.

"It's not in code," he explained. "And the quicker you memorize its contents and destroy it, the better for everybody—everybody in the world."

Abruptly McAndrews left. He descended to the lower deck, while Lee Breckinridge gasped and almost cried out at the horror of the secret written there. It was too dreadful to believe.

He got up. He must talk to McAndrews. And then—a few seconds later—as Lee turned to go and find the doctor, there was suddenly the cry of "*Man overboard!*"—a shouting and yelling, excitement, people rushing about, a creaking and rattling and heaving as a boat was swung over the side, a splashing of oars in the dark, a hopeless, helpless searching about, and finally a voice—somebody's voice:

"*He's* gone!"

"Who?"

"McAndrews."

And Prince Mehmet Ali's fanatical, bloodthirsty plan moves another step nearer completion. What part, if any, will Lee play in this sinister game? What secret does the message hold and how will Neale fit in the picture? Don't miss the new and thrilling revelations in the next installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—Ex-President Herbert Hoover when he was twenty-five and a mining engineer in Australia.

2—The white lily.

3—It is a goatlike wild sheep found in northern Africa.

4—Mr. Bumble, in Oliver Twist.

5—About 5,000 miles.

6—No; Duffy, his Negro valet, renders that service.

7—Dr. H. H. Sheldon. The device, employing a photoelectric cell, matches colors exactly.

8—Fourteen and the District of Columbia.

9—The Aztecs in Mexico and the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico.

10—A fleet of about ten ships disguised with wood and canvas to resemble British battle cruisers so as to lure German U-boats away from the Grand Fleet.

11—Because of her desire to Christianize the natives of heathen lands.

12—Hew, hue, Hugh.

13—Alexander Hamilton. It was rumored that George Washington was his father.

14—An acknowledgment, written and non-negotiable, of a credit to the account of the person to whom the due bill is issued.

15—Emily Montague, by Mrs. Frances Brooke, published in 1769.

16—Renowned philosopher (pragmatism) and psychologist. His brother was Henry James, the novelist.

17—The first cent (1792) was of copper and weighed 264 grains; the Lincoln penny is of bronze and weighs 48 grains.

18—Seventeen.

19—Janet Gaynor, or Laura Gainer—as she was then known.

20—$20.41 an ounce.

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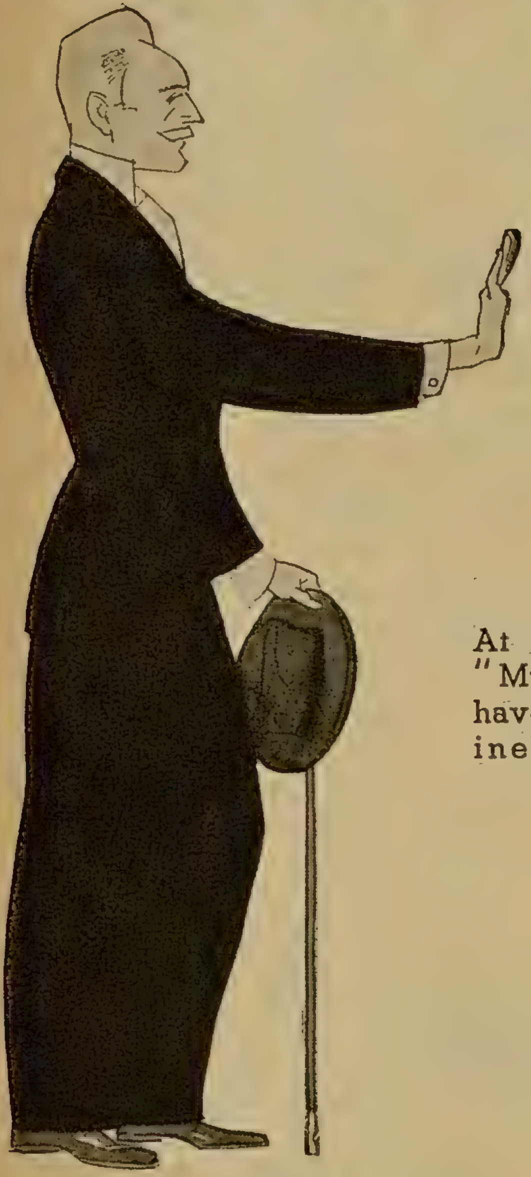


At the door he said, "My good woman, you have completely ruined my evening."

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

DID you ever stop to think that bachelors continue their airy route through life only because some gal hasn't been smart enough to bring them to earth and make them say, "I do"?

When I say bachelor, I mean an unattached male, bravely over his collegiate idiosyncrasies, during which period any row of blonde bangs reclining on his manly chest can get him if he don't look out.

My favorite bachelor's name is Ted. Ted is thirty-eight, good-looking, well groomed, and athletically bronzed. He's a partner in a manufacturing concern, owns an airplane, an imported car, a manservant, an excellent cook, and a small but very chic penthouse.

When you ask Ted's frivolous young niece why he never married, she grins this at you: "He tells me he can't find a girl that'll say 'no.'" But Ted says it isn't so.

At twenty-four Ted was madly in love with a charming young woman about to become a divorcee.

"When mother found out I considered myself engaged to Mary, she said, 'No son of mine takes a divorced woman for his wife. If you marry this girl, you will no longer be considered a part of our family!' And, what's more, she meant it!

"I went on seeing Mary regularly, but things between us were never quite the same. I was the youngest; I'd been spoiled and petted, and without my people life loomed as something very desolate indeed," Ted continued.

"Finally one morning Mary said, 'See here, Ted, a month from today I'm going to get married—either to you or John Smith. It's for you to decide.'

"Up to the very last minute I couldn't make up my mind to let her go. She's still Mrs. John Smith."

Such was Ted's first delivery from matrimony. He's been escaping it ever since. Like the rest of his colleagues, he stoutly maintains, however, he'd get married all right *if* the right girl could be found. It would seem as if contestants have a way of letting romance down before its apex has been reached.

As a general rule Ted likes to make his own dates.

"Now, some girls can call you up," said he, "and it's O.K. It just depends on the way it's done. Betsy Taylor phoned me last night: 'Say, Ted, want to take me out to dinner?' she asked.

"'Sorry, honey,' said I; 'have a date, but I could call for you at eleven.'

"Said Betsy, 'No, don't bother; as you aren't free, I'll do something else.'"

That was grand as far as Ted was concerned—obviously Betsy had no intention of draping herself around his neck, nor were her feelings hurt.

"Shortly after that," continued Ted, "little Priscilla Thompson came on the wire.

"Said she hesitatingly, 'Will you come up to the house for dinner, Ted?'"

To which he answered, "Too bad, dear; I have another engagement."

"I could sense," said Ted, "she was embarrassed, and that she felt she had done something she wished she hadn't done. Now that simply irritated me."

It will be a long, long time before Ted sees Priscilla again.

From telephone calls we came to the question of Gifts for Bachelors.

An occasional present, once in a while, they apparently don't mind.

Said my celibate pal, "A man forgets what a girl's doing for *him;* he's only terrified at what the girl will be expecting him to do for *her!* And does he hate to be put in a position where something *is* expected of him! It's just another of those excellent excuses to stay single while the going is good."

My doctor is a bachelor. He told me he'd have married if the young woman hadn't finally attempted to bribe him, as it were. At the time he was a hospital interne, while she was just a little rich girl.

What she said sweetly one night was practically this:

"Now, darling, I know you can't ask me to marry you as things stand, because you haven't the capital for a practice after you leave the hospital. Dad will arrange all that for you. He'll give us a house for a wedding present. He has a tremendous circle of friends and much political pull. So everything will be perfectly all right."

Ted had a somewhat similar experience.

"It was during the stock boom," said Ted, "and there was a girl I really liked quite a lot. She was one of the Wall Street Farrars. Her family was wealthy, far beyond my means, although I was earning a very good living at the time.

"Said Lois nonchalantly one day, 'Ted, I think you'd be grand on the Street. Thursday I want you to meet my brother Sturges and have a talk with him. The Street is going to be a grand spot for you.'"

Ted promptly realized the idea was to groom him for riches as great as the Farrars', and he refused to see himself enslaved by their millions for the rest of his life. He couldn't make Lois understand that he wasn't interested in the stock market but did happen to be interested in his own job. They agreed to disagree.

Men perpetually accuse women of lacking a sense of humor. Well, if you're practicing at being funny, sister, don't try telling Percy the screaming remark your little brother Joe made at breakfast, while he's cheek to cheek with you, dancing. The chances are you won't be dancing with Percy again!

Make Men Bachelors

f Letting Prospective Husbands Get
ife, Are Listed Most of the Fatal Mistakes

"Betsy Taylor phoned. 'Want to take me to dinner?' she asked."

by ALISSA KEIR

Remember, although they're inclined to deny the fact, men fundamentally are more sentimental than women.

Apropos: There's a famous editor in Philadelphia, an Oxford graduate, and with his cane in his hand and his tongue in his cheek he's more English than any Englishman. Around the city desk, when things are going slow, yon F. E. can be induced by his staff to tell the story of Why I Never Married.

It seems that at the age of forty he had somewhat reluctantly succumbed to the charms of a young and winsome widow. During the zenith of an impassioned moment one certain evening, the winsome widow looked up at him starry-eyed. What she ecstatically lisped was, "Say, I hear there's a swell program at Keith's this week!"

The F. E. shook himself together, straightened his Bond Street tie, and as he walked toward the door he said, "My good woman, you have completely ruined my evening."

But, oh, when jealousy and suspicion rear their ugly heads! I thought I'd do a little matchmaking 'twixt Harriet Davis and Eddie Graham. Harriet didn't seem to be making much headway. So I invited them to dinner. During cocktails the phone rang.

Said my maid, "Mr. Graham, a lady would like to speak to you."

Through the receiver a high-pitched woman's voice could be heard vibrating, to which Eddie gave noncommittal, monosyllabic replies.

"Stop talking to her!" screamed Harriet. Eddie paid no attention, and continued his perfectly poised listening. Whereupon Harriet proceeded to throw herself on the floor and bite Eddie in the leg.

RIGHT here we cut back to another episode in the life of our friend Ted. This girl's name was Patricia, and she was old enough to stay out with Ted until sunrise.

Because he wanted to relax, after no sleep and a hard office day, Ted instructed his man, in case she called, to say he'd flown to his factory's branch in Detroit. At midnight there was a ring and Ted sleepily seized the phone. It was Patricia.

"I thought you were lying," she panted.

"My dear," answered Ted, "I meant to call you and explain a lot of things in the morning. You've accomplished nothing but making us both uncomfortable."

She never wished to see him again, was all Patricia had to say. Ted took her at her word.

Hugh Hollister was a schoolfellow of my brother, and isn't in the least averse to getting married.

Says he, "When a man gets older, some girl is going to make a sucker out of him anyway—so what's the difference?"

Strange to say—maybe it's Hugh's alibi—he finds it difficult to find a mate.

"I don't particularly like young girls," continues Hugh; "they bore me. I like women toward my own age; but I've knocked around enough to get annoyed when they suddenly go mid-Victorian on me and expect to be treated with the stately decorum my great-grandfather handed my great-grandmother.

"Women shouldn't drink after they're thirty" is one of Hugh's axioms. "They then become problem children, and nobody's interested in problem children after they're through kindergarten, because by that time they're pests."

Lack of consideration in small things seems to have finished many a promising idyl. I remember my cousin Fred's old flame, Babs Anderson. Said Fred, after a movie one spring evening, "Like to go for a drive?"

"Yes," said Babs. "I want to go to Coney Island."

"But," expostulated Fred, "it takes an hour to get there! It's late, and I have to get up early—"

"But I want to go to Coney Island," persisted Babs.

By the time she'd said "But I want to go to Coney Island" for the fourth time, Fred silently turned the car around and dropped her at her own house.

Just one girl has played havoc with Burton's life, and he is as confirmed a bachelor as one ever will be.

"I was crazy about Nancy," said he, "and I'd have married her any day."

For four years Nancy regularly broke off her engagement to Burton every few months, only to call him back a few weeks later.

"To use her exact words," said he, "she felt at these times that she *loved* me but was not *in love* with me. I never could figure out just exactly what she meant."

To Nancy's amazement, he one day refused to return to the fold. He had found out how restful a sailing boat could be!

Said an unattached Southerner to me, "I'll tell you what happened to my Big Romance. I was crazy about Virginia Leighton, my boss's secretary. But through the usual channels of office gossip it was reported to me that Virgie boasted to the other stenos, 'Andy always does what I tell him—he's just my slave!' I intended marrying Virginia, but it irked me.

"Well, shortly afterward Virgie and I went to a party given by the staff. Virgie had had a few drinks and she forthwith started:

"'My sweet little Andy—you'd do anything I want, wouldn't you? You'd even let another man take me home if I wanted him to, wouldn't you, honey?'"

"Sure," said Andy, and asked for his hat.

"I couldn't face the boys ragging me," he confessed, "and keep my self-respect. It was simpler to say, 'Virginia? Oh, *that's* all off.'"

Man is born with a low resistance to the marriage bacilli which breed in his cardiac regions. Each time, however, the bugs are overcome his resistance increases. Finally he is practically immune, and we have the Confirmed Bachelor.

THE END

TEARFUL, TOPI

Mr. March and Miss Oberon Score in a Poignan
Adventure for Miss Stanwyck, and Charli

by BEVERLY

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ THE DARK ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall, Janet Beecher, John Halliday, Henrietta Crosman, Frieda Inescort, Claud Allister, George Breakstone, Douglas Walton, Cora Sue Collins. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Story by Guy Bolton.

IMPECCABLY mounted and suavely presented, The Dark Angel is quite the loveliest of the new movie season's lachrymose offerings. This graceful tear jerker retells the sentimental romance enacted by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in the silent days. Samuel Goldwyn's new version of Guy Bolton's play is superior entertainment in all its departments. Gregg Toland's photography is superb; the musical score is consistently effective in heightening the mood of the scenes; and Sidney Franklin's direction, though slow, sharpens the poignancy of the film's well mannered sentimentality.

Merle Oberon—no longer an exotic but a fresh and appealing English girl—is not only the most fetching eyeful to hit the screen in some time but gives a performance of blended warmth and restraint that marks her for a glittering future. As her rival suitors, Herbert Marshall and Fredric March are properly noble and romantic. March especially, unburdened with costumes, is at his best in the juiciest role he has ever had.

Thoughtfully and intelligently adapted, The Dark Angel builds to one big scene. This is the one wherein March, left blind and lonely by the war, is visited by the lovelorn Miss Oberon. Rather than have her share his tragedy, the sightless veteran pretends that their affair was but a youthful fling. By memorizing the position of all the objects in the room, he tries to keep her from knowing of his blindness. The scene is a gem of its sentimental sort.

Though it completely ignores the grimmer aspects of its bellicose background and is peopled with characters much too noble ever to be quite believable, The Dark Angel remains one of the distinctive pictures of the year. Besides the splendid playing, it has charm and feeling and, above all, it is imbued with that elusive quality called taste.

VITAL STATISTICS: First produced as a play which flopped at $100,000 because it was saccharine war stuff in a What Price Glory age, The Dark Angel's now been twice moviefied by Sam Goldwyn. Costing approximately half a million each time, it will again clean up. . . . Born twenty-three years ago in Tasmania, Merle Oberon's really Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. For a time submitted to schooling in Bombay and Calcutta. At seventeen went to England with an avuncular relative, insisted on remaining there. After much hunting got job as a hostess. Later small movie bits came. Korda saw her and signed her. At this time she was Merle O'Brien, so Korda trimmed it first to Merle Auberon (too mannish), then to her present decorative title. Losing her head as Anne Boleyn to King Henry, the Laughton gave her her cinema feet. (Catch on?) Is five feet two, weighs 108, has chestnut hair and hazel eyes, is constantly changing her hairdress, cosmetics, perfume, and mind. For the first in a long time plays her own sweet English self and not another Exotic Slant-Eyes. . . . Fredric March, after a year of wigs, beards, doublets, swords, boots, and Russian blouses, has his first modern part since Good Dame, made a year ago. Likes it. Is crazy about his adopted kids, for whom he is always thinking up new disguises for spinach. . . . Reticent, retiring Herbert Marshall had no thought of becoming an actor till he'd tried everything else, only accepted a stage bit at nineteen under duress, and today is probably the most finished literate leading man in Hollywood. His diction is starched, ironed, and measured out, and he may yet reach deserved stardom. Was wounded severely in war at Arras. . . . Brooklyn-Briton John Halliday was born in Brooklyn, made a mining engineer in Great Britain, where he picked up a jolly good British accent. He's since ditched the accent and become one of the leading British actors of Hollywood. . . . Claud Allister appeared in the staged Dark Angel. His father's a British general.

★ ★ RED SALUTE

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young, Hardie Albright, Cliff Edwards, Ruth Donnelly, Gordon Jones, Paul Stanton, Purnell Pratt, Nella Walker, and others. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Story by Humphrey Pearson.

CAPITALIZING on the current headlines, Red Salute pretends to be a study of Communism in colleges. Actually it is a weak though loud copy of It Happened One Night. The film goes about its political inquiry in a timid manner, as if shocked at itself for having dared to touch upon a vital subject, and having touched it, not knowing what to do about it. The government problems are brought down to such elements as whether or not it is proper to stamp upon the American flag.

4 stars — Extraordinary
3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good
1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

Fredric March, Merle Oberon, and Herbert Marshall in a scene from The Dark Angel.

Barbara Stanwyck plays a headstrong miss in love with a campus agitator (Hardie Albright). Her father, an army officer, is afraid of the publicity and ships her off to Mexico to cool off. Miss Stanwyck, however, is not one to cool off quickly. She picks up a soldier (Robert Young) in a border-town bar. With the assistance of a few drinks, she persuades him to desert, steal a car, rob a couple, and take her home to Washington. A nationwide hunt follows. The soldier is court-martialed, and Miss Stanwyck is sent home, where she announces her engagement to the Communist.

As a last and telling bit of defiance, the girl attends a Red rally where her fiancé is to speak. The soldier, sprung from jail, arrives on the scene too. When he not only defends his country but rolls up his sleeve to show a flag tattooed on his arm, Miss Stanwyck realizes that she loved him all along.

Red Salute is full of action and amusing in those scenes where Miss Stanwyck, Robert Young, and Cliff Edwards are being chased across the country. But its sledgehammer humor cannot be borne in sustained doses.

VITAL STATISTICS: Barbara Stanwyck, born Ruby Stevens in Flatbush, the really Brooklyn part of Brooklyn, is twenty-eight and had a rough beginning. Her parents died when she was very young and she spent much of her youth in orphanages and the homes of others. At thirteen she was an office worker and later ambitioned into a chorus gal. Worked hard and landed in The Noose, a play from which she went to Burlesque. Married Frank Fay, vodvil wit. Both came to Hollywood, where Barbara made good. Now she's free-lancing after a twinkle of stardom including Ladies of Leisure and So Big. Wants some day to see "Directed by Barbara Stanwyck" on screen. Thinks the chorus is the way to the heart of acting success. Got landsick in the trailer scenes, as did Robert Young. Has an adopted baby son but wants two of her own. . . . One hundred and fifty wind machines made that dust storm; red fog lights were used by Director Lanfield to signal his actors, and storm caused local rumors of dust storms sweeping California. . . . Robert Young spends more time working for other studios than he does on his own lot (Muggum). Was happy in this part, an escape from his usual studious meticulous ones. . . . Within a seven-year span Cliff Ukulele Ike Edwards has crossed the continent twenty-eight times. Early in life he started as a sign painter. Later he tried the traps, without success. So he tank-towned with a uke and a musical high whine. The ukulele or tortured strumming age swept him into national prominence. Since then Cliff's been trying to live down the ukulele and climb as a character actor. But it's hard to live down a uke. Cliff was born in Hannibal, Missouri, and 11,000,000 records of his songs have been sold. . . . That celluloid comic strip Ruth Donnelly gets practically all her fan mail from Spain and South America and from youngsters. . . . Nella (Chicago) Walker has been married and divorced from Wilbur Mack, with whom she vodvilled for years. . . . Scores of eyes blacked and noses bloodied in the film's campus riot. Eight hundred extras, many of them students, participated. . . . Edward Small, independent producer who made this, was once a ten-per-cent theatrical agent; has a fine story mind and drives his writers in the Zanuckian method for getting perfection.

CAL, TANTALIZING

ay from the Past; the Headlines Suggest an
han Keeps the Customers Guessing Again

HILLS

★ ★ CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI

THE PLAYERS: Warner Oland, Irene Hervey, Charles Locher, Russell Hicks, Keye Luke, Halliwell Hobbes, Frederick Vogeding, Neil Fitzgerald. Directed by James Tinling. Based on the Earl Derr Biggers stories.

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI is a thoroughly satisfactory chapter in the long film life of the famous Earl Derr Biggers's character. The Oriental detective has evidently lost none of his cunning. This episode has him on a return trip to Shanghai, where, at a banquet in his honor, one of the guests is mysteriously killed.

From there on the picture is sprightly with chases and captures, intrigue and fighting, but nothing stops Charlie Chan, who finds the murderer and rounds up a dope-smuggling ring. Warner Oland has played the subtle detective so often that it is difficult to think of him in any other guise. Irene Hervey, Keye Luke, and Charles Locher give him adequate support. This pleasantly spooky film goes about its gory business in entertaining style and is fashioned tightly enough to keep you guessing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charlie Chans cost under $200,000 and are consistent money-makers. . . . Were flops until Johann Warner Oland tested for role of the amiable fuddy-duddy detective with the Chinese Chamber of Commerce philosophy. Oland's chances to cop part weren't considered good, because of his heavy proclivities. Now Oland's nonsympathetic roles are decreasing, and where he started to fame as a slit-eyed slinking Oriental menace he will probably end his days as a comfortable kindly Confucian. It's sheer life! Born in Umea, Sweden, Oland came here at thirteen, and that cultured Chinese he speaks is a product of the Boston High School and Curry's Drama School, where he practiced concert-stage tootling. He screen-debutted with the Mae West of the early cinema, Theda Bara, in Jewels of the Madonna. His first Oriental role came in a serial called Patria, made by Pathé in Ithaca. For years you couldn't go to a nickelodeon without having Oland's heavy almond slits peering hideously at you from behind cracks. Gets about $22,000 these days for a picture—three weeks' work—and though he learns lines easily, can never remember them. Hence his scripts are usually light-lined. Is married to former Edith Shearn, Boston easel engineeress, who does considerable painting and is now sculping under Archipenko. Has a Cape Cod mansion in Carpinteria, about seventy miles from Hollywood; a farmhouse in Southboro, Massachusetts; a 7,000-acre ranch on the wild island of Palmeto de la Virgin, near Mazatlan, Méjico.

★ ★ THIS IS THE LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, John McGuire, Sally Blane, Sidney Toler, Gloria Ray, Gordon Westcott, Francis Ford, Emma Dunn. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

CHUBBY nine-year-old Jane Withers first caught the public's fancy as Shirley Temple's heckler in Bright Eyes. Her happy villainy, her hoydenish good will, and her slyly naughty face marked this child as the screen's best brat and thoroughly delighted the charmed audience. So what happens? Miss Withers is made a star and a good girl.

But no amount of dialogue, direction, or photography can entirely submerge Miss Withers's impishness. Though the story has her doing the required amount of kindly acts and the standard cute kiddy tricks, her heart is not in these things. She really gets under full swing when she is punching a little boy in the nose, arguing with the umpire in a ball game, or stealing a ride on a freight train. She is a bit ill at ease in the other sequences.

If stardom, as it obviously does, means that Miss Withers's cinema life is going to be devoted to Girl Scout deeds, we hope that she will soon be sent back to supporting roles, where she can be as bad as she likes.

This Is the Life has Jane as a popular performer adopted by a worthless couple who exploit her talent for their own good. Tiring of this, she runs away with an escaped convict (John McGuire), who brings the plot to a climax by exposing the child's foster parents as crooks. This slight thread of story allows Miss Withers to sing and dance capably. It also gives her a few adventures while on the road. There are a couple of enchanting roughhouse episodes and of course the required prettier activities.

Don't pay any attention to Jane in these. She's only fooling.

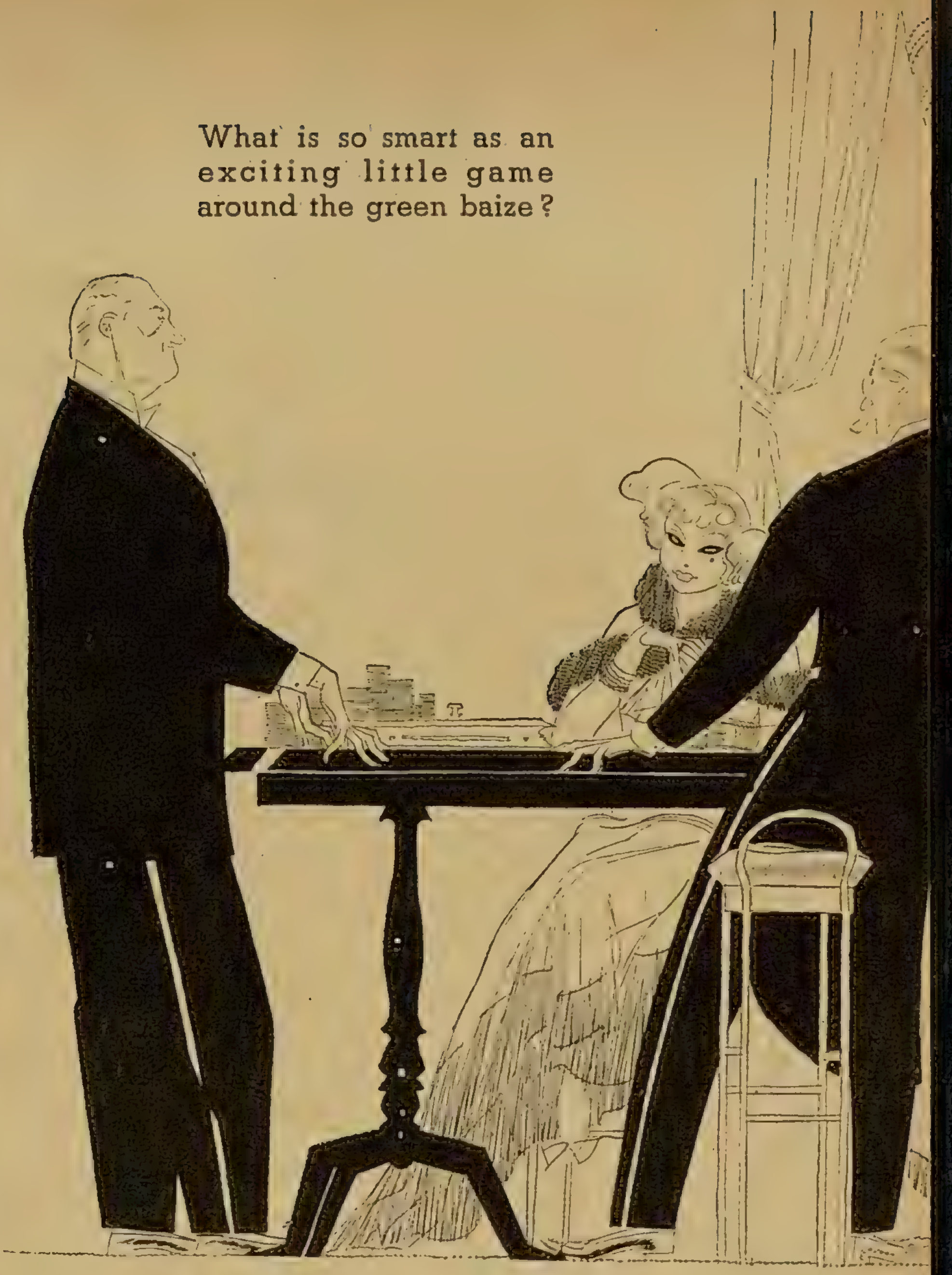
VITAL STATISTICS: If the Temple is worshiped as an adorable dotty-dimpled marshmallowy bit of heavenly cuteness at $1,200 a week, and Freddie Bartholomew grows more Barrymoreish every day at about half as much, Hollywood's Brat No. 1 Jane Withers remains unspoiled, still looking at life through a nine-year-old viewpoint. Her $300-a-week contract plus generous bonuses is about to be rewritten, now that she's about to step up into the star brackets and get a **** salary. Her mother promises Jane'll remain a Rich Little Poor Girl seeking a normal education, as unspoiled as in the days when she was radio's Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop and the heavy in the Shirley Temple piece. Still lives at a bungalow court. Likes to play the marble machines. Her repeated remark on her first movie location, that "This is the life," accounts for changing title from Meal Ticket. Likes soft-ball games; would live on malted milks if given the chance. Was heard on screen long before she was seen, when she dubbed six voices in a series of Silly Symphonies and Silly Looney Tunes. Modeled clothes at Hollywood dep't stores waiting for a break. In December, '32, won honor tab at Southern California Better Babies Exposish. And when you beat the California babies, who are huskier than Max Baers, even though you are Atlanta, Gawguh, bo'n, you're good. Marshall (Micky) Neilan calls her a little Elsie Janis; thinks her lack of beauty her chief asset; admires her perfect timing. The Gawguh accent's real; Jane can't sit still when music's played; she is well mannered, doesn't speak unless spoken to; can eat spinach till she's popeyed, but not her potatoes. Hair's straight; weighs sixty-eight pounds, is four feet six; has never been ill; eyes are green-gray; was born April 12, '26; doesn't use make-up but would like to; hates having doubles do her dirty work; hates to see the end of a picture coming in sight. Likes to run around rooftop edges on studio street sets. If she continues tomboyishly she'll yet wind up playing in the line for Yale. . . . Director Neilan has been around longer than De Mille's god; is gray-bushy-haired; still receives royalties from his old-time love-gush ballade Wonderful One; and can still bat out celluloid anecdotes and love sparks when encouraged. Was once Blanche Sweet's legal sweet; is strictly of the Hollywood older generation, if it can be said any one ages in Hollywood. . . . Amateur ichthyologist John Joseph McGuire toted the sowhide and socked the cowhide for old Santa Clara till he gradded cum laude in philosophy in '33. Luck, some odd jobs in bits, and John Ford landed him squarely in Will Rogers's last, which shows what an Irishman will do for an Irishman. John's unmarried and an only child of Auld Soddians.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds.

★★★—La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty.

A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON *Etiquette*



What is so smart as an exciting little game around the green baize?

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

GAMBLING
GOOD FORM AT THE RACE TRACK

IT'S great to be a good gambler—and by being a good gambler I mean a winner. Now all people who advise on gambling have a system—and I have mine. The first rule is, never play with your own money. It's only yours after you have won it.

Let us suppose that a gentleman friend asks you to the races. You just *love* the races! They are *so* exciting! You say so with a bright twinkle in your eye. Your companion is charmed by your enthusiasm and you rely on him utterly when it comes to betting.

You arrive at the track in time for a bite at the clubhouse. Betting on an empty stomach is too much for any lady's nerve. You look over the entries. "Which horse are we going to bet on?" you inquire. That *we* stuff is good. It makes a gentleman feel like a partner right away. Quaker Girl sounds like a nice ladylike horse to you—but of course you wouldn't know if she'd win. Your friend says that she has never been known to do so, but that there is a first time for everything.

Anyway, you fumble in your pocketbook—it's a nice gesture—as if you meant to use your own money, but your friend, if he is a gentleman, and you wouldn't be out with any other kind, beats you to the draw and produces his own wallet. This is his party, he will insist, and you must allow him to lay a little bet for you. He consults a pock-faced man and the deal is arranged.

The horses line up. Where is Quaker Girl? Ah, there she is! Quaker Girl is bashful. She doesn't want to stand in line with the other horses, but hangs back shyly.

But wait. This is only the beginning. With a rude shout the mob yells, "They're off!" as indeed they are—all but Quaker Girl. But finally she ambles forth.

This is no time to yell rude things. Quaker Girl is alone with her thoughts, far down the track. Suddenly she hears voices. It seems some other people have put their faith and their last nickel on her, and are admonishing her in no uncertain terms to get going. But too many people are yelling advice. She can't take it.

Gorilla comes in first, and Quaker Girl, tireless little creature that she is, keeps jogging along as if she does not realize the race is over. Well, that wasn't so good. But there are five more races, so don't lose heart.

Again your companion places a little bet for you. This time it's on Scandal. She's a dark horse, your friend explains, and pays eight to one. So once again they're off, with Scandal and Publicity Hound neck and neck. There they go round the bend. You just can't help shouting, "Come on, Scandal, we're for you!" Scandal hears you. She plunges forward. Here she comes down the stretch. She wins!

"How much do we make on Scandal?" you ask your friend. He tells you that when all is said and done, your share will be around a hundred dollars. Could you kiss that horse! You could even kiss your gentleman friend!

The third race, and Greased Lightning is defeated by Mud Turtle, and as you had your money on Greased Lightning this isn't so good. The fourth, fifth, and sixth races are similarly disappointing for you, but what's the difference? You've had the whole afternoon in the good fresh air, and there is nothing like good fresh air and a newly acquired hundred-dollar bill to make a girl have a good night's sleep when she goes to bed, if it's the last thing she does.

ROULETTE
A NIGHT AT THE ROUND TABLE

WHAT is so smart as an exciting little game around the green baize? It makes you think of Monte Carlo, even though you have been no nearer it than the Battery.

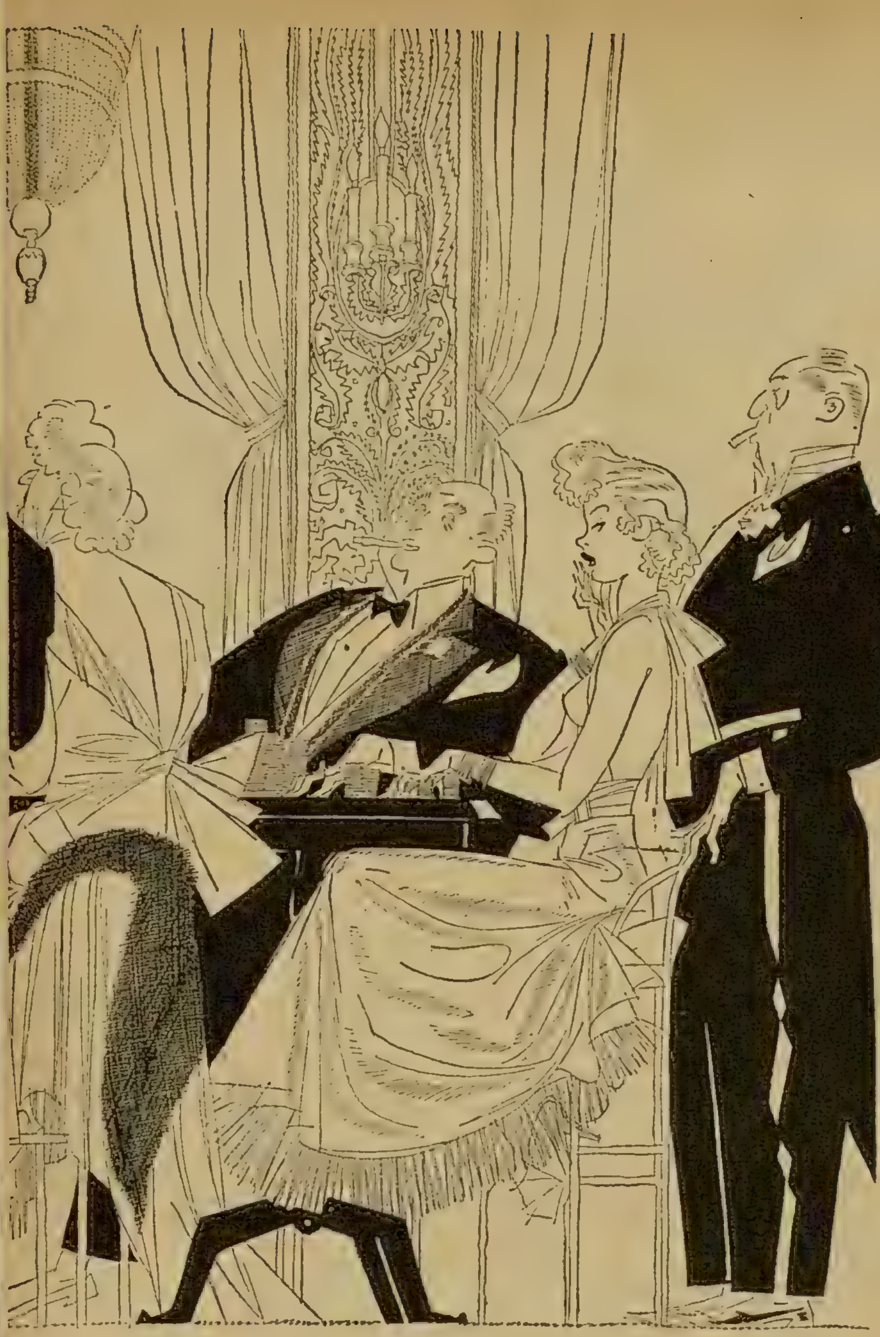
You are in an exclusive little gambling haven, and the gentleman with you buys a stack of chips for you. They don't mean a thing to you—just lovely red, white, and blue disks—and you love colors. Such a child!

You drop them around on your favorite numbers and

Our Mentor on Problems of Conduct Is In Again—This Time It's the Hazards of Gambling, from Horses to Hearts

by DOROTHY DAY

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON



giggle delightedly. Then the wheel spins and stops and a nasty man rakes in your chips. In no time at all your chips have disappeared in this manner. But your partner has done pretty well, so he divides his stack with you. When this stack is gone you suddenly remember it's your bedtime and you really must go.

Your friend cashes in his chips and are you surprised when he tells you that he really has been playing for you all the time and the money is yours! It's not polite to count the bills he stuffs into your reluctant purse—better carry a large one. Once inside your own apartment, you are at liberty to count up, and if the profits are over fifty dollars, you may consider it an evening well spent.

DICE
HOW TO HAVE A WAY WITH MEN AND DICE

A VULGAR game, dice, but some of our better people get to playing it nowadays at cocktail parties. You are not supposed to know a thing about the game, because the only time you ever rolled dice before was when you used to play parcheesi with your little sister. So, after the kind and patient gentleman explains the rules to you, you agree to try your luck.

If you win, it's beginner's luck, and everybody is happy. If you lose, the gentleman who did the explaining really feels responsible and may stake you to some more money. If you keep at it long enough and stay sober, you're bound to win because you will be the only person able to read the digits on the dice anyway, and there you have them!

HEARTS
MODERN STYLE

IN the game of hearts to which I now refer I do not mean that old card game you used to play with your rich Aunt Minnie. I mean Human Hearts, which is just a little touching, don't you think?

Now I strongly advise against friendships with college boys because the hand that robs the cradle does not rule the world. But say that you have in a weak moment accepted the attentions of a young fellow whose worst crime is that he doesn't wear garters. You have established yourself in his affections to the point where he mentions you in his sleep, drunk or sober.

News of his strange malady reaches the ears of his irate father, who, when he learns that son is urging matrimony, decides things have gone far enough, if not already too far. You, of course, having let your conscience and my lectures be your guide, know in your heart of hearts that your conscience is clear.

So when the telephone rudely awakens you some morning around eleven and you hear the voice of a gruff and angry gentleman, you may suspect that it is Papa.

"I want to talk to you seriously," he says by way of greeting.

"Oh," says you, stifling a little yawn, "it's Baby's Papa, isn't it? Well, well, well, good morning. It isn't anything *serious?*" you say with a little laugh.

"It's about my son Archibald!"

It seems Papa wants to make a date with you—a business appointment he calls it, and wishes to know if you will hurry down to his office.

You tell him you'd be delighted and that you'll make it by twelve thirty.

"But I go to lunch at that time," complains Baby's Papa.

"So do I," you reply and hang up.

You dress in your new spring suit and that adorable close-fitting hat. At twelve thirty you arrive. A nice-enough-looking old gentleman grunts at you, and under other circumstances he might be something to look forward to. Even as it is, he might not be so bad.

He starts in on you. "What's all this foolishness between you and my son?" he growls. "The boy is crazy. I hear he wants to marry you."

"Oh, dear!" you say with tears in your voice. "Please don't take that tone with me. You frighten me!"

You gasp and fumble for a chair. You say in such a little tiny voice, "I feel faint. I haven't had my breakfast yet."

You are a pathetic little thing as you sit there and two big tears well up in your eyes. Don't really cry or sniffle; just let them well. He realizes that he cannot let a young girl sit there in his office and starve, so he takes you to lunch where, he decides, the thing can be discussed just as well.

With the grapefruit Archie, Sr., still thinks you are a vampire trying to lure his son into the matrimonial bed. With the soup he thinks perhaps he has made a mistake; and by the time the salad is served, if you are any good at all, he is furious with his offspring for taking advantage of the affections of such an innocent child. You are far too sweet for any son of his. It seems then, at the end of the interview, that Papa really wants you for his own, and since a king is better than a knave any day, a fair exchange is no robbery.

Another one of these highly educational lectures will appear in an early issue.

Home Again...

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Home again—to this lady first of all!

HOME again, warm again, cool again—*comfortable.* That is my theme song upon returning to the American continent from Europe.

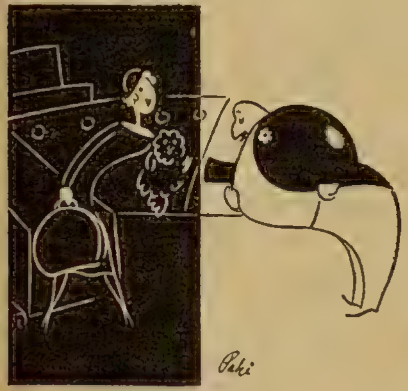
In London I was cold. Saw a giant radiator under my window. Couldn't find handle or gadget with which to turn the heat on. Called the maid, the valet, the porter. We all 'ad a go at it.

Net result: two disheveled women, a torn sleeve, one bleeding knuckle, a splinter in a thumb. S O S for the Scottish mechanic, who moved my furniture all over the place and broke my favorite ash tray—but finally got the heat turned on.

In Paris I was hot. Asked for ice. No ice today, madame. The machine of the refrigeration, he is out of order. Madame must understand that we have had too many hot days. The ice machine has been overworked. He is feenish.

In Berlin there were moths. Beetles, bugs, mosquitoes, flies, and huge night moths almost as big as chickens. They sailed in through my unscreened window. I rang for the maid, begged her to protect me. "Certainly," she said. "I will pull down your shutters, *gnädige Frau.*" Over my window she let fall fifteen feet of iron armor plate. My room was like the inside of a submarine. There I lay through the rest of the night—dreaming of Dracula!

The day I got home to my New York apartment I ran around patting the radiators, caressing the refrigerator, cooing at the window screens. European culture may be swell—but so is comfort.



For the first time I realized fully that taking mechanical civilization for granted—as we do in the United States—may be the proof that we are *civilized* enough to appreciate it.

● A blonde's revenge has been regaling stylish Paris and London with secret laughter. It is one of those comedies of spite which I am glad to say could scarcely take place back home here in America, where neither coronets nor courtesans are very seriously regarded.

The victim is a royal bride. The vengeful blonde is the bridegroom's ex-sweetie. She felt, professionally, that she could not afford to face a royal jilting without some kind of spectacular performance.

Inspired, she went straight to the Paris dressmakers then designing the bride's trousseau. By hook or crook she obtained access to the designs. Ordered an exact replica of each and every garment. Viciously managed the time element so that she and the bride had their fittings at the same hour every day. Brought the most efficient gossipmongers of her acquaintance with her to see the show and spread the joke.

London and Paris are still laughing. Isn't European *culture* delightful?

● We were looking at the crown jewels in the Tower of London. From their fortified cages of steel and glass the big gems blazed at us—crowns, scepters, necklaces, stomachers, and tiaras—all artistically hideous but all of them priceless.

Next to me stood an old brown-faced American tourist from the Middle West. In his hand he held a broad-brimmed hat of gray felt. He stared at the crown jewels. His eyes slid around to mine and he gave me a slow grin.

"Well, now," he drawled, "if we had these things back home I guess *our* yeggs would figure out some way of getting at 'em."

There was no mistaking the note of wistful, homesick, patriotic pride in his voice.

● Pierre Laval, Prime Minister of France, is a dandy diplomat. Here's a true story to prove it:

He wanted to moderate the price of sugar. Summoned the big French sugar merchants to a conference. But they wouldn't play ball. M. Laval told them the people of France were dissatisfied. His plea made no impression on the sugar men. They turned him down flat.

M. Laval changed the subject. Began to talk about his recent trip to Russia. He told the merchants about a palatial mansion in which he had been entertained.

"Ah," guessed one of the sugar gents, "a palace confiscated, no doubt, from some former grand duke?"

"No," said Laval. "It used to be the home of a Russian sugar magnate. I believe they shot him in the Revolution."

Next day the French sugar merchants informed M. Laval that they were ready to take his advice and moderate the price of sugar.

● *Various notes from there and here:*

Pointed chin beards all the rage lately among pilots of European air liners. . . . My heartfelt thanks for the readability of American newspapers and the smokability of American cigarettes. . . . Professional dress buyers at Paris fashion shows say, "Here comes a Ford," when they see a new model they think will be popular everywhere. . . . Our English language freest from affectation and most pleasant to the ear as spoken in Canada. . . . German raspberries served with unforgettable cream-and-cordial sauce at Horcher's in Berlin. . . . Shipping-strike turmoil at French Line office in Paris being entirely ignored by elderly Frenchman, who won't go away until they refund him a dime or so for free wine he was supposed to get, but didn't, on an excursion boat. . . . England now the happy hunting

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

ground for antique furniture, much American stuff having been sent there for sale. . . . New York customs inspectors are *international tops* for politeness, efficiency, expedience. . . . Rumpled skirts and unpressed suits seen everywhere abroad; average citizen of both sexes much neater over here. . . . Driving across the plains of Canada, for the first time I really understand Kipling's line about the welcome sight of *your neighbor's barn in the offing*. . . . In London I heard the Italian Fascist anthem, Giovinezza, and the Red Internationale song played almost simultaneously; they sound *too* much alike.

Vyvyan Donner, creator of fashion films

● Vyvyan Donner makes newsreel fashion films for the movies. She dazzles us with those perfectly gorgeous girls who display on the screen our latest hats, shoes, dresses, bathing suits, etc.

Her job is no cinch. We, the public, are so fickle that her prettiest girls cannot be used in pictures more than three or four times a year. In addition to their superlative beauty they must be ladylike by instinct, and quite smart as to camera work. They have to know what it's all about.

Strange to say, none of them have yet arrived at stardom in Hollywood, although the best of them have all been tried out there.

Some of Miss Donner's screen mannequins are young society girls. A number of them have married millionaires. One was introduced at court last year in London. Another is now engaged to a youth with five thousand a week *spending money!*

Censorship has played queer pranks with the fashion-movie business. Bathing-suit pictures are allowed to come within a thread of the nakedness of Eve—but no garter can be shown, or legs in long silk stockings, or corsets, or any lacy underwear.

Before she took up fashion newsreels, Vyvyan Donner used to produce short feature films of her own. Before that she was a costume designer, poster artist, newspaperwoman. She lives in New York and wears her hair in bangs.

● Two women friends and I were discussing a recent holdup case in which a lady of our neighborhood suffered rough treatment. We asked each other what we could do under the same circumstances. Said we would scream our lungs out.

The husband of one of us was present.

"You couldn't scream," he declared. "None of you could scream. Your voices are too habituated to soft polite talk. Right now I'll bet all three of you can't scream loud enough to get any outside attention."

Silly as it was, we took his bet. Screamed our loudest. And were appalled by the weak thin volume of our noise. Nothing happened. Not a soul came to our rescue. The horrid husband sat there, laughing and laughing.

But it wasn't funny. Not a bit funny! It isn't funny to realize that you *can't* scream for help if you need to.

Try it and see.

● A young wife living in Iowa has sent me a letter she received the other day from her mother. In its way it is a vivid human document. It shows how eagerly most of us will cherish the love of grandchildren—after our own children grow up and marry and move away.

In substance the letter merely describes an evening spent by an elderly couple taking care of a neighbor's child.

It says:

> She ate her supper at your old play table. Daddy buttered her bread and cut up her meat, just as he used to do for you. She sat on your little red chair—and it all sort of made a lump come into my throat. But never mind. It won't be long before we can keep your little chair and table downstairs all the time.

Perhaps we are not often conscious enough of the bond between grandparents and grandchildren. In their love the past and future meet—without any disillusioning conflicts of the present.

● Two historic rogues—one a woman, the other a man—have come back entertainingly to life this autumn in printed form. I enjoyed reading Marjorie Bowen's book, The Scandal of Sophie Dawes (published by D. Appleton-Century Company), and the Gwyn Jones biography of Richard Savage (published by the Viking Press).

● There are no oysters native to Bombay—but that's not why this dish is known as Bombay Oysters. This dish has curry in it, and in the geographically haphazard language of cooks, any dish with curry in it is a Bombay dish. I recommend this one. It's good.

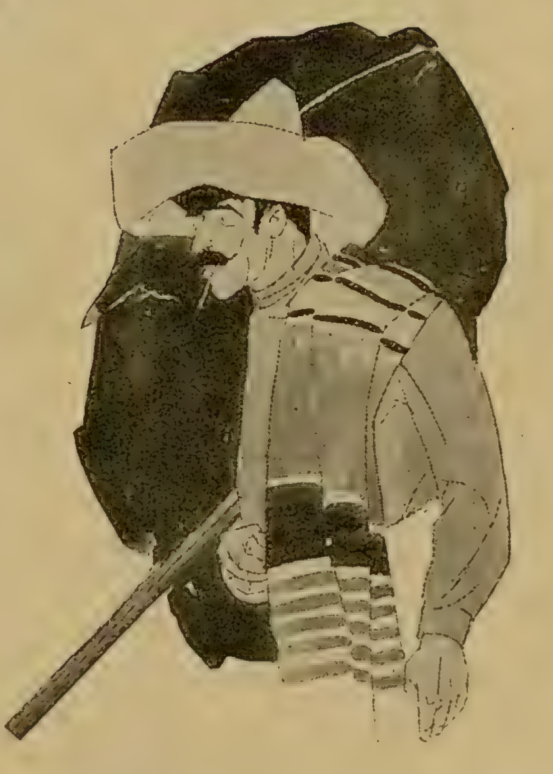
Fry ½ cup rice until pale yellow in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 2 cups tomato juice and 1 bay leaf. Turn rice into earthenware casserole, set on asbestos mat, bring to boil, then lower flame and cook very slowly for 35 minutes. Stir in 1 full tablespoon curry powder, salt to taste, add 2 dozen well drained oysters. Cook until oysters begin to curl. Serve with fried bananas and thin sandwiches of brown bread and butter.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

Liberty's Short Short

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

by
CHANNING POLLOCK



"I DON'T understand you," the Rev. Peter Very declared. "If you're opposed to war—"

Harriet Quinner looked up from her knitting.

"There's no 'if' about that," she said. "I've been a member of every peace society ever formed in this town."

"Exactly," Mr. Very assented. He was a square-jawed, square-built little man, convinced that there were two sides to every question—his own and the wrong side. He had known "Miss Q." for years, and respected her. Every one in this part of New England respected "Miss Q." For generations her family had lived in the same white-clapboard house and made its influence felt in every righteous movement.

"You agree with me that nations could and should settle their disputes as good citizens do—" went on the clergyman.

Miss Quinner nodded.

"—and yet you refuse to sign a petition calling upon our own country to disarm."

Miss Quinner was reversing her needles. Mr. Very had seen her do that hundreds of times, but still he couldn't help looking at her poor maimed left hand. Now his hostess followed his glance.

"I lost those fingers in Yucatán," she said.

"I know."

"I lost my sister there, too."

"Yes, I know that."

"She was all I had," Miss Quinner went on. "I've been alone ever since."

She rose and put down her work and crossed to the tall old-fashioned windows that faced the prim old-fashioned garden. She was a curiously quiet woman, Mr. Very thought. She reminded him of an ocean liner in a harbor—in a world full of panting undecided tugboats.

Mr. Very waited a moment and cleared his throat and resumed. "Some one must lead the way," he said. "'Thou shalt not kill.' Some one must show that there can be no excuse for murder."

He stopped because Miss Quinner so obviously was thinking of her own tragedy.

"I want to tell you how I lost my sister," she said. "No one else knows that."

"I had understood she was killed in a jungle."

"In the bush at Uxmal," Miss Quinner corrected him.

"That was just before I came here," Mr. Very remarked.

"It was something over ten years ago. The country really wasn't opened up yet, but Thompson had interested Harvard, and published a book or two. My sister and I had been in Egypt with my father before he died. I was anxious to compare the Egyptian ruins with those in Yucatán."

She returned to her chair but remained standing.

"I don't know why I took Florence. She was hardly more than a child, and very gay and romantic. I needed some one like that with me. We spent a week in a rest-house at Chichen Itzá, and then we went back to Mérida, and engaged an Indian to take us to Uxmal. The man's name was Raymundo, and he drove a decrepit Ford from the end of the railway at Muna. We two women spent the night at Muna, and started for Uxmal at daybreak.

"It was frightfully hot, and the road was unbelievably bad. Florence and I were in the back seat of the Ford, and Raymundo sat in front with a double-barreled shotgun beside him. Florence asked him why he had brought that. He said he wanted to kill pigeons."

"What did he do with them?" Mr. Very asked.

"I don't know. Ate them, I suppose, or sold them. But I was horrified. I love birds. I used to be president of our Audubon Society. So I argued with Raymundo, and then tried to buy him off. I suppose he thought I was crazy. Anyway, he brought down one dove from the car. The poor little thing; it wasn't even dead yet. Florence cried, and I was furious, but Raymundo only laughed and reloaded his gun."

Mr. Very inclined his head. He'd heard an outline of the story before, and he was anxious to get his petition signed and go home to dinner. Miss Quinner picked up her knitting and sat down with it in her lap.

"It was noon when we reached Uxmal," she continued, "and no shade anywhere. Just bush and half-buried heaps of stone and a blistering sun. Raymundo said there was a big tree half a mile through the bush. He began carrying our lunch there, and Florence wandered off, and I waited alone in the car. And then Raymundo came back for us and his gun and the dead pigeon, and I told him I'd rather starve than eat that. He laughed again, and we all went into the bush and had bread and a native dish of beans and some fruit. There was a cool breeze there, and Raymundo dozed off. So did Florence.

"I was nodding, myself, when suddenly I saw a queer movement in the bush. I touched Raymundo's arm and pointed and whispered, 'What's that?'

"Raymundo listened, and then whispered back:

"'Wildcat.'

"An instant later the beast broke cover. Raymundo reached for his gun."

Miss Quinner looked down again at her maimed hand.

"He was too late, I suppose?" Mr. Very remarked sympathetically.

Miss Q. shook her head.

"His aim was bad, then?"

"I don't think so," Miss Quinner said. "He was a dead shot. But my sister was killed—almost torn to pieces. And my arm and hand were torn too. The beast was half starved. Raymundo had to club him off."

"I don't understand," Mr. Very repeated himself. "If the Indian was a dead shot, and the gun was loaded—"

"It wasn't," Miss Quinner interrupted, suddenly upright in her chair. "The gun wasn't loaded. I knew that. I knew it before I heard the hammers click on two empty chambers. I'd taken the shells out while I was alone in the car so Raymundo couldn't kill pigeons."

Miss Quinner's voice had become shrill.

And then, very quietly, she picked up her knitting.

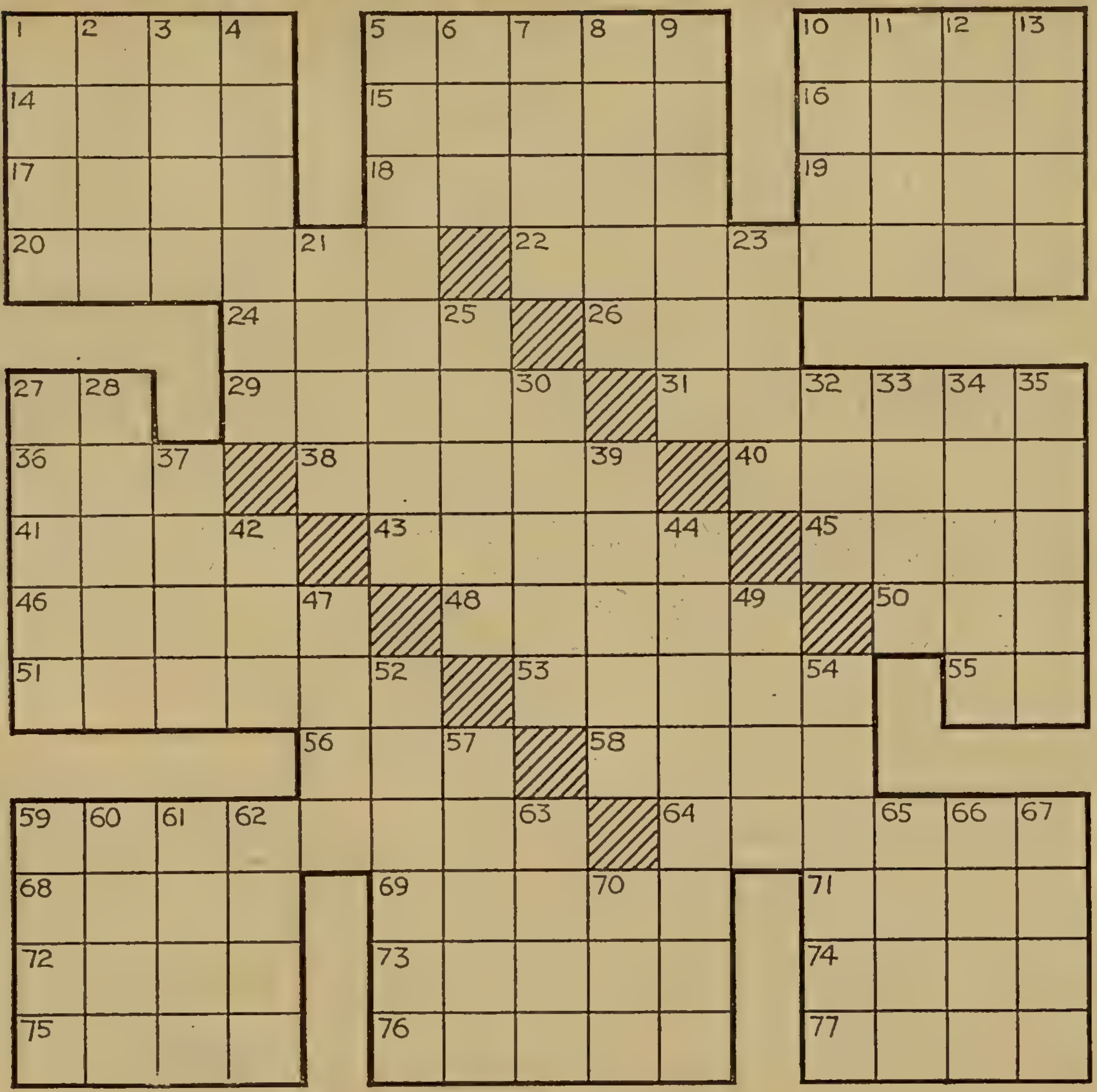
"I've never told any one else," she concluded.

Mr. Very rolled up his petition.

"You were right to tell me," he said.

THE END

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Tire out by severe tasks
5 South American animal allied to the guinea pig (plural)
10 White tip of a fox's tail (plural)
14 Biblical character (Genesis)
15 Italian family of violinmakers
16 A streamlet
17 American orator and statesman (1777-1852)
18 A seaport of Costa Rica
19 Notion
20 Asiatic sea snake
22 Growth from within (biology)
24 Part of the hipbone (plural)
26 An eternity
27 Symbol for cesium
29 The poplar
31 Inborn character
36 Antiquity
38 A Y-shaped pipe
40 Pertaining to the calf of the leg
41 The reason (philosophy)
43 Panegyrical funeral oration
45 To unite in a troop
46 Round and tapering to a point
48 The seaweeds
50 That which settles at the bottom
51 An emetic
53 Pinnacle of ice in a glacier
55 Syllable denoting hesitation
56 Payment by a tenant (old English law)
58 To erase
59 Herb of the mint family
64 Overseer of morals and conduct
68 American Indian
69 Erse
71 River in France
72 In a little while
73 Misrepresent
74 Talk inconsiderately
75 Facts or principles granted
76 Lets it stand (printing)
77 Old time (poetic)

		G	R	A	N	D	S	T	A	N	D	S		
	D	R	A	W	E	R	■	F	R	E	A	K	S	
T	R	A	W	L	S	■	■	■	S	A	B	O	T	
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C	E	D	E	D	■	S	U	H	■	L	I	S	T	S
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Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A playing card
2 Capable
3 Costly
4 City in Ohio
5 Cover with excuses
6 Biblical proper name (Ezra II)
7 A lead of a stained-glass window
8 Expiate
9 A kind of altar frontal
10 Spruce
11 Military officer, assistant to a superior
12 Narrow depression between hills
13 Put to death by violence
21 Badly
23 Indians of Tierra del Fuego
25 Receptacle for the wine of the Eucharist
27 An ancient Roman family
28 Single sled used in logging
30 Silver coins of ancient Greece
32 A wooden container
33 A mountain range in Russia
34 A Hindu queen
35 Of longer standing
37 A ridge of sand
39 Inciter
42 Thus (Latin)
44 Otalgia (plural)
47 Roman patriot
49 Comfort
52 Indians of Brazil and Guiana
54 Religious community
57 Mark indicating an insertion
59 A meadow
60 Wild buffalo of India
61 Disorderly behavior
62 Town in Germany
63 Measure of distance
65 To ensile
66 Ridges of drift (geol.)
67 Network, as of nerves
70 Perch

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Meadows

The new Meadows line of Washing Machines and Ironers has *everything*. See them—compare them—attend the

NATIONAL MEADOWS SHOW

being held right now at the store of your local Meadows Dealer.

See the Meadows—make sure of more for your money

MEADOWS CORPORATION
1945 South 54th Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Meadows
WASHERS and IRONERS
"MORE FOR YOUR MONEY"

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 94% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

APPLE JACK BRANDY
OLD SPEAS
BRAND
OLD SPEAS
FINE OLD
APPLE BRANDY

Vox Pop

FUR FLIES IN THE BEDFORD-JONES FAMILY

RECENTLY the cover display of a Communist magazine had this exclamatory blurb in reference to the chief feature of its contents:

MY FATHER IS A LIAR
An Exposé of H. Bedford-Jones'
Attack in Liberty Magazine on America's
Youth—Written by His Daughter,
NANCY BEDFORD-JONES

In connection with this startling "exposé" Vox Pop has received the following letter:

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—I have just returned from a trip to the Yellowstone, to be met by the news of my daughter's latest exploit.

It appears that when I first wrote the article Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College? that appeared in Liberty (September 7) under the nom de plume of J. G. Shaw, Nancy ran upon the carbon copy. (She was probably exploring my papers, etc., as I was doing to hers.)

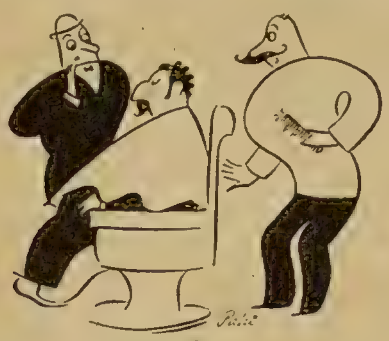
She then wrote out some article, which I have not seen except in newspaper accounts, and sent it to a Communist magazine, without a word to me. A counterblast. She guessed that my article would appear somewhere, and left the name of the publication blank, to be filled in when issued. The gal has brains, even if twisted.

Such is her story. I pass it on, to account for what must have amazed you as much as it did me. You are of course at liberty to use this if you like. I've refused any statement to the press. I'm used to being damaged.—*H. Bedford-Jones.*

HE SAYS WE AMERICANS STARE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Will you grant me, a foreign visitor, space in which to register my complaint on American vulgarity?

I was having my hair cut. Several people were awaiting their turn. Each and every one of them continually eyed me, my hair, my clothes, the style of my shoes or the shape of my head. They followed every move of the barber's shears. Each seemed to have a personal interest in the service I was receiving. I expected that one or more of them would offer his advice or suggestions on the operation, so keenly attentive they were.



To a person of refinement and culture, such unfriendly scrutiny is not only obnoxious but painful. I am a civilized European, white and normal. I wear American clothes and am frequently taken for American. There was nothing outlandish about my clothes or appearance which would attract unusual attention.

I have learned that staring is an ordinary American trait.

Why could not progressive barbers in a supposedly advanced country like this initiate privacy in service? Why not fit barbershops with private booths? Why, if you are such a smart people, has no American, in a country which prides itself on "service," ever thought of *that?*—*Cassius de Bartholdi.*

WRITE YOUR OWN, MACK

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Under the heading Tires of Sugar and Bread, Vox Popper G. Mack (August 31) asks for a story with a brunette or redhead for the heroine.

I want to tell Brother Mack that I have three stories, with brunette heroines, written and ready to send out; and he can read them if he can persuade the editor of Liberty to send for and publish them. If this doesn't work, I suggest that Brother Mack himself write a story of the kind he likes and send it to Liberty, whereupon, if published, he can get a mighty big thrill by reading it.—*Ernest Haviland Hobbs.*

WHY LOVE IS POSSIBLE

BIDDEFORD, ME.—Women are beautiful but dumb—beautiful so the men can stand them, and dumb so they can stand the men.—*Don Juan.*

DIXIE CONTEST WINNERS

MEMPHIS, TENN.—It seems unfair that winners of Liberty contests are so conspicuously absent in the Solid South. What is wrong with us down here?

I cannot remember a good showing of us in any contest in recent years in your magazine. Is there a reason for this? —*A Damn Rebel.*

[Recent Liberty contest winners, as already announced in this magazine, include the following persons residing in the South: Charles D. Orr, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. J. C. Southall, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Carl Pennington, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Nella N. Smith, Orlando, Fla.; Samuel H. Stewart, Kissimmee, Fla.; R. David Livingston, Coral Gables, Fla.; W. A. Carrie, Jacksonville, Fla.; Dr. L. J. Efird, Tampa, Fla.; Mrs. R. W. Simon, Augusta, Ga.; Charles W. Young, Atlanta, Ga.; J. I. Goulding, Atlanta, Ga.; Robt. W. Spicer, Lexington, Ky.; Elizabeth Castle, Louisville, Ky.; L. J. Quinlan, Baltimore, Md.; Benjamin Rubenstein, Baltimore, Md.; C. M. Steele, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; Raymond E. Colliflower, Baltimore, Md.; H. D. Winstead, Jackson, Miss.; John B. Adams, Knoxville, Tenn.; Ina P. Poythress, Clarendon, Va.; Nellie L. Rolfe, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. E. S. Ferguson, Richmond, Va.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

DIVORCE DECREES . . . LAWYERS' FEES

BALTIMORE, MD.—Just a note to call attention to the fact that divorces can be bought from lawyers in New Jersey but *cannot* be obtained from the courts! This is a most amazing fact, yet it is a fact, as shown by an Associated Press dispatch of August 27, 1935.

The dispatch shows that 434 New Jersey divorces granted by the court have not been entered for final decree because the lawyers have not been paid. Final decrees depend not upon the merit of the case but upon payment of attorney fees! Such a condition makes it impossible for any court to grant a divorce in New Jersey on testimony only. The court must subordinate its decisions to the lawyer's collection. — *Henry Edward Warner.*

WILL ROGERS WEEK

HOLYOKE, MASS.—We ought to have a Will Rogers Week in every city and have a percentage of the intake on his pictures go to charity. He would thus continue to live and help and be happy. —*Winnie Fay.*

EVERY WORD OF IT

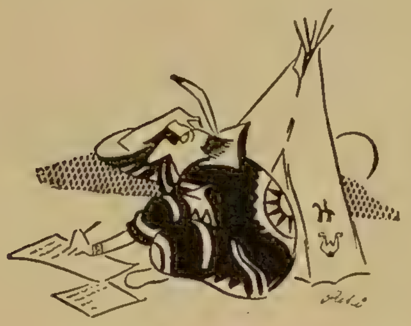
CHICAGO, ILL.—Vox Pop is too witty and smart for those who get brain storms to understand.

Two ladies in my family read every word of it, and when Ted Shane graces Liberty's pages we have the pleasure of his wit.—*We R Two.*

AN INDIAN GERTRUDE STEIN?

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Could you write a poem with only two words in it? Here's one that was written by an American Indian:

Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on.



Pretty good advice—that is, if you are on the right track.—*R. W. McAnally.*

URGES BOTH SIDES BE GIVEN

MARINE P. O., DETROIT, MICH.—Have read articles in Liberty on Nazism, Fascism, Communism, and Catholic persecution in Mexico with much interest.

I believe, to be fair, that you should present both sides of the case and not only one side, as you have done.

You, in order to be fair, should give Mussolini, Hitler, Joseph Stalin, and the President of Mexico a chance to present their sides of the argument in Liberty, thus giving the public a chance to judge each case on its own merits.—*Edmund William Buesing, S.S. Mariposa.*

"I MOVE, LET HIM WRITE"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The writer has just noticed that you have published his letter of May 22 and also that you have published your reply of June 8 (August 31 Vox Pop). In all fairness to the writer, we believe you should also have published our reply, dated June 17.

The writer is confirmed in his opinion that the statement in the second paragraph of his letter of June 17 will represent the views of a large majority of newspaper and periodical publishers.—*R. D. Hickok, The Hickok Electrical Instrument Co.*

[The second paragraph of that letter reads: "The writer believes that you did not fully understand the purpose of his letter of May 22. It was our intention to state our conviction that when articles appear in any publication such as those by Mr. Franklin it would be an indication of the desire of Liberty to contribute to the proof of the open-mindedness of Liberty to carry a statement appearing with such articles that the writer of same is employed by the federal government in a certain capacity."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TOPEKA, KAN.—Now that our good friend Mr. Hickok of Cleveland, Ohio, has "tipped us off" as to just who Jay Franklin is, I move we continue to let him write. All in favor signify by the usual voting sign! Did I hear Mr. Hickok say "Aye"? The "ayes" get it!—*Mrs. R. P. Hughes.*

EDITORIALS ARE OF SO GREAT VALUE

SABETHA, KAN.—Mr. Macfadden's weekly editorials are of so great value that the same should be printed in pamphlet or book form and placed in the hands of every high-school student in the country. There is and can be no better material for study or declamation by high-school students than these editorials.

I know that this would contribute materially to the knowledge and respect for the Constitution. I am willing to head a subscription list for this purpose with a substantial contribution. Do I hear a second?—*James L. Haley.*

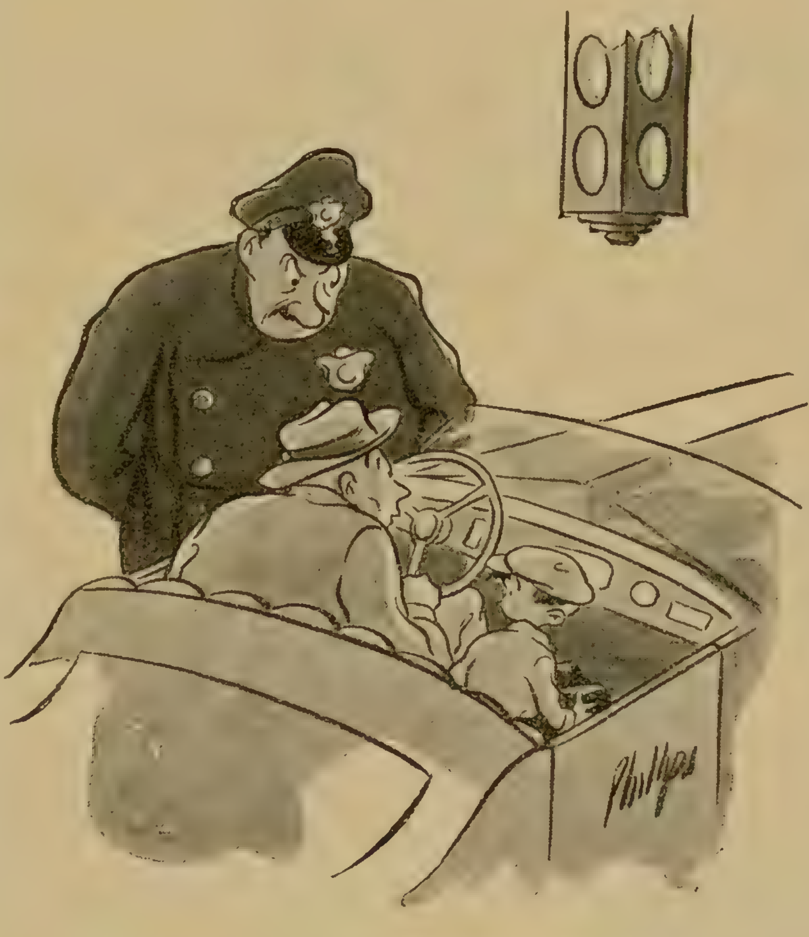
SALINAS, CALIF.—We wish to thank you for your gracious permission to reprint Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's August 10 editorial, Are Workers Courting Disaster?

We think that the article should help materially to counteract the propaganda of agitators and give them, in a dignified and dispassionate form, something to think of from the other side of the controversy.—*Chas. S. Brooks, Secy., Grower-Shipper Vegetable Association.*

MAIDSTONE, ENGLAND—I like Liberty so much. I had no idea any one in America had such sound ideas. I think the leading articles Mr. Macfadden writes each week are splendid.—*C. Josephine Moore.*

WHAT *PUN*—ISHMENT!

BALTIMORE, MD.—While on the subject of birthmarks, may I add my two cents' worth? While strolling through the zoo an expectant mother was frightened when a couple of bears escaped from a cage. Result: child born with two bare feet.—*Dr. M. Charles Elko.*



"Is that the cop you said was a numskull, pop?"

SCIENCE WILL FIND A WAY

COMANCHE, TEX.—I enjoyed the piece about freezing and resurrection, in your August 17 World of Tomorrow. I need the benefit of that scientific discovery.

I have a broken spinal cord and I need to be put in cold storage until a remedy is found, as both medical science and nature leave a person for the Good Samaritan to aid when he breaks all or part of the silver cord.

My neck has been broken over eight years now, but I trust and believe science will find a way to make nature repair that break for me—if I could only wait long enough.

Even so, the law would probably butt in and the experiment could never be carried out.—*Euell Rogers.*

THAT SPARKLING HAIRCOMB

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have read many queer stories in my days, but who ever heard of a guy who by combing his hair could discharge a shower of sparks in the air? The story was The Spark of Death, in August 17 Liberty, and was written by Evram Gershon, who is the bunk.—*Pershing Williams.*

FORGOTTEN AMERICAN

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—My idea of the forgotten American in regard to pensions is the man who was turned down for service in the Spanish-American War as under age—who volunteered in 1917 but was told, "Go home, dad; we will send for you when we need you"—and who is now 100 per cent disabled, but too young for the old-age pension.—*Lawrence Kennedy.*

IF EACH LABORER—

COLUMBIA, VA.—I have read with interest Mr. Macfadden's editorials on labor and the industrial world for the past six months, and I wish to congratulate him on his frankness to the so-called unions.

I believe, if each and every laborer in the country would just use a small portion of the common sense he has (or does he have common sense any more?) and a small portion of the advice Mr. Macfadden has given him with regard to union organizations, that the country would be better off today.—*Another Laborer.*

THE Sin THEY DO

A "Chance Acquaintance"—but She Happened to Be His Wife . . . Selfish, Egotistical, Cruel—but She Loved Him . . . The Story of an Amazing Marriage

by VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

PART SIX—THE SIREN

CLINT and Phil snarled and muttered oaths and leaped at each other. Once Freddie hung on Clint's arm and was dashed to the floor. When she stood up she had another bruise. This time above her eye. Marjory ran from one corner of the room to the other, sobbing wildly. She saw Freddie go to Phil and put her hand up on his face. She had an idea that in some strange way Freddie was trying to shield him from a blow, but when she looked again she saw that blood was oozing out of three long scratches that ran from below Phil's eye to his chin. The room was a shambles now. Lamps had been overturned and their shades stepped on. A vase of flowers had been pushed from the piano.

The men fell and got to their feet only to fall again, and Freddie always between them, her hair streaming, her small bony hands clutching now at Clint and now at Phil. "Stop, you fools!" she screamed at them. "Clint, if you don't stop you'll never see me again." But Marjory noted that it was only Phil who carried the bleeding marks of long, pointed nails.

The superintendent of the building came at last, after a dozen tenants had reported that something terrible was happening at the Tysons'. Marjory always gave him

---

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ENGAGED as entertainers for the summer at the Palais de la Mer, a gay restaurant on the New Jersey coast, Sherry Mack, a pretty ballad singer, and Ted Earle, a pianist, are invited to the table occupied by three steady patrons: Frederica Wheaton, known as Freddie; her most persistent lover, Clint Clemons; and their good friend, Roy Richards.

Indifferent to the presence of the entertainers, Freddie, in a huff, orders Clint to go home. Quite drunk, he leaves. But Sherry declares that it is sheer murder to let him drive in that condition. Whereupon Ted, her faithful slave, follows Clemons and knocks him out to prevent possible suicide.

This enrages Freddie at both the singer and the pianist. However, the self-willed Clint has Sherry made a member of their swanky beach club, and invites her for a motor spin, during which he drives like a demon. He is arrested and the frightened girl denounces him.

But Clint fascinates Sherry, and she confesses her feeling to Ted when he asks her to marry him. To complicate the situation all around, Roy falls in love with the café singer too.

Annoyed at Clint's pursuit of her, Freddie flees to her friends, the Tysons, in New York, but Clemons doggedly follows her. And once again she turns him down flat.

Hurt and vengeful at repeated rebuffs, Clint in a mad moment proposes to Sherry, and the deeply infatuated girl accepts him. They are married immediately!

On their wedding night Clint leaves his bride alone in his gloomy old mansion on the ocean front and goes off with Freddie Wheaton. A terrific storm rages, and Sherry goes through a night of grief and terror. For in that house Clint's mother had supposedly killed her husband and committed suicide.

Desperate, Sherry visits Freddie the next day, and asks her for a decent chance to be Clint's wife—to go away. Though she won't marry him, Freddie says she loves him, and taunts and tortures Sherry with her tongue. But she does vanish, and Clint is beside himself. Suspecting she has sought refuge with the Tysons again, he rushes to their apartment at midnight and a fist fight ensues between him and Phil Tyson, in which Freddie is hurt.

credit for having stopped the fight, but the men were exhausted anyway.

"You can come with me," the superintendent said to Clint. "You can wash up down in my place."

"Go ahead," Freddie said. "I'll meet you down there."

Clint picked up his hat and walked out. The Tysons departed for the bathroom, where Marjory, weeping stormily, washed Phil's bruises.

Freddie hurried into her clothes and met Marjory in the hall. "I'm going with him," she said. "I'm sorry for everything. I shouldn't have come here."

"Where are you going?"

"Home, I guess. Will you send my luggage back?"

"Yes, I will, Freddie. Good-by. Good luck."

"Good-by, Marjory." Their men had fought each other and nothing could ever be the same again.

Clint was standing in the huge ornate foyer of the building. His face was red and puffy and there was a little cross of adhesive tape below his left eye.

He said, "Don't look at me like that. The whole thing was your fault anyhow. Why did you try to run away?"

She didn't answer. Together they walked around the corner and got her car out of the garage, where a sleepy attendant inspected them with curiosity.

They stopped for a drink. They had a half dozen and looked at each other with drooping tired eyes.

"Let's go somewhere together, Freddie. Let's get away from everything. Let's drive to California tonight and go to China from there. Roy could sell everything we own and send us the money."

"What about your wife?"

"My what? Oh, her! She can go to hell."

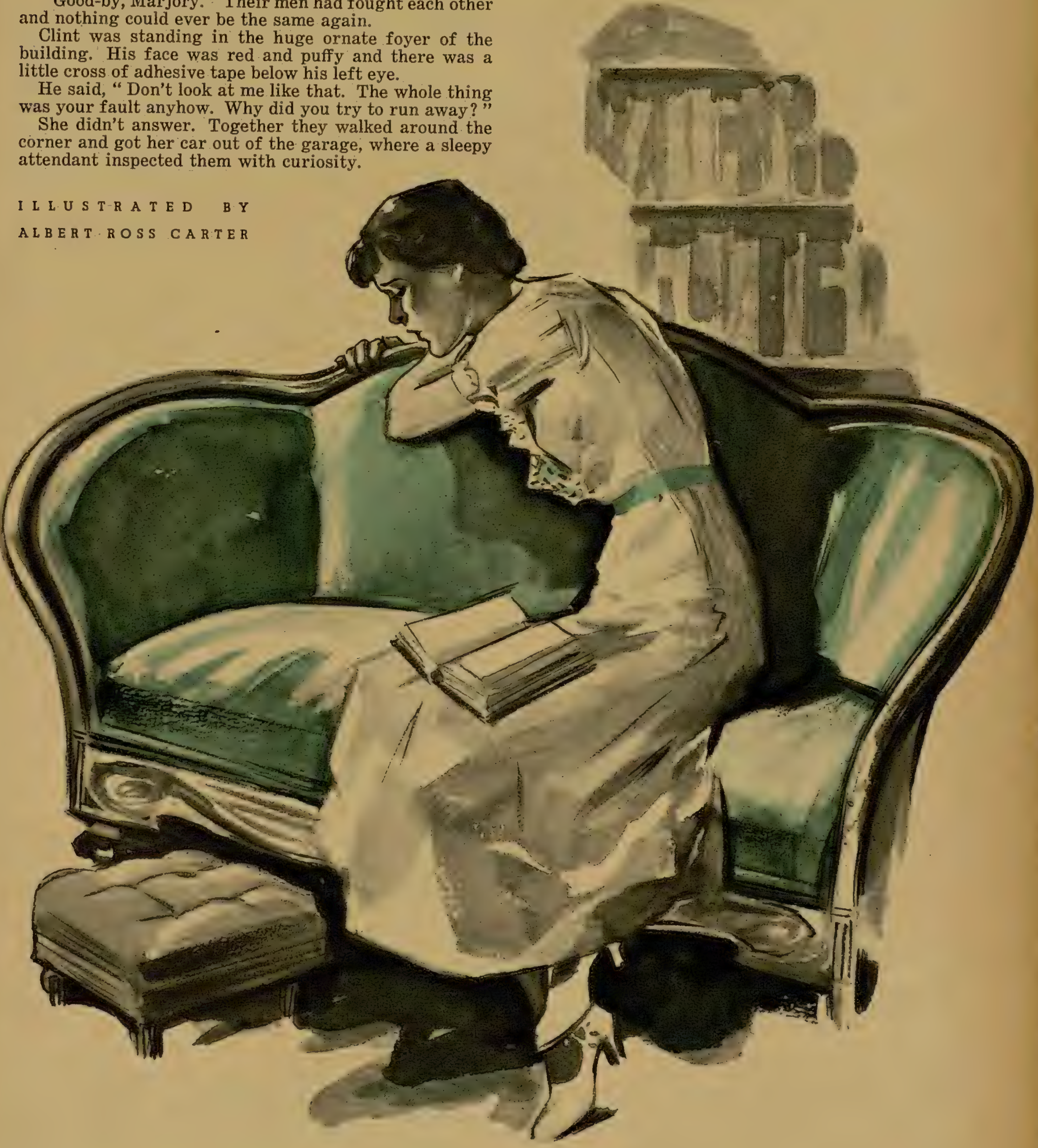
"Yes," said Freddie, "but she won't go to hell. We will. You and I will, but not her. People never go to hell who eat their meals on time. Did you ever notice that, Clint?"

"Let's go to China."

Suddenly she began to cry. "We can't go to China,

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALBERT ROSS CARTER



Sherry picked up her book but it could not hold her attention . . . She gave herself up to a good cry.

Clint. We'll never go to China. This is the farthest we'll ever get from Sea Edge."

"Oh, quit crying. Come on. We'll have another drink and then we'll go to China."

They had another drink, but they did not move from the small table.

"What's the good of me running away if you're going to run with me?"

"There is no good, Freddie. You can't get away from me."

Clint paid the check and they went out to the street. The sun was hot and it glittered fiercely in their eyes.

"I don't feel good," Freddie said. She leaned against him. "I think I'm sicker than I was yesterday."

"When did you eat last, Freddie?"

"I don't know. What's today? Thursday?"

They walked up Fifth Avenue for what seemed hours because Freddie thought she needed air. Then they rode around in a taxi searching for the garage in which they had parked the car. They couldn't recall whether the place itself had been in the Forties or Fifties. When they found the car they parked it again because Freddie believed that she could drink some coffee. Clint ate a huge breakfast and Freddie watched as long as she could stand it. Then she disappeared. When she came back they walked some more.

They got to Sea Edge in the early afternoon. Freddie drove directly to the Clemons house and went inside with Clint. Sherry was in the living room reading a book and looking maddeningly cool and clean. Freddie saw the shock with which her eyes took in the adhesive cross on Clint's face and the purple bruises on her own.

"There wasn't an accident?" she asked.

"No," Freddie said. "Just a fight. Well, Clint, I'm going home to sleep."

"It'll do you good," he said. "See you later."

Sherry walked out on the veranda with Freddie. "You're sick," she said.

Freddie said, "I need sleep. So does he. I'm sorry I wasn't a more successful runaway, but at least I brought him back to you. It was the best I could do."

"I know. Thanks for the try."

"I can't do it again. I'd like to. We'd all be better off, but I'm tired and I don't feel good."

"I know you don't." For a moment they stood looking at each other. Hostilities had ceased. Nobody knew for how long, but during that moment they could look at each other and Sherry could feel pity for the small face with its deathly pallor and ugly welts and Freddie could admire the tranquil beauty of the other girl.

"Well," Freddie said abruptly, "good-by."

"Good-by." Sherry hated herself for noticing that Freddie's slip showed three inches below the hem of her skirt.

She walked back into the house, and just as she did she heard the door of Clint's bedroom close. Sherry picked up her book but it could not hold her attention. She gave herself up to a good cry.

THE sun came out again, the beach and the ocean matched gold with silver, and crowds swarmed to the ocean. At least a half dozen times a week the terrible siren would scream through Sea Edge. The natives were accustomed to the weird signal of disaster. The siren meant an accident of any kind, but generally in the hot, crowded days it shrieked of a drowning.

Sherry spent every day at the club. The other members called her by name when she passed by and made room for her in their circles. They suddenly remembered that after all the Clemons name was important in the history of Monmouth County. And besides, the girl might tell

They moved into the living ro
Sherry and Roy heard an oa

what it was like to be married to Clint and that would be interesting.

But she smiled and nodded when they called to her and she never joined them. And soon the circles were closed to her and members of the club told each other that she was, after all, only a café singer who was smart enough to get Clint Clemons into a spot where he had to marry her.

Clint never came to the beach club with her. And Freddie Wheaton came no more to the club. Nobody saw Freddie and Clint together, save in quick flashes as they drove along the ocean highway, Freddie at the wheel and Clint looking solemn and drunkenly dignified.

Some days Roy came to the club, and the members were indignant at his careless greeting, his quick rush to Sherry's side. On some days Sherry brought as her guest the fellow who played and sang at the Palais de la Mer. He seemed to be a nice well-bred fellow. The women wondered if he knew what sort of person she was, and hoped she wasn't pulling the wool over his eyes. Ted never seemed to notice when one of the pretty girls smiled at him or complained loudly that she was dying for a cigarette.

NOTHING mattered if sometimes he could sit close to Sherry and talk to her and hear her voice. He did not believe her when she said that she was happy. She seldom spoke of Clint, and Ted had no friends among the people who could tell him of Clint's uninterrupted pursuit of Freddie. He only knew that something was wrong and that the wrong was on Clint's side. Ted would have bet his entire future on that.

Ted had a comfortable, normal outlook. No cynicism. No original thoughts. His precepts of life and death came first of all from Fundamentalist Alabama, and it was strangely sweet to hear simple homely truths spoken without shame. The law of compensation. The golden rule. The mills of the gods. Things that smart people didn't speak of except with laughter or with flashing wit and bitter irony.

Sherry would go home from talks with Ted feeling assured that things would work out right. When she went to the beach Clint was asleep. When she returned he was out. Sometimes he came back for dinner, but only if Roy also came. Most times she dined in solitary state. Since she had learned to drive the car she went to the movies or drove for miles through the moonlit nights. Clint had grown accustomed to her and answered civilly enough if she spoke to him. Otherwise he ignored her. She heard that Freddie was keeping alive on liquor, coffee, and cigarettes and that she spoke from time to time of leaving Sea Edge forever.

Sherry had her own room, which had once belonged to Melville Clemons's mother. She had redecorated it in ivory and jade green and Clint had never come to look.

With his permission the dining room had been done over. She had wanted to get away from any gloomy reminders, so she had gone wildly and frivolously modernistic.

Clint said, " I knew it would be like this. A chorus-girl's dream of how to make a place homey."

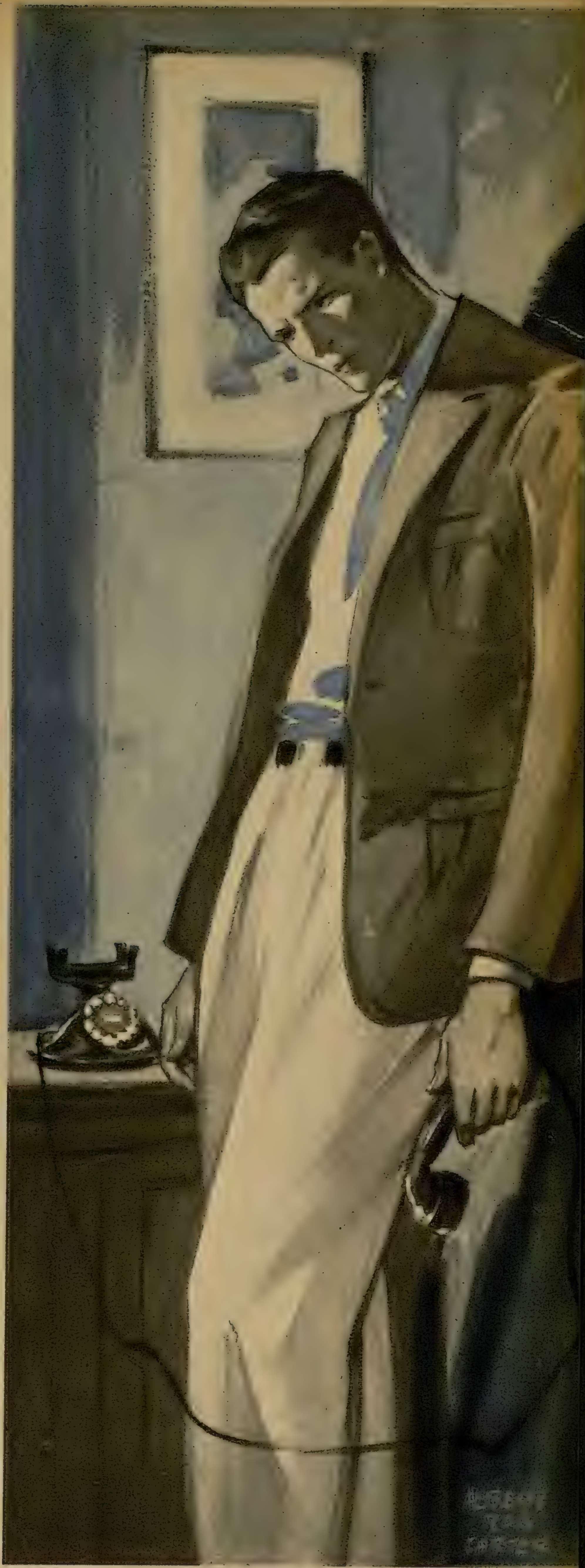
" Well, do you mind? "

" No. I don't care what the hell you do as long as you leave me alone."

" Clint, it's difficult, never talking to you, never really seeing you."

" You see me. I'm around. For God's sake, what do you want? I've got my own troubles. Everybody has. You tell yours to Roy and let him get you a divorce. And when you leave me take that damn furniture along."

He walked out, shutting the door noisily behind him. For a moment she stood wondering if there was a limit



hear Clint at the telephone.
d Clint dropped the receiver.

"My Headache— Tired Feeling— BANISHED!"

THE
3
MINUTE WAY

"ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

I don't consider three minutes of my time a very high price to pay for banishing headaches and the tired feeling that come from constipation. Particularly when during those three minutes* you simply chew a delicious gum like FEEN-A-MINT. Of course, if you aren't willing to spend three minutes, harsh "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference chewing makes! With FEEN-A-MINT there are no cramps, no griping, no bad after-effects! Try the three-minute way yourself. Only 15c and 25c for a large supply.

ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
better because you chew it

to what she should accept in the way of purposeful rudeness.

On the last day of July Roy came to Silver Sand and found Sherry in her usual corner of the beach, her back to the sun, her eyes fixed on the far horizon.

"Look," he said, sitting down beside her. "I wanted to talk to you about something. Tomorrow is the first and Clint's going up to collect his rents. I've refused to drive him up. I said I was going to be busy, and I made Freddie promise that she wouldn't drive him either. So you offer to do it, and I'll bet he'll take you up on it. It would give you a couple of hours with him and he'll be sober and you'll get a chance to talk."

She was moved by Roy's thoughtfulness. How sorry he must be for her. How sorry any one would be who knew how much she loved Clint.

She said, "I've only been driving two weeks. He probably wouldn't ride with me."

"Hell, you drive better now than he ever did."

When she went home that afternoon Clint had not yet left the house. Still in her bathing suit, she dropped into a veranda chair and waited for him to come downstairs. When he came he was in a hurry, for he was on his way to Freddie.

"Clint."

He stopped and looked at her with annoyance. "What do you want?"

"Clint, tomorrow's the first. I wondered if you'd like me to drive you up to Newark for your rents."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Sherry. You remember me, don't you? I'm the girl who learned to drive a car."

"Or did you just think you learned?"

"No, I can drive. I'd be glad to take you up."

"I'll let you know," he said. And she knew that he was intending to speak to Freddie before either accepting or rejecting the offer. That evening when he said to her, "Well, if you're sure you can drive I'll take a chance with you," she felt herself tremble in anticipation of the morning.

THE trip was uneventful and Sherry was relieved to find that it was not necessary to fight Newark's traffic in order to reach Clint's apartment house.

It was just over two hours when he returned to the car. "All right," he said. "That's all."

"I'm hungry. Is there a place to eat around here?"

He shook his head. "We can stop at a roadstand when we get out a little."

"How were the collections today?" she asked brightly, as they started.

He looked at her with frank resentment.

"A silly question, Clint. I know that it was silly, but you needn't look at me as though I were a nosy chance acquaintance."

"The awful part is that you are a chance acquaintance. Did you ever think of that?"

"No," she said, "I never did."

"Well, it's true. You don't know me and I don't know you. I have never claimed any rights which the courts would say I had a right to claim, and in return I only want you to mind your own business and let me alone."

"Fair enough," Sherry said dryly.

"Well, isn't it? You can spend my money, do as you damn well please, and no questions asked. It seems to me that I'm not being unreasonable if I ask you to remain a chance acquaintance."

NOW he appeared to believe that she had come into his life in some strange manner for which he was not responsible; that she was a cross which he was bearing with heroic fortitude and remarkable generosity.

"There's a hot-dog stand," he said suddenly.

"I've changed my mind. I don't want anything to eat."

He smiled superciliously. "Really, now," he said, "don't be a child. Can't we talk sensibly without you sulking and refusing to eat?"

"When do we start talking sensibly?" she asked.

"I've been talking sensibly all along. What do you want? I can't love you because—let me see, I want to say it nicely so that perhaps you'll eat a hot dog like a good child. Oh, yes! I can't love you because my emotions are romantically engaged elsewhere."

"You call that romance? That sordid, drunken wrangling that you and Freddie keep up eternally?"

He said, "I won't get mad at you because you don't know you're being insulting. You're a little on the stupid side, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm plenty on the stupid side. I'm so in love with you that I can't think clearly any more. Nobody who wasn't an idiot would give you a second thought. You're selfish and egotistical and cruel and you have no more consideration for other people than this car has."

"Get it out of your system before we reach home," he said evenly, "because if you don't, you're not coming in. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but I don't care. It would be like you to lock me out of the house. You've done everything else to me."

"Oh, dramatics now. You get on my nerves."

"I guess I must," she said. "I'm the souvenir of a dirty trick. It must bother you to have to see me around. But it's just like this with me: I wasn't lying when I said I loved you. I meant it and I stay in your house because it means something to me to be near you."

"I'm sorry, but you know how I feel about Freddie."

"Yes, I know, but I keep thinking—"

"Well, give up thinking. It's bad for you. There's another hot-dog stand."

"I'll wait till we get home. I really am not hungry now."

They talked no more and Sherry kept her eyes glued to the road ahead.

"I won't be home for dinner," he said, when they reached home.

"Neither will I," she answered and immediately wondered where she was going. The words had slipped out without intention or purpose. Her subconscious, no doubt, making a sorry effort to pique his curiosity. He had not even noticed. . . .

Freddie and Clint were staring stubbornly across the table in the Italian restaurant. Roy was uneasy, as he always was during their arguments. Things had been going fairly well, too. Why had Freddie said anything about her plans for Sunday? She could have let the whole matter slide and explain on Monday where she had been.

Clint lost the glaring contest, lowered his eyes to the tablecloth and said, "Well, it's damn inconsiderate. I never go any place without you and you know it."

"I don't often go places without you either. Except for those trips I used to take with Marjory Tyson, I can't remember ever having done anything like this before."

"Why do it? You don't care anything about those people."

She said, "No, but they keep asking me to go out in their old boat, and I've refused so many times I just was ashamed to say no again."

"Go ahead." Clint shrugged. "I guess you'll enjoy being away from me for a day. That's the only reason you're going anyhow."

Roy said, "Oh, come on. Don't fight. You're going with the Benthams Sunday and that's settled. Once you go you won't have to go again for a long while."

"She can go every day if she wants to," Clint put in. "I haven't a motorboat, you see. I can't expect her to prefer me to people who have a motorboat."

Freddie burst into sudden loud laughter. "Now, that's really funny," she said. "Oh, Clint, I don't know when I've heard anything so funny."

"Go ahead. Laugh, you dope. Have a good laugh."

"You're both dopes," Roy said suddenly.

THEY looked at him in grieved surprise. This was not like Roy.

"If you don't like us, go home," Freddie said.

"Nobody's holding you here," Clint added.

Roy was amused. "You're united now against a common foe."

"Oh, fold it, Roy. We're discussing something that has nothing to do with you."

"Uh-huh. I know. It has nothing to do with me till Sunday, when I'll have to walk the floor with you till Freddie comes home."

Nobody answered him. Freddie and Clint drank their brandy in silence and ordered another. Roy looked from Clint to Freddie. Sitting, drinking, arguing. Day after day. Night after night.

Clint said:

"What the hell are you looking at me like that for?"

Roy was startled. "Like what? Oh, I guess I was just thinking. I didn't even know I was looking at you."

Freddie looked at Roy. "Am I still a dope?" she asked.

"Yep. Sorry, but I really do think so."

HER voice drew Clint's wandering glance away from the couple across the room of whose loud cheerfulness he thoroughly disapproved. He said, "So do I. Going out on a motorboat with those Benthams. They're terrible people. Why, nobody even bothers to speak to them."

"Nobody bothers to speak to us either, Clint."

"Well, what the devil! If you'd sooner have them than me, then have them."

"It's not a question—"

Roy stood up. "I'm not going to listen to it all over again," he said. "I'll be outside when you're ready to go."

"What's the matter with him?" Freddie said as Roy disappeared.

"I don't know. He's been funny all summer."

Roy stood outside in the mild summer evening. It was the second week of August now. For over a month Sherry had been married to Clint, had accepted his sullenness, his insults, and had stood her ground. She had been sustained by an empty hope. Nothing was going to make Clint see that he was the luckiest man alive, Roy thought gloomily.

Roy walked up and down in haunted misery. If Sherry would only love *him* a little. He would find words to let her know how much he needed her. He wasn't afraid of his father or of what life could do to him and he would prove it. He would tell her that he loved her, and then go home and tell his family that he was going to marry her as soon as the annulment could be arranged.

Freddie and Clint came out of the restaurant.

"Well," said Freddie amiably, "here come the dopes."

Roy smiled. "Come on, let's get going. I want to get home."

Clint had paused to inspect a half-torn envelope which was lying on the street. He always found something absorbingly interesting when Roy asked him to hurry.

"Come on, Clint."

Roy was in the car now. Freddie, with exasperating loyalty, had stopped beside Clint. Clint had picked the envelope up and was examining it carefully.

"Clint," Roy said presently, "I'm going to count five. If by that time you and Freddie aren't in the car, you'll have to get a cab. Understand?"

"What are you prattling about?" Clint asked in annoyance.

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"Magic Eye"
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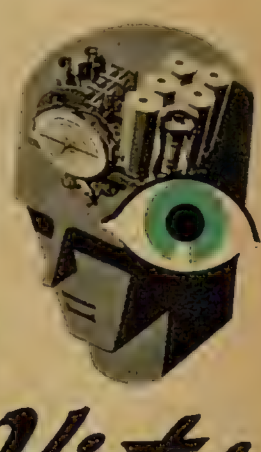

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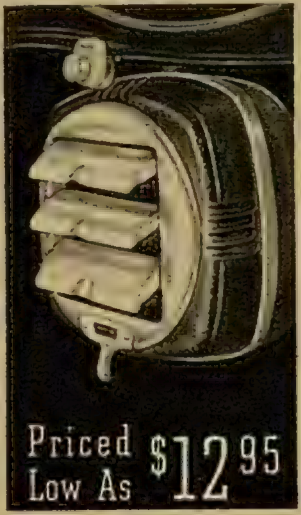

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Columbus, Indiana . . . *also makers of the Arvin Radios for your car and for your home*

ARVIN
HOT WATER AND STEAM
Car Heaters
Your Best Buy for Comfort

"You know what. I'm prattling about your disgusting childishness. You have the mean tormenting streak of a brat about eight years old, and I'm sick and tired of it. You can torture Freddie and—and everybody else, but I'm fed up. You're a rat with a retarded mental development. One, two, three, four, five. Now to hell with you."

Roy drove away and left the two on the pavement staring after him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" Freddie gasped.

"Just plain nuts, I guess."

"Well, I should say so."

They stood for a long time half expecting him to return. Perhaps he'd only tried to scare them. Or perhaps his anger would cool before he had gone a mile. After five minutes had passed they knew that Roy was not coming back.

"We'll have to get a cab," Freddie said. "I can't understand him. He flew right off the handle about nothing at all."

"Oh, he's crazy. There he goes flying into a temper about nothing, and you're always saying that I've got a bad disposition. Come on, we'll go back into the restaurant and call a cab. We can have a drink while we're waiting."

No message passed between Clint and Roy for a few days, and they were both sulkily contented to let matters stand just as they were. Roy had seen Sherry at the beach club, or his unfriendliness toward Clint might have been forgotten earlier. Since it was not necessary to visit the house in order to see her, Roy was able to hold his grievance a little longer.

But on Sunday Roy awakened and remembered that this was the day of Freddie's and the Benthams' motorboat ride. With neither Freddie nor himself in view Clint would be unbearably morose and it would be a difficult day for Sherry. He decided that he'd go over to Sea Edge, patch up his trouble with Clint, and suggest a swim or a drive somewhere. It would help pass the day.

It was a little before ten o'clock that he arrived at the Clemons house. Sherry was sitting on the veranda looking over the newspapers. She was in a bathing suit and looking very pretty and tranquil.

"Clint still asleep?" he asked her.

"Yes. This is much too early for him." She handed him half the bulk of Sunday papers, and a quarter of an

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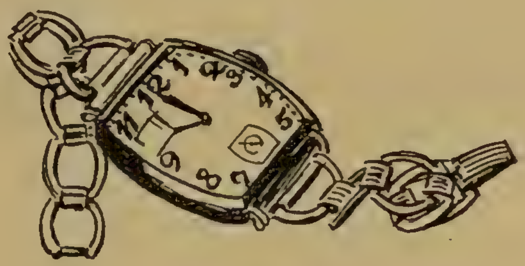

'Tisn't So

by
R. E. Doan

TURNING the hands of a watch backward doesn't harm the watch. Old-time watches with a striking mechanism could not be turned backward without harm. Modern watches, however, being without striking mechanism, are not injured by such action.

BLACKDAMP GAS is not black, is not damp, is not poisonous. Blackdamp gas is really an atmosphere lacking sufficient oxygen for human use. It often forms in coal mines, due to poor ventilation and because the oxygen has been removed from the air by oxidation of coal, timber, etc. It kills by suffocation, not by poisoning. It cannot ordinarily be seen or smelled.

DEW does not fall. It has two main sources. First, a condensation of moisture in the air on objects colder than that air. Second, an exudation of water from the leaf pores of the plants themselves. In the first case dew collects; in the second it comes from within the plant. In neither case, despite poetic assertions, does dew fall.

TIGERS are not found in Africa. The tiger is an inhabitant of Asia and adjacent islands. His southernmost habitats are Sumatra, Java, and Bali. None is to be found in Africa—except those in captivity.

FOOTPRINTS are not accurate indications of a person's height. Although this is often done in fiction, it is practically impossible in real life to determine a person's height by his footprints. The length of a person's stride does not depend upon the height of his body but upon the length of his legs. Many tall people have comparatively short legs, while many short people have long legs.

hour passed without the exchange of another word.

Then Clint appeared.

"Hello, Clint."

"What the hell are you doing here?"

Roy laughed good-naturedly. "Oh, come on, Clint. I'm sorry about the other night. Honest I am."

"You should be. What was the matter with you? Crazy or something?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"I guess so, too. Well, I'm not going to forget it in a hurry."

Clint walked away then. The two on the porch could hear him shouting for Vincent to bring his breakfast quickly. Before they expected him he returned to the veranda.

He balanced himself on the shaky railing and stared moodily out to sea. Roy knew that Clint was willing to accept the olive branch, else he would have gone to his room instead of coming back to sit with them.

And Roy knew that as Clint gazed past the endless stream of traffic he was thinking of Freddie in the Benthams' motorboat. Sherry left for a moment to speak to Vincent concerning some household arrangement.

Roy said, "Was she going in the morning or the afternoon with the Benthams?"

Clint glared at him. "How do I know? And what business is it of yours?"

"Oh, what's the use of crabbing, Clint? We've been friends too long. I'm sorry, and I said I was sorry."

"So what? Do you want me to kiss you?"

SHERRY came back, and as she seated herself Clint looked over at Roy and said, "Freddie was going out about ten with the Benthams."

Roy flushed and looked back at the paper in his hand. He knew that Clint had not said that to indicate that they were now on friendly terms again. He had said it because it had been his wish to hurt Sherry. He wanted Sherry to know that he was staying around only because Freddie was not at home. Sherry did not appear to notice. She picked up a paper and resumed her reading.

After a few minutes Roy said, "Well, Sherry, I guess you had planned to go to the beach. Don't let me hold you back."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I'm just as comfortable here. I'll go if I feel like it. Don't worry about me."

"Let's all take a swim later. How about it, Clint?"

Clint looked at him. "Mr. Fix-it, huh?" he sneered.

"Hell, no. I haven't fixed anything yet. My father could tell you that."

Another silence fell. Sherry and Roy again pretended to read the papers. Clint's eye went back to the ocean.

Suddenly the gold-and-blue peace of the summer Sunday was shattered by the frightening wail of the siren. Sherry jumped.

"Where have you been all my life?"

(Intimate conversation of a lady with herself)

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before . . . friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle . . . you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker . . . you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else . . . my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now . . ."

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"Some poor devil is drowning," Roy said. "Don't get excited. He'll be all right. When they call the ambulance there's usually hope."

"I know," Sherry said, "but it's such a horrible sound. It always ter—"

"No, that's not a drowning," Roy interrupted. "It's the fire siren."

"It's the ambulance too," Clint said. "They're calling both the firemen and the ambulance."

"What could it be?" Sherry asked. "When a house is on fire they don't usually need the ambulance at the same moment as they need the fire engine. First some one discovers the fire, and then—"

Clint said, "Will you, for God's sake, shut up!"

"I'm sorry," she said.

The whistles continued, the strident voices screaming their message of disaster. Clint got off the railing and stood as though listening intently for something other than the whistles. His face was a still, blank mask and the others stared at him in perplexity.

"What do you think it is, Clint?" Roy demanded anxiously. He received no reply, and he formed another question: "What would need the ambulance and the fire engine at once?"

"The explosion of a motorboat, you damn fools. Anybody would know that."

Roy jumped to his feet. "I'll call Blanchard over at the station house. He'll know."

"I'll call him."

Clint darted past them to the telephone.

"Freddie's out in a motorboat?" Sherry asked.

"Yes." He glanced at her swiftly. Freddie was her rival, the hated cause and the living symbol of her failure with Clint. But her eyes were innocent of all that he had dreaded to see there.

They moved into the living room to hear Clint at the telephone.

"Hello, Blanchard. This is Clint Clemons. Where's the accident? What is it?"

Sherry and Roy heard an oath, then a strangled sob, and Clint dropped the telephone receiver to his side.

Has Freddie met with some terrible accident, and if she has, how will it affect the tangled and tensioned lives of Sherry and Clint? Read the next and final installment in Liberty for a supreme denouement and the solution of a great imagination and understanding.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **FESTIVAL AT MERON** by Harry Sackler. Covici, Friede.

The life story of a Master of Israel in the second century A. D., which symbolizes the defiance of a race unwilling to be assimilated by the conqueror and maintaining its spiritual integrity in the face of persecution. An inspiring book that evokes comparison with the situation in present-day Germany.

★ ★ ★ ½ **WE THE ACCUSED** by Ernest Raymond. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

An impressive and touching novel of crime and its consequences. An English counterpart of—and compares favorably to—Dreiser's An American Tragedy.

★ ★ ★ **ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE** by Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company.

An apocryphal novel, vividly depicting the story of a poor sick girl of Magdala, her implicit faith and untiring suffering in her pursuit of the Messiah.

★ ★ ★ **WINTER ORCHARD AND OTHER STORIES** by Josephine Johnson. Simon & Schuster.

A collection of cameolike short stories carved out of living humanity and written with beauty and simplicity. Miss Johnson is already one of our important authors.

★ ★ ★ **AL G. BARNES, MASTER SHOWMAN** by Dave Robeson. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Absorbing life story of a circus man with the last third devoted to old photos of circus life, in themselves worth three times the price of the book.

★ ★ ★ **AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES** by John L. Spivak. Covici, Friede.

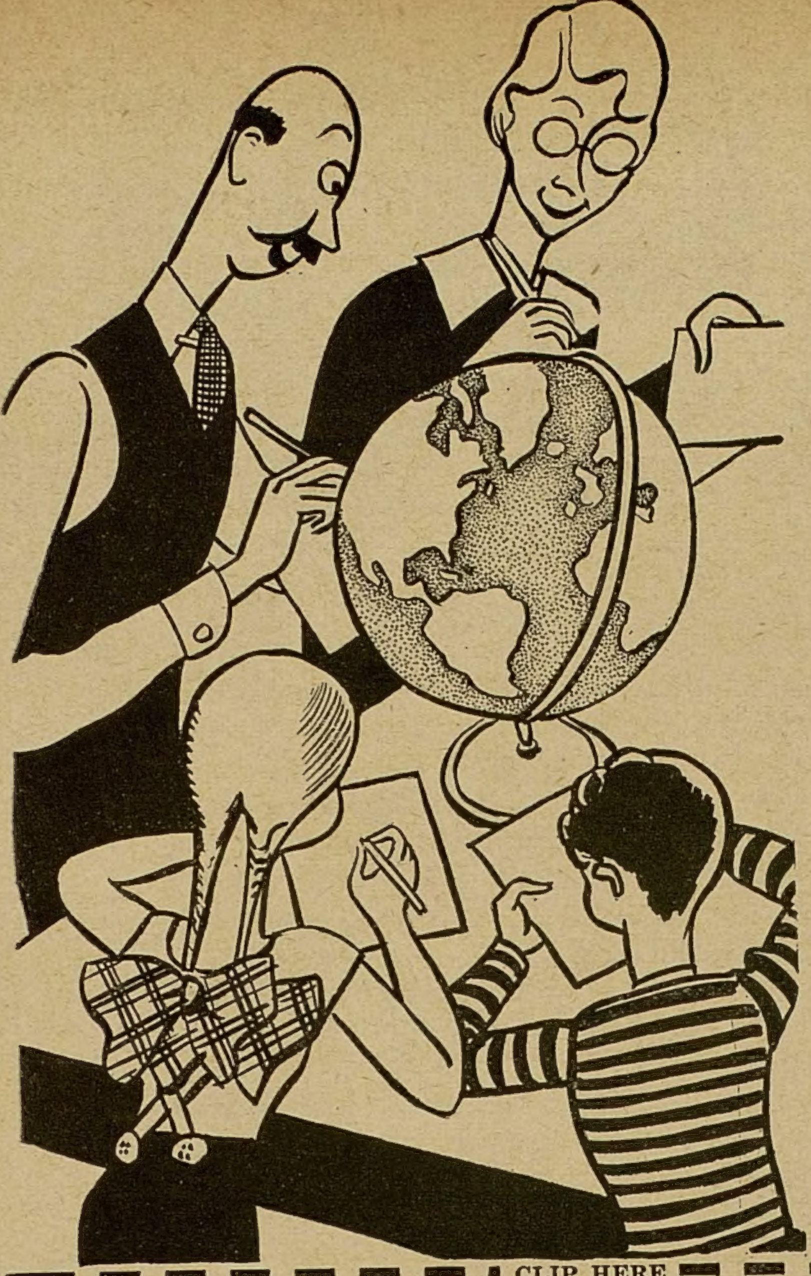
The author, one of our abler reporters, makes a swing around the country seeking the attitude of the worker, the man on relief, and of those who have neither work nor help, and concludes that revolution is inevitable.

★ ★ **BOLD BLADES OF DONEGAL** by Seumas MacManus. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Dinny got "l'arnin'." He is fun-loving; has many an adventure. You laugh, you shed a tear. It's a boy's story, but a grown-up will enjoy it too.

★ ★ **YOUTH UNCHARTED** by Stephen Lawford. The Macmillan Company

A father, with a twinkle in his eye, writes his life story for his son. His war days—Russia, Buenos Aires—all make interesting reading.



$1,000

CASH PRIZE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY

CONTEST

EVERYBODY can play this game with an excellent chance to win! Simply put the jumbled letters back into their correct order so that they spell geographical names and tell where they are on the map. It's a game the whole family can play. You can win $500 cash or any one of the 162 other cash awards! What couldn't you do with an extra $500! Get into the game. Now! Read the rules which explain exactly how to win. Then get busy. Save all answers until you have a complete set of 100 names. Twenty more jumbles will be printed next week.

CLIP HERE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY SET NO. 1

Jumble	Solution	Description
1. SIMPSSPIISI		
2. RIONACAILF		
3. ZORIANA		
4. KABASNER		
5. FULAFOB		
6. WEALTHROVEN		
7. AMINOBAT		
8. ROTTIDE		
9. AKASAL		
10. DORALARB		
11. HENAWASKCAST		
12. REVVUCANO		
13. THEECA		
14. HURBSPIGTT		
15. VOLAXRICHE		
16. HAHIHAUCU		
17. HAMICING		
18. TRAPNOLD		
19. FOLDENWANDUN		
20. MECCAHEP		

CLIP HERE

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks Liberty will publish a list of twenty jumbled words which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form a geographical name. A different continent will be the basis for each of the five lists.

2. Opposite each of the jumbled words list your solution and tell whether it is a river, state, nation, mountain, lake, city, bay, desert, etc. For example, your solution for the first jumble this week might be SIMPSSPIISI, MISSISSIPPI, State in U. S.

3. In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

4. When you have solved all five lists of jumbled words, write a brief statement telling, in not more than seventy-five words, which place involved in this contest you would most like to visit and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and described, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

6. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; second prize, $100; third prize, $50; ten prizes, each $5; 150 prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

8. Send all entries by First Class Mail to Jumbled Geography Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Send nothing until your set of 100 names is complete.

9. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 29, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

10. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

WATCH FOR SET NO. 2 JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY NEXT WEEK

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

SIOUX CITY, IA.--Mrs. June Stitt, health department inspector, received a request for a quarantine placard that would keep relatives away.

The man seeking the placard pleaded his wife had so many relatives he wanted the health department to post a placard on his house to scare them away.

Health department authorities, although expressing sympathy, refused the request.

QUARANTINE
MEASLES

DETROIT, MICH.—Judge Theodore J. Richter ordered Mrs. Fanny Freeman to pay $117 for her pair of false teeth which bit an attorney while on exhibit in court.

Judge Richter awarded the judgment to Dr. Richard E. Patterson, dentist, who supplied the teeth and acquired no little publicity when they snapped shut on an attorney's finger. They were on a courtroom table at the time.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—The handcuffs snapped in a federal courtroom, but there was one prisoner too many.

A puzzled United States marshal halted the march to jail and asked the most anxious-faced member of the group:

"What's your name? What are you in for?"

"I'm the mayor of Spring City," said Lee Allred sheepishly. "I just stepped in for a look at the court, but I got mixed up with these fellows—"

The handcuffs were unlocked in haste.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Note: This almanac was compiled as a voluntary boondoggling project by a man who hopes to get relief from the New Deal by 1936. The purpose of the work is to show the improvements in this nation's philosophy from Franklin, Ben, to Franklin, D., and to provide readers with a new set of false teeth for their old saws.

The devil and this department find work for idle hands to do.
--PWA.

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NEXT WEEK!

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S CHIEF NEWS SPY tells how he helped bring America into the World War. D. THOMAS CURTIN details the amazing campaign to trick Germany into unrestricted submarine warfare, thus forcing us to join the Allies. Read this convincing exposé and see the war backstage from a surprisingly new angle.

COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, on the basis of prewar diplomatic experiences, analyzes our danger in the brewing war storm.

JOHN ERSKINE tells how MASTER VILLON LENDS A HELPING HAND. Lieut. J. J. FINN, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, FRANCIS M. COCKRELL, ACHMED ABDULLAH AND ANTHONY ABBOT, BERT GREEN, FEATURES, ARTICLES, CONTEST.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16

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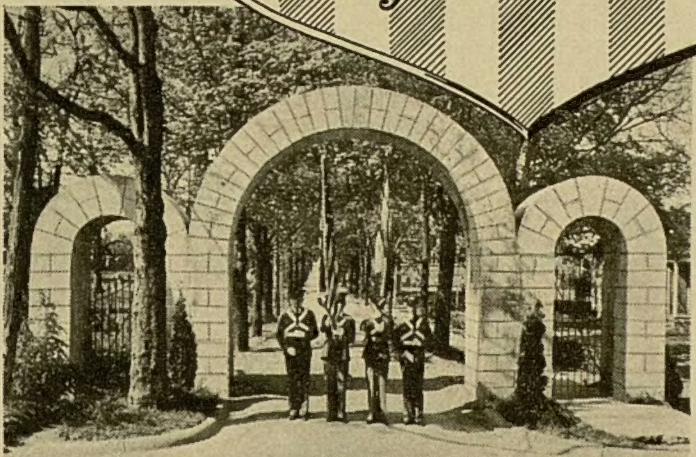

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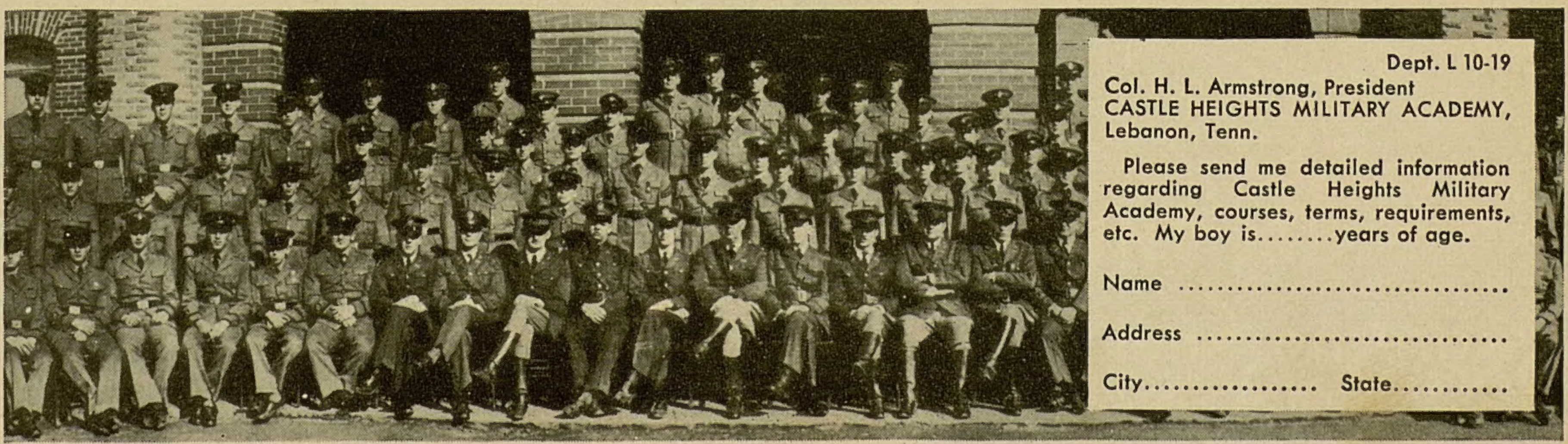

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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
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